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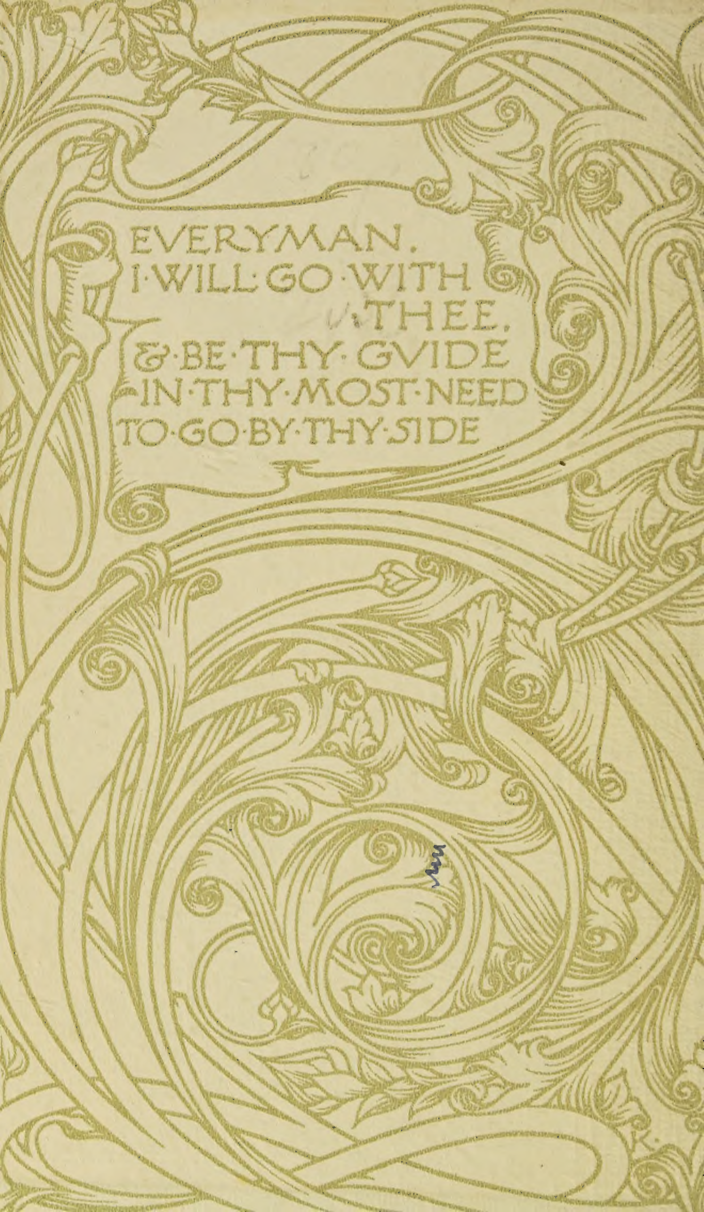
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& BE THY GUIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE

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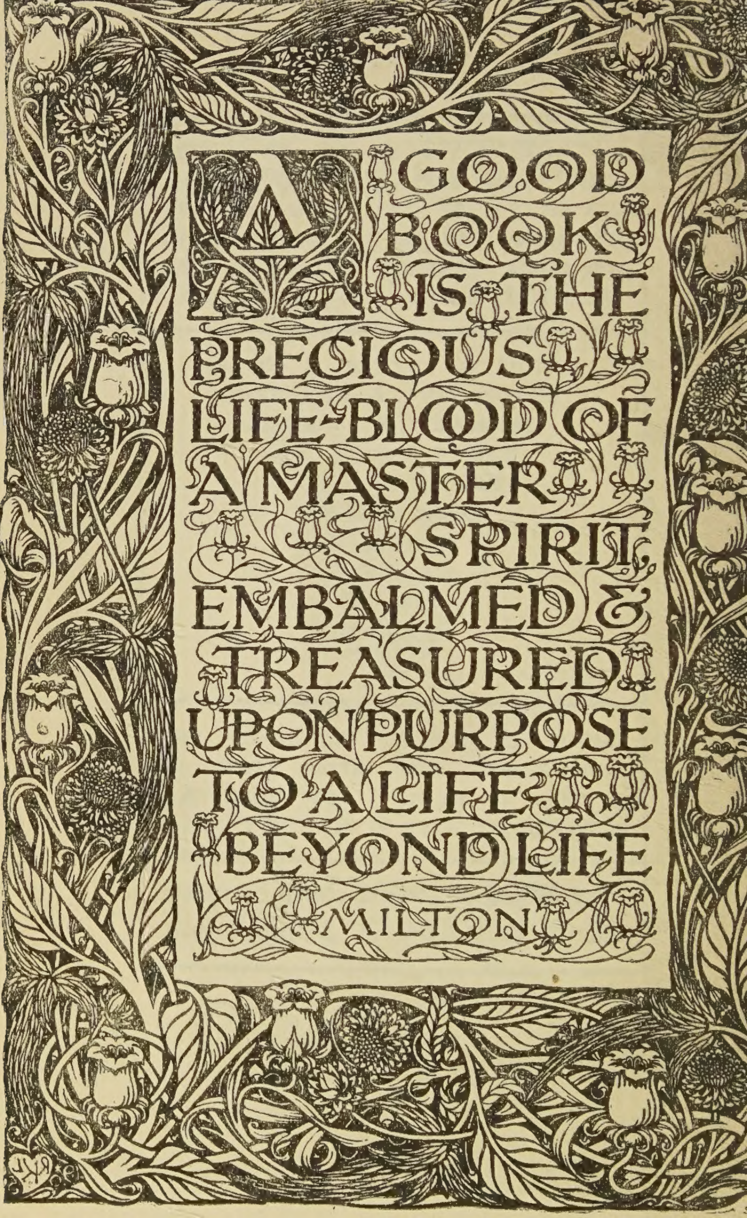

A GOOD BOOK IS THE PRECIOUS LIFE-BLOOD OF A MASTER SPIRIT, EMBALMED & TREASURED UPON PURPOSE TO A LIFE BEYOND LIFE

MILTON

The DIARY of JOHN EVELYN F.R.S.

Edited by
WILLIAM BRAY

VOL. 1

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PREFATORY NOTE

"I HAVE ventured to depict the Cavalier as not invariably a drunken brute, and spiritual life and growth as not exclusively the possession of Puritans and Ascetics."

This is the account which the late Mr. J. H. Shorthouse gave of his own handiwork in "John Inglesant," and there is good reason to suppose that many of its most characteristic touches were drawn from the "Diary of John Evelyn." Since this book is a reprint of that Diary, as edited by William Bray, and re-edited by Upcott and Forster, there is no need to restate the chronology of Evelyn's life, or the history of his family, or the circumstances under which his Diary was written. All this can be found in Bray's Dedication and Preface, and in Evelyn's own "Kalendarium." My endeavour is only to bring into prominence some personal traits, as they appear in a narrative singularly free from artifice and self-consciousness, and to trace in them the better elements which went to compose the character of the ideal Cavalier. One might strike anywhere into the Diary and choose the traits at random; but we may as well follow the line of thought suggested by my citation from Mr. Shorthouse.

The Cavalier was "not invariably a drunken brute." Most true; and yet the contrary belief is deeply engraven on the popular mind. That this is so was probably due, in the first instance, to the shrewish abusiveness of Milton, who describes the attendants of King Charles I. as "the ragged infantry of stews and brothels, the spawn and shipwreck of taverns and dicing-houses." Milton's cardinal defect was, as Matthew Arnold pointed out thirty years ago, that he was "unamiable"—an epithet which certainly does not overcolour the fact; and whatever Milton's unamiability prompted him to write, that his prophet Macaulay accepted and proclaimed to the world as unquestionable truth. "If the debauched Cavalier haunted brothels and gambling-houses, he at least avoided conventicles. If he never spoke without uttering ribaldry and blasphemy, he made some amends by his eagerness to send Baxter and Howe to gaol for preaching and praying." In this glib and easy way the Whig disseminates, and, so to say, popularizes, the Puritan's conception of a Cavalier. Let us look into Evelyn's Diary, and compare the presentment with the reality.

Nothing is more conspicuous in Evelyn than his dislike of debauchery. In this he is consistent from first to last. In 1641, when he was not quite twenty-one, we find him dining with a cavalry mess, and recording next day that "there was very good cheere, but hot service for a young drinker as I then was." In his "Greate Climacterical," he "stole away and left the companie" when he suspected that a dinner given by the Swedish Minister was to end in a debauch. The bibulous housekeeping of a "humourous old knight" he pronounces "barbarous, and much unbecoming a knight, still lesse a Christian;" and in another place he reprehends "the barbarous custom of making the masters welcome by intoxicating the servants." He commends "Mr. Garmus, the Resident from Hamburgh," because, though "his feast continu'd neere 9 whole hours," there was "no greate excess of drinking, no man being obliged to take more than he liked."

But drunkenness was by no means the only offence which disgusted him. He trounces with equal severity all the fashionable vices, and "rude and dirty pastimes." Cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and bull-baiting he pronounced "butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties;" and, when "a very gallant horse was baited to death with doggs," he urged that "this wicked and barbarous sport deserv'd to have ben punish'd in the cruel contrivers." It "afflicted him to see how the Stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times." He found "the Revells at the Middle Temple an old and but riotous custome, which had relation neither to virtue nor policy." The banter of the "*Terræ Filius*, or Universitie Buffoon," at Oxford struck him as "licentious lyeing, railing, and ribauldry." "In my life I was never witnesse of so shamefull entertainment." The vicious habits of the Court he condemned as unsparingly as those of social and academic life. "Deepe and prodigious gaming, vast heapes of gold squander'd away in a vaine and profuse manner" seemed to him "a horrid vice, and unsuitable in a Christian Court," and the characteristics of the royal circle were "luxurious dallying and prophaneness." These sentiments contrast oddly with that conception of a Cavalier for which Milton and Macaulay were responsible; and even more characteristic of Evelyn is the passage about the last days of Charles II., which the Whig historian stole, and spoiled in the stealing—

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophanenesse, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfullnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day sen'night I was witnesse of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c. A French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!"

Enough has now been cited to establish Mr. Shorthouse's contention that the Cavalier was "not invariably a drunken brute," although he lived in an age distinguished by coarseness and violence, and, after the Restoration, in a strong reaction against the gloominess of Puritanism. Evelyn was, in all the best senses of the word, a Cavalier—a *preux chevalier*, a loyal subject of the King, a dutiful and devoted son of the English Church, an accomplished and high-minded gentleman, as conspicuous for purity as for all other manly virtues. Yet, though virtuous, he was no Puritan. The peculiar charm of the better sort of Cavalier was that, at a period when one half of England was debauched and the other fanatical, he accepted culture and beauty and refinement and enjoyment as divine gifts, and, in St. Paul's phrase, used the world as not abusing it. Such pre-eminently was Evelyn's mode of life, as set before us in his minute but unstudied Diary. Debauchery in all its forms he abhorred, but he appreciated the boons of a regulated and rational indulgence. His was that true Temperance which is σωφροσύνη, and saves the soul from "the falsehood of extremes."

A strain of innocent gaiety and refined enjoyment marks Evelyn's life from first to last. He was born of good family in a comfortable home, and brought up by a "too indulgent Grandmother." He persuaded his father to spare him "the severe discipline of Eaton," and his schooldays were spent at Lewes and Southover—"which perverseness he a thousand times deplored." He seems to have been a thoroughly idle boy; but he must have had the substantial virtues of the schoolboy's character, for, thirty years later, he felt that he could trust his life to a schoolfellow's loyalty. He plotted with Colonel Morley, the Lieutenant of the Tower, for the restoration of Charles II., relying on the fact that "the Coll. had ben my schoolfellow, and I knew would not betray me." At seventeen he went up as a "fellow communer" to Balliol, having been entered at the Middle Temple in the previous year. He spent three years at Oxford, and did not overwork himself. He "was admitted into the dauncing and vaulting schole," and began to indulge that love of "musiq" and "musitians" which contributed so much to the enjoyment of his life. But from music, as from severer studies, he was "frequently diverted by inclinations to newer trifles." At twenty he came to live in London, in order that he might read law at the Middle Temple, but he had no taste for "that impolish'd study," and spent his time in "studying a little, but dancing and fooling more." As years went on, he became a man of affairs, an important member of what we should now call the Permanent Civil Service, an industrious and well-paid servant of the Crown and the nation; but neither the cares of public business, nor the stupendous events of the time, nor sorrows in his family, nor vicissitudes in his fortune, ever inclined him to a dismal view of life, or crushed his faculty of innocent enjoyment. He was, for his time, a prodigious traveller, both in England and on the Continent; and wherever he journeyed, even though his path was often beset with political and physical perils, he carried with him the same lively appreciation of all that was gay and good and beautiful. He is travelling with a friend in France, and at Rohan "they indulge themselves with the best that all France affords," so that "their supper might have satisfied a Prince." "We lay that night in damask beds, and were treated like Emperoors." Next day they resume their journey. "Sometimes we footed it thro' pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes we shot at fowls and other birds, nothing came amiss; sometimes we play'd at cards, while others sung or were composing verses." In Italy these jocund wayfarers "bought for winter provision 3000 lb. weight of excellent grapes, and pressed their owne wine, which proved incomparable liquor." But, on the ensuing Twelfth Night, they "invited all the English and Scotch in Padua to a feast, which sank our excellent wine considerably." The host was in turn a guest, and at Venice "was invited to excellent English potted venison." Returning to England, he amused himself at "Bristoll" with a "collation of fried eggs, and excellent Spanish wine." At a dinner at Blackwall he drank some "canarie incomparably good." When he dined with the Governor of the Isle of Wight, he noted the "excellent venison, fowle, fish and fruit." When one of his friends was raised to the episcopate, he enjoyed with equal zest the

Service of Consecration in the Abbey, and, after it, "one of the most plentifull and magnificent dinners that in my life I ever saw—it cost neare 600*l.* as I was inform'd." But no partiality of friendship blinded him to the demerits of home-made wine. "I drank of the wine of Col. Blount's vineyard, which was good for little."

Still, after all, life has other enjoyments besides the pleasures of the palate, and, as long as they were innocent, our Cavalier appreciated them all. He loved "a Consort of Musiq," both vocal and instrumental; he loved portraiture and "Mezzo Tinto" and "landskip;" he loved architecture, both classical and "gotiq." He loved the "Theater," and lamented that it was "abused to an atheistical liberty." He had a keen eye for the beauties of scenery, and, as his delightful *Sylva* shows, was an enthusiast for gardening and forestry. He had an insatiable interest in all scientific experiments. He even enjoyed a dexterous dissection. He was a good horseman and an admirer of horsemanship in others. He played "Mall." He could row, on occasion, for "twenty leagues." He liked shooting, hawking, and "hunting a fat buck," a "sorel deer," or even "an hare from my Lord's hare-warren." He did not disdain a bowling-match, a wrestling-match, a boat-race, or a horse-race; and he was a critical observer of a "Ball or Masque." After dinner at a friend's house, where "one Carew play'd incomparably on the Welsh Harp," he "treated divers Ladies of my relations, in Spring Garden."

But here we must turn to the second part of the text which I took from Mr. Shorthouse—"Spiritual life and growth [were] not exclusively the possession of Puritans and Ascetics." We have seen that John Evelyn was no ascetic, as regards the legitimate pleasures of human life. He was as far removed from the temper of Puritanism as from that licentiousness which is sometimes supposed to be its only alternative. Yet not Baxter or Calamy, or the best Puritan of them all, was more consistently and conspicuously a Christian in faith, speech, and act.

From first to last Evelyn was a loyal and zealous son of the English Church, "as it stands distinguished from all Papall and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross." The phrase is that of Bishop Ken, whose preaching Evelyn greatly admired, but it expresses his own feeling with singular exactness. He had no sympathy with "Sectaries," whether they were "Pontificians," as he called the Romanists, Presbyterians, or Anabaptists; the Quakers he described as "a new phanatic sect, a melancholy proud sort of people, and exceedingly ignorant." The Papists he condemned for talking "as if nothing were Catholiq but the Church of Rome, no salvation out of that, no reformation sufferable; bottoming all their errors on St. Peter's successor's unerrable dictatorship, but proving nothing with any reason, or taking notice of any objection which could be made against it."

As against all these contrariant errors, Evelyn maintained, with his apostolic friend Dr. Basire, that "the Church of England was for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under Heaven, and that England was the very land of Goshen." "The Church of England," he said in another place, "is certainly, of all the Christian professions on the earth, the most primitive, apostolical, and excellent;" and, even at a moment when he thought it likely that James II. would re-establish "Poperie," he recorded his conviction that "the doctrine of the Church of England will never be extinguish'd, but remaine visible, if not eminent, to the consummation of the world."

His belief in the Church was no mere matter of theory; it was in the highest degree practical, intimate, and methodical. Nothing is his Diary is more noticeable than his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—his strictness in preparing for it, his thankfulness for being allowed to receive it, his grief when it is withheld. He auspicates every work of special importance or peril by receiving it. When he recovers from sickness, or experiences any other signal mercy, he makes it, in the strictest sense, his "Eucharist." In order to regulate his spiritual life more exactly, he made Jeremy Taylor his "ghostly father." He ended each year and began the next with special offices of devotion. He commemorated with religious observances his birthday and the anniversary of his baptism. He was scrupulous in keeping the Church's feasts and "the Holy Weeke," and, when such observances were forbidden, under civil penalties, by triumphant Puritanism, he procured "orthodox sequestred Divines" to preach and celebrate privately in his library.

All the outward pomp and circumstance of worship was dear to him. Whether at home or abroad, he never failed to notice the decoration and equipment of the churches. He observed and described altars, vestments, pictures, sacramental plate, the "chrystal vessels" in a foreign sacristy, and the incense burnt before the

Communion Service in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall. After all the alluring splendours of French and Roman worship, he returns with devout complacency to St. James's Church, in "Piqudillo." "There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any abroad, more handsomely adorn'd."

But the best of friends must part, and it is time to take our leave of this devout and high-souled Cavalier. Through a long, prosperous, and enjoyable life he dwelt habitually in the thought of the final parting, and a fragment from his self-communings on that transcendent theme may not unfitly close this sketch—

"I now (1682) began to looke over and methodize all my writings, accompts, letters, papers; inventoried the goods, and other articles of the house, and put things into the best order I could, and made my will; that now growing in yeares, I might have none of these secular things and concerns to distract me when it should please God to call me from this transitory life. With this I prepar'd some special meditations and devotions for the time of sickness. The Lord Jesus grant them to be salutary for my poore soul in that day, that I may obtain mercy and acceptance."

G. W. E. RUSSELL.

Midsummer, 1907.

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THE DIARY

OF

JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.

VOL. I. 1620–1665

DEDICATION

TO JOHN EVELYN, ESQ.

OF WOTTON, IN SURREY

SIR,

THE last sheets of this Work, with a Dedication to the late LADY EVELYN, under whose permission it was to be given to the Public, were in the hands of the Printer, when it pleased God to release her from a long and painful illness, which she had borne with the greatest fortitude and resignation to the Divine Will.

These papers descended with the estate, from the celebrated JOHN EVELYN, Esq. (a relative of your immediate ancestor), to his great-great-grandson, the late Sir Frederick Evelyn, Bart. This gentleman dying without issue, entrusted the whole to his Lady, whose loss we have now to lament; of whose worth, and of the value of whose friendship, I have happily had long knowledge and experience. Alive to the honour of the family, of which she was thus made the representative, she maintained it in every point, and with the most active benevolence; and her care extended to every part of the property attached to the domain. Mr. Evelyn had formed in his own mind a plan of what he called an "Elysium Britannicum," in which the Library and Garden were intended to be the principal objects: could he return and visit this his beloved Seat, he would find his idea realized by the arrangement and addition which her Ladyship had made to his library, and by the disposition of the flower-garden and greenhouse, which she had embellished with the most beautiful and curious flowers and plants, both native and exotic.

In completion and full justification of the confidence thus reposed in her, her Ladyship has returned the Estate, with its valuable appendages, to the family in your person.

I have, therefore, now to offer these Volumes to you, Sir; with a wish, that you and your posterity may long enjoy the possessions, and continue the line, of a family so much distinguished, in many of its branches, for superior worth and eminence.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient,
And most humble servant,
WILLIAM BRAY.

Shere, 2nd Jan., 1818.

PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION (1818)

THE following pages are taken from the Journal of JOHN EVELYN, Esq., author (amongst many other works) of the celebrated "Sylva," a Treatise on Forest-Trees, and from which he has often been known by the name of "The Sylva Evelyn." The Journal is written by him in a very small, close hand, in a quarto volume containing 700 pages, which commences in 1641, and is continued to the end of 1697; and from thence is carried on in a smaller book till within about three weeks of his death, which happened 27th Feb., 1705-6, in the 86th year of his age.

These books, with numberless other papers in his handwriting, are in the valuable library at Wotton, which was chiefly collected by him. Lady Evelyn, the late possessor of that very respectable old Mansion, after much solicitation from many persons, consented to favour the Public with this communication. The last sheets were in the hands of the Printer, when the death of that Lady happened.

The Editor, who has been entrusted with the preparation of the work for the Press, is fully diffident of his competence to make a proper selection; and is even aware that many things will be found in its pages which, in the opinion of some, and not injudicious, Critics, may appear too unimportant to meet the public eye. But it has been thought that some information, at least some amusement, would be furnished by the publication; and it has been supposed that some curious particulars of persons and transactions would be found in the accompanying notes. Though those papers may not be of importance enough to appear in the pages of an Historian of the Kingdom, they may, in some particulars, set even such an one right; and, though the notices are short, they may, as to persons, give some hints to Biographers, or at least may gratify the curiosity of those who are inquisitive after the mode in which their ancestors conducted business, or passed their time. It is hoped that such will not be altogether disappointed.

Thus, when mention is made of great men going *after dinner* to attend a Council of State, or the business of their particular offices, or the Bowling-Green, or even the Church; of an Hour's Sermon being of a moderate length; of ladies painting their faces being a novelty; or of their receiving visits of Gentlemen whilst dressing, after having just risen out of bed; of the female attendant of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillion behind one of the footmen, and the footmen riding with swords;—such things, in the view above mentioned, may not be altogether incurious.

For many corrections and many of the Notes the Editor acknowledges, with great pleasure and regard, that he is indebted to James Bindley, Esq.,[1] of Somerset-House, a Gentleman who possesses an invaluable Collection of the most rare Books and Pamphlets, and whose liberality in communications is equal to the ability afforded by such a Collection.

* * * * * *

The Editor returns his best thanks also to Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, for the great and material assistance received from him in this Publication, besides his attention to the superintendence of the Press.

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[1] Since the First Edition of this Work, the Editor has to lament the loss of this valuable Friend; who died in the 81st year of his age, 11th Sept., 1818, just as the printing of the Second Edition was begun.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION

(1818)

MR. EVELYN lived in the busy and important times of King Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, King Charles II., King James II., and King William, and early accustomed himself to note such things as occurred, which he thought worthy of remembrance. He was known to, and had much personal intercourse with, the Kings Charles II. and James II.; and he was in habits of great intimacy with many of the ministers of these two monarchs, and with many of the eminent men of those days, as well amongst the clergy as the laity. Foreigners distinguished for learning, or arts, who came to England, did not leave it without visiting him.

In the first edition of the "Biographia Britannica," in folio, Dr. Campbell has given a long article relating to this gentleman. Dr. Hunter, in his edition of the "Sylva," in 1776, has copied great part of what Dr. Campbell had written. Dr. Kippis added several particulars in the Second Edition of the "Biographia," in 1793; and Mr. Chalmers gives some farther information in his "Biographical Dictionary," in 8vo. (1816). But the following pages will still contribute more extensive and important particulars of this eminent man. They will show that he did not travel merely to count steeples, as he expresses himself in one of his Letters: they will develop his private character as one of the most amiable kind. With a strong predilection for monarchy, with a personal attachment to Kings Charles II. and James II., formed when they resided at Paris, he was yet utterly averse to the arbitrary measures of these monarchs.

Strongly and steadily attached to the doctrine and practice of the Church of England, he yet felt the most liberal sentiments for those who differed from him in opinion. He lived in intimacy with men of all persuasions; nor did he think it necessary to break connexion with any one who had ever been induced to desert the Church of England, and embrace the doctrines of that of Rome. In writing to the brother of a gentleman thus circumstanced, in 1659, he expresses himself in this admirable manner: "For the rest, we must commit to Providence the success of times and mitigation of proselytical fervours; having for my own particular a very great charity for all who sincerely adore the Blessed Jesus, our common and dear Saviour, as being full of hope that God (however the present zeal of some, and the scandals taken by others at the instant [present] affliction of the Church of England may transport them) will at last compassionate our infirmities, clarify our judgments, and make abatement for our ignorances, superstructures, passions, and errors of corrupt times and interests, of which the Romish persuasion can no way acquit herself, whatever the present prosperity and secular polity may pretend. But God will make all things manifest in his own time, only let us possess ourselves in patience and charity. This will cover a multitude of imperfections."

He speaks with great moderation of the Roman Catholics in general, admitting that some of the laws enacted against them might be mitigated; but of the Jesuits he had the very worst opinion, considering them as a most dangerous Society, and the principal authors of the misfortunes which befel King James II., and of the horrible persecutions of the Protestants in France and Savoy.

He must have conducted himself with uncommon prudence and address: for he had personal friends in the Court of Cromwell, at the same time that he was corresponding with his father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, the ambassador of King Charles II. at Paris; and at the same period that he paid his court to the king, he maintained his intimacy with a disgraced minister.

In his travels, he made acquaintance not only with men eminent for learning, but with men ingenious in every art and profession.

His manners we may presume to have been most agreeable: for his company was sought by the greatest men, not merely by inviting him to their own tables, but by their repeated visits to him at his own house; and this was equally the case with regard to the ladies, of many of whom he speaks in the highest style of admiration, affection, and respect. He was master of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. That he had read a great deal is manifest; but at what time he found opportunities for study, it is not easy to say. He acknowledges himself to have been idle, while at Oxford; and, when on his travels, he had little time for reading, except when he stayed about nineteen weeks in France, and at Padua, where he was likewise stationary for several months. At Rome, he remained a considerable time; but, whilst there, he was so continually engaged in viewing the great variety of interesting objects to be seen in that city, that he could have found little leisure for reading. When resident in England, he was so much occupied in the business of his numerous offices, in paying visits, in receiving company at home, and in examining whatever was deemed worthy of curiosity, or of scientific observation, that it is astonishing how he found the opportunity to compose the numerous books which he published, and the much greater number of Papers, on almost every subject, which still remain in manuscript;[1] to say nothing of the very extensive and voluminous correspondence which he appears to have carried on during his long life, with men of the greatest eminence in Church and State, and the most distinguished for learning, both Englishmen and foreigners. In this correspondence he does not seem to have made use of an amanuensis; and he has left transcripts in his own hand of great numbers of letters both received and sent. He observes, indeed, in one of these, that he seldom went to bed before twelve, or closed his eyes before one o'clock.

He was happy in a wife of congenial dispositions with his own, of an enlightened mind, who had read much, and was skilled in etching and painting, yet attentive to the domestic concerns of her household, and a most affectionate mother. Of her personal attractions an idea may be formed from the print engraved from a most exquisite drawing, in pencil, by that celebrated French artist, Nanteuil, in 1650.

So many particulars of Mr. Evelyn have been given in the "Biographia Britannica,"[2] and in Mr. Chalmers's valuable memoir in the "Biographical Dictionary," that it is unnecessary to repeat them; but some circumstances have been there omitted, and others, which are mentioned, admit of elucidation, or addition. Such it is proposed to notice here, in addition to the foregoing personal sketch.

His grandfather, George, was not the first of the family who settled in Surrey. John, father of this George, was of Kingston, in 1520, and married a daughter of David Vincent, Esq., Lord of the Manor of Long Ditton, near Kingston, which afterwards came into the hands of George, who there carried on the manufacture of gunpowder. He purchased very considerable estates in Surrey, and three of his sons became heads of three families, viz., Thomas, his eldest son, at Long Ditton; John at Godstone, and Richard at Wotton. Each of these three families had the title of Baronet conferred on them at different times, viz., at Godstone, in 1660; Long Ditton, in 1683; and Wotton, in 1713.

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[1] Amongst these is a Bible bound in three volumes, the pages filled with notes. See Bibliographical List in First Volume of this Edition for a list of Evelyn's published writings.

[2] Second Edition, 1793, vol. v

The manufacture of gunpowder was carried on at Godstone as well as at Long Ditton; but it does not appear that there ever was any mill at Wotton, or that the purchase of that place was made with such a view. Nor does it appear, from the words quoted in the "Biographia," that Mr. Evelyn's grandfather *planted* the timber, with which Wotton was, and always has been, so well stored. The soil produces it naturally, and, in addition to what has been planted, it has at all times been carefully preserved.

It may be not altogether incurious to observe, that though Mr. Evelyn's father was a man of very considerable fortune, the first rudiments of this son's learning were acquired from the village schoolmaster over the porch of Wotton Church. Of his progress at another school, and at College, he himself speaks with great humility; nor did he add much to his stock of knowledge, whilst he resided in the Middle Temple, to which his father sent him, with the intention that he should apply to what he calls "an impolished study," which he says he never liked. More will be said of this in a subsequent page.

The "Biographia" does not notice his tour in France, Flanders, and Holland, in 1641, when he made a short campaign as a volunteer in an English regiment then in service in Flanders.[1]

Nor does it notice his having set out, with intent to join King Charles I. at Brentford; and subsequently desisting when the result of that battle became known, on the ground that his brother's as well as his own estates were so near London as to be fully in the power of the Parliament, and that their continued adherence would have been certain ruin to themselves without any advantage to his Majesty. In this dangerous conjuncture he asked and obtained the King's leave to travel. Of these travels, and the observations he made therein, an ample account is given in this Diary.

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[1] This expression is, perhaps, hardly applicable to the fact of Evelyn's having witnessed a siege merely as a curious spectator. He reached the camp on the 2nd, and left it on the 8th of August, 1641. It is certain, however, that during these six days he took his turn on duty, and trailed a pike.—See *Diary*, v. i. p. 20.

The national troubles coming on before he had engaged in any settled plan for his future life, it appears that he had thoughts of living in the most private manner, and that, with his brother's permission, he had even begun to prepare a place for retirement at Wotton. Nor did he afterwards wholly abandon his intention, if the plan of a college, which he sent to Mr. Boyle in 1659, was really formed on a serious idea. This scheme is given at length in the "Biographia," and in Dr. Hunter's edition of the "Sylva" in 1776; but it may be observed that he proposes it should not be more than twenty-five miles from London.

As to his answer to Sir George Mackenzie's panegyric on Solitude, in which Mr. Evelyn takes the opposite part, and urges the preference to which public employment and an active life is entitled,—it may be considered as the playful essay of one who, for the sake of argument, would controvert another's position, though in reality agreeing with his own opinion; if we think him serious in two letters to Mr. Abraham Cowley, dated 12th March and 24th August, 1666, in the former of which he writes: "You had reason to be astonished at the presumption, not to name it affront, that I, who have so highly celebrated recess, and envied it in others, should become an advocate for the enemy, which of all others it abhors and flies from. I conjure you to believe that I am still of the same mind, and that there is no person alive who does more honour and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and advance by your example; but, as those who praised dirt, a flea, and the gout, so have I public employment in that trifling Essay, and that in so weak a style compared with my antagonist's, as by that alone it will appear I neither was nor could be serious, and I hope you believe I speak my very soul to you.

> 'Sunt enim Musis sua ludicra mista Camœnis
> Otia sunt——'"

In the other, he says, "I pronounce it to you from my heart as oft as I consider it, that I look on your fruitions with inexpressible emulation, and should think myself more happy than crowned heads, were I, as you, the arbiter of mine own life, and could break from those gilded toys to taste your well-described joys with such a wife and such a friend, whose conversation exceeds all that the mistaken world calls happiness." But, in truth, Mr. Evelyn's mind was too active to admit of solitude at all times, however desirable it might appear to him in theory.

After he had settled at Deptford, which was in the time of Cromwell, he kept up a constant correspondence with Sir Richard Browne (his father-in-law), the King's Ambassador at Paris; and though his connexion must have been known, it does not appear that he met with any interruption from the government here. Indeed, though he remained a decided Royalist, he managed so well as to have intimate friends even amongst those nearly connected with Cromwell; and to this we may attribute his being able to avoid taking the Covenant, which he says he never did take. In 1659, he published "An Apology for the Royal Party;" and soon after printed a paper which was of great service to the King, entitled "The late News, or Message from Brussels Unmasked," which was an answer to a pamphlet designed to represent the King in the worst light.

On the Restoration, we find him very frequently at Court; and he became engaged in many public employments, still attending to his studies and literary pursuits. Amongst these, is particularly to be mentioned the Royal Society, in the establishment and conduct of which he took a very active part. He procured Mr. Howard's library to be given to them; and by his influence, in 1667, the Arundelian Marbles were obtained for the University of Oxford.

His first appointment to a public office was in 1662, as a Commissioner for reforming the buildings, ways, streets, and incumbrances, and regulating hackney-coaches in London. In the same year, he sat as a Commissioner on an enquiry into the conduct of the Lord Mayor, &c., concerning Sir Thomas Gresham's charities. In 1664, he was in a commission for regulating the Mint; in the same year was appointed one of the Commissioners for the care of the Sick and Wounded in the Dutch war; and he was continued in the same employment in the second war with that country.

He was one of the Commissioners for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral, shortly before it was burnt, in 1666. In that year, he was also in a commission for regulating the farming and making saltpetre; and in 1671, we find him a Commissioner of Plantations on the establishment of the Board, to which the Council of Trade was added in 1672.

In 1685, he was one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal, during the absence of the Earl of Clarendon (who held that office), on his going Lord Lieutenant to Ireland. On the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, in 1695, he was one of the Commissioners; and, on 30th June, 1696, laid the first stone of that building. He was also appointed Treasurer, with a salary of 200*l.* a year; but he says that it was a long time before he received any part of it.

When the Czar of Muscovy came to England, in 1698, proposing to instruct himself in the art of ship-building, he was desirous of having the use of Sayes Court, in consequence of its vicinity to the King's dock-yard at Deptford. This was conceded; but during his stay he did so much damage, that Mr. Evelyn had an allowance of 150*l.* for it. He especially regrets the mischief done to his famous holly-hedge, which might have been thought beyond the reach of damage. But one of Czar Peter's favourite recreations had been, to demolish the hedges, by riding through them in a wheel-barrow.

October, 1699, his elder brother, George Evelyn, dying without male issue, aged eighty-three, he succeeded to the paternal estate; and, in May following, he quitted Sayes Court, and went to Wotton, where he passed the remainder of his life, with the exception of occasional visits to London, where he retained a house. In the great storm of 1703, he mentions in his last Edition of the "Sylva," above 1000 trees were blown down in sight of his residence.

He died at his house in London, 27th February, 1705-6, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and was buried at Wotton. His lady survived him nearly three years, dying 9th February, 1708-9, in her seventy-fourth year, and was buried near him at Wotton. The inscriptions on their tombs, and on those of his father and mother, are subjoined. His personal character was truly amiable. In the relative duties of father, husband, and friend, few could exceed him.

Of Mr. Evelyn's children, a son, who died at the age of five, and a daughter, who died at the age of nineteen, were almost prodigies. The particulars of their extraordinary endowments, and the profound manner in which he was affected at their deaths, may be seen in these volumes, and cannot be read without exciting the most tender emotions.

One daughter was well and happily settled; another less so; but she did not survive her marriage more than a few months. The only son who lived to the age of manhood, inherited his father's love of learning, and distinguished himself by several publications.

Mr. Evelyn's employment as a Commissioner for the care of the Sick and Wounded was very laborious; and, from the nature of it, must have been extremely unpleasant. Almost the whole labour was in his department, which included all the ports between the river Thames and Portsmouth; and he had to travel in all seasons and weathers, by land and by water, in the execution of his office, to which he gave the strictest attention. It was rendered still more disagreeable by the great difficulty which he found in procuring money for support of the prisoners. In the library at Wotton, are copies of numerous letters to the Lord Treasurer and Officers of State, representing, in the strongest terms, the great distress of the poor men, and of those who had furnished lodging and necessaries for them. At one time, there were such arrears of payment to the victuallers, that, on landing additional sick and wounded, they lay some time in the streets, the publicans refusing to receive them, and shutting up their houses. After all this trouble and fatigue, he found as great difficulty in getting his accounts settled.[1] In January, 1665–6, he formed a plan for an Infirmary at Chatham, which he sent to Mr. Pepys, to be laid before the Admiralty, with his reasons for recommending it; but it does not appear that it was carried into execution.

His employments, in connection with the repair of St. Paul's (which, however, occupied him but a brief time), as in the Commission of Trade and Plantations, and in the building of Greenwich Hospital, were much better adapted to his inclinations and pursuits.

As a Commissioner of the Privy Seal in the reign of King James II., he had a difficult task to perform. He was most steadily attached to the Church of England, and the King required the Seal to be affixed to many things incompatible with the welfare of that Church. This, on some occasions, he refused to do, particularly to a license to Dr. Obadiah Walker to print Popish books:[1] and on other occasions he absented himself, leaving it to his brother-Commissioners to act as they thought fit. Such, however, was the King's estimation of him, that no displeasure was evinced on this account.

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[1] 2nd October, 1665, he writes to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Arlington, Sir William Coventry, and Sir Philip Warwick, complaining of want of money for the prisoners: praying that whilst he and his brother-Commissioners adventure their persons and all that is dear to them, in this uncomfortable service, they may not be exposed to ruin, and to a necessity of abandoning their care; and adding that they have lost their officers and servants by the pestilence, and are hourly environed with the saddest objects of perishing people. "I have," says he, "fifteen places full of sick men, where they put me to unspeakable trouble; the magistrates and justices, who should further us in our exigencies, hindering the people from giving us quarters, jealous of the contagion, and causing them to shut the doors at our approach."

Of Mr. Evelyn's attempt to bring Colonel Morley (Cromwell's Lieutenant of the Tower immediately preceding the Restoration) over to the King's interest, an imperfect account is given in the "Biographia," partly taken from the additions to "Baker's Chronicle," which was published with a continuation in 1696. The fact is, that there was great friendship between these gentlemen, and Mr. Evelyn did endeavour to engage the Colonel in the King's interest.[2] He saw him several times, and put his life into his hands by writing to him on 12th January, 1659–60; he did not succeed, and Colonel Morley was too much his friend to betray him: but so far from the Colonel having settled matters privately with Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, or General Monk,[3] as there described, he was obliged, when the Restoration took place, actually to apply to Mr. Evelyn to procure his pardon; who obtained it accordingly, though, as he states, the Colonel was obliged to pay a large sum of money for it. This could not have happened, if there had been any previous negotiation with General Monk.

There are some mistakes in the "Biographia" as to Mr. Evelyn's Works.[4] Dr. Campbell, who wrote in the original edition, took some pains to vindicate Mr. Evelyn's book, entitled, "Navigation and Commerce, their Origin and Progress," from the charge of being an imperfect work, unequal to the expectation excited by the title. But the Doctor, who had not the information which this Journal so amply affords on this subject, was not aware that what was so printed was nothing more than an Introduction to the History of the Dutch War; a work undertaken by Mr. Evelyn at the express command of King Charles II., and the materials for which were furnished by the Officers of State. The completion of this work, after considerable progress had been made in it, was put a stop to by the King himself, for what reason does not appear; but perhaps it was found that Mr. Evelyn was inclined to tell too much of the truth concerning a transaction, which it will be seen by his Journal that he utterly reprobated. His copy of the History, as far as he had proceeded, he put into the hands of his friend, Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty, who did not return it; but as the books and manuscripts belonging to Mr. Pepys passed into the possession of Magdalen College, Cambridge, it was hoped it might be there preserved. The Editor went to Cambridge for the purpose of seeing it; and was favoured with access to the library, and with the most obliging personal attendance of the Hon. Mr. Fortescue, one of the Fellows of the College; but, after a diligent search for several hours, it could not be found.

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[1] Dr. Walker had been a member of the Church of England, but had renounced it, and turned Papist.

[2] [See references in the Diary to Colonel Morley as one of the Council of State in 1652; and to Evelyn's attempts to win him over.]

[3] Colonel Morley's name is scarcely mentioned in the account of General Monk's conduct on this occasion, written by John Price, D.D., (who was sent to him on the king's behalf, and had continual intercourse with him), published in 1680, and reprinted by Baron Maseres, in 1815.

[4] [See the "Select Biography" of Evelyn's works, p. xiv.]

Dr. Campbell understood the "Mystery of Jesuitism" to be a single volume; but there were three published in different years. The translation of the second was undertaken by Mr. Evelyn at the express desire of Lord Clarendon and his son, as appears by a letter of Mr. Evelyn to Lord Cornbury, dated 9 February, 1664. The third was translated by Dr. Tonge for Mr. Evelyn; but a fuller statement of this will be found in a note to one of the entries of the Diary.[1]

In giving a list of his publications, the authors of the "Biographia" say, "As several of these treatises were printed before the author's return to England, and others without his name, we must depend on the general opinion of the world, and the authority of Mr. Wood for their being his; yet there is no great reason to suspect a mistake."[2] They add, "We know nothing of the 'Mundus Muliebris; or, the Ladies' Dressing Room unlocked,' except that it has had a place in the Catalogue of our Author's Works, from which therefore we have no right to remove it."[3]

There is no doubt of his being the author. Under 1685, Mr. Evelyn, in his account of his daughter Mary, says, she "put in many pretty symbols in the 'Mundus Muliebris,' wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to the sex."

[1] Vol. i. p. 395.
[2] Biog. Brit., vol. v., 2nd Edit., p. 611, note E.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 624, note S.

In a letter to Lord Cornbury, dated 9th February, 1664, he speaks of having written a Play.

The authors of the "Biographia" remark of his residence abroad, that "The account which Mr. Boyle received from Mr. Evelyn,[1] of the method used by the Italians for preserving snow in pits, is an admirable specimen of that care with which he registered his discoveries, as well as the curiosity which prompted him to inquire into everything worthy of notice, either natural or artificial, in the countries through which he passed. It is much to be regretted that a work so entertaining and instructive as a History of his Travels would have been, appeared, even to so indefatigable a person as he was, a task too laborious for him to undertake; for we should then have seen, in a clear and true light, many things in reference to Italy which are now very indistinctly and partially represented; and we should also have met with much new matter never touched before, and of which we shall now probably never hear at all."[2]

What is thus said of Mr. Evelyn's travels is partly supplied in the present Diary, but not so fully as could be wished. That he made many observations which will not be found here, appears by the above quotation from Mr. Boyle; and by an account of the manner of making bread in France, which he communicated to Mr. Houghton, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who published it in some papers which he printed in 1681, and following years.

From the numerous authors who have spoken in high terms of Mr. Evelyn, we will select the two following notices of him.

In the "Biographia," Dr. Campbell says, "It is certain that very few authors who have written in our language deserve the character of able and agreeable writers so well as Mr. Evelyn, who, though he was acquainted with most sciences, and wrote upon many different subjects, yet was very far, indeed the farthest of most men of his time, from being a superficial writer. He had genius, he had taste, he had learning; and he knew how to give all these a proper place in his works, so as never to pass for a pedant, even with such as were least in love with literature, and to be justly esteemed a polite author by those who knew it best."[3]

Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford), in his Catalogue of Engravers, gives us the following admirably drawn character pp. 85, 86: "If Mr. Evelyn had not been an artist himself, as I think I can prove he was, I should yet have found it difficult to deny myself the pleasure of allotting him a place among the arts he loved, promoted, patronised; and it would be but justice to inscribe his name with due panegyric in these records, as I have once or twice taken the liberty to criticise him. But they are trifling blemishes compared with his amiable virtues and beneficence; and it may be remarked that the worst I have said of him is, that he knew more than he always communicated. It is no unwelcome satire to say, that a man's intelligence and philosophy is inexhaustible. I mean not to write his life, which may be found detailed in the new edition of his 'Sculptura,' in 'Collins's Baronetage,' in the 'General Dictionary,' and in the new 'Biographical Dictionary;' but I must observe, that his life, which was extended to eighty-six years, was a course of inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence. The works of the Creator, and the minute labours of the creature, were all objects of his pursuit. He unfolded the perfection of the one, and assisted the imperfection of the other. He adored from examination; was a courtier that flattered only by informing his Prince, and by pointing out what was worthy of him to countenance; and really was the neighbour of the Gospel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him. Whoever peruses a list of his works, will subscribe to my assertion. He was one of the first promoters of the Royal Society; a patron of the ingenious and the indigent; and peculiarly serviceable to the lettered world; for, besides his writings and discoveries, he obtained the Arundelian Marbles for the University of Oxford, and the Arundelian Library for the Royal Society.—Nor is it the least part of his praise, that he who proposed to Mr. Boyle the erection of a Philosophical College for retired and speculative persons, had the honesty to write in defence of active life against Sir George Mackenzie's 'Essay on Solitude.' He knew that retirement, in his own hands, was industry and benefit to mankind; but in those of others, laziness and inutility."

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[1] Boyle's Works, vol. ii., p. 306.

[2] Biog. Brit., vol. v., p. 610, note D.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 614, note I.

His son, Mr. John Evelyn, was of Trinity College, Oxford, and, when about fifteen years old, wrote that elegant Greek Poem, which is prefixed to the second Edition of the "Sylva." He translated Rapin on Gardens, in four books, written in Latin verse. His father annexed the second book of this to the second edition of his "Sylva." He also translated from the Greek of Plutarch the life of Alexander the Great, printed in the fourth volume of "Plutarch's

Lives, by several Hands;" and from the French, the History of the Grand Viziers Mahomet and Achmet Coprogli. There are several poems of his, of which some are printed in "Dryden's Miscellanies," and more in "Nicol's Collection of Poems."

In December, 1688, he was presented to the Prince of Orange, at Abington, by Colonel Sidney and Colonel Berkley; and was one of the volunteers in Lord Lovelace's troop, when his Lordship secured Oxford for the Prince. In 1690, he purchased the place of chief clerk of the Treasury; but, in the next year, he was by some means removed from it by Mr. Guy, who succeeded in that office. In August, 1692, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland, from whence he returned to England in 1696, in very ill health, and died 24th March, 1698, in his father's lifetime.

He married Martha, daughter and coheir of Richard Spencer, Esq., a Turkey merchant, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, and the eldest daughter, Martha-Mary, and youngest daughter, Jane, died infants. The surviving daughter, Elizabeth, married Simon Harcourt, Esq., son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt. September 18th, 1705, the son John, who had succeeded his grandfather at Wotton, married Anne, daughter of Edward Boscawen, Esq., of the county of Cornwall; and by letters patent dated 30 July, 1713, was created a Baronet. He inherited the virtue and the taste for learning, as well as the patrimony, of his ancestors; and lived at Wotton, universally loved and respected. He built a library there, forty-five feet long, fourteen wide, and as many high, for the reception of the large and curious collection of books made by his grandfather, father, and himself, and where they now remain. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, was long the first Commissioner of the Customs, and died 15th July, 1763, in the eighty-second year of his age.

By his lady, who died before him, he had several children, and was succeeded by John, the eldest, who married Mary, daughter of Hugh Boscawen, Viscount Falmouth, and died 11th June, 1767, in the 61st year of his age. He was Clerk of the Green Cloth to Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., and to that King when Prince of Wales, and after he came to the Crown. He represented the borough of Helston in several Parliaments, and to the time of his death. He had only one son, Frederick, who succeeded to the title and estate, and three daughters. Of the daughters, two died unmarried; the third, Augusta, married the

Rev. Dr. Henry Jenkin, Rector of Wotton and Abinger; but she died without issue. Sir Frederick was in the army in the early part of his life; and was in *Elliot's Light-Horse*, when that regiment so highly distinguished themselves in the famous battle of Minden, in Germany, in 1759. He married Mary, daughter of William Turton, Esq., of Staffordshire, and, dying without issue in 1812, he left his estate to his Lady. She lived at Wotton, where she fully maintained the honour and great respect which had so long attended the family there. Her taste for botany was displayed in her garden and greenhouse, where she had a curious collection of exotic, as well as native shrubs and flowers. The library shared her attention. Besides making additions to it, she had a complete Catalogue arranged by Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution.

This lady by her will returned the estate to the family, devising it to John Evelyn, Esq., descended from George Evelyn, the purchaser of the estate in 1579.

The following are epitaphs to the memory of the writer of this Diary, and part of his family, interred in the Dormitory adjoining Wotton Church.

For his Grandfather, who settled at Wotton, on an alabaster monument, written by Dr. Comber, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards Dean of Durham:

D. O. M. S.
Georgio Evelino, Arm. non minùs
Vitæ et Morum exemplo, quàm dignitate
conspicuo, quem plenum annis (inoffensæ
vitæ decurso itinere, quale sibi optâ-
verint Magni illi, qui inanem strepitum
tranquillitati posthabendum putârunt)
Mors immatura abstulit, namq;
rebus omnibus, Deo omnia benè vertente,
affluens, quibus vita beata efficitur,
repetito non infelici delectu matrimo-
nio, Liberos ad filios 16 octoque
filias, penè octogenarius decessit senex:
Parenti charissimo, et benè merenti
Richardus Evelinus, filiorum natu minimus,
Monumentum cum carmine mœrens
posuit, quod non tam Patris vivo hominum
ore victuri, quàm propriæ Pietatis
testimonium esset.
Obiit 30 die Maii, An. Dom. 1603.
Ætatis suæ 73.

On another alabaster monument, are the figures of a man and his wife kneeling, and five children; below is this inscription:

Epitaphium
verè generosi, et prænobilis Viri, D. Richardi
Evelini armigeri, in agro Surriensi, hîc
subter in terrâ conditi.

Quem Pietas, Probitas, claris natalibus ortum,
Prolis amor dulcis, Vitaq. labe carens,
Religionis opus, quem Vota Precesq; suorum,
Et morum niveus candor, aperta manus,
Reddebant olim charum patriæq; suisq;
Vertitur in cineres hâc Evelinus humo.
Lector, ne doleas, cum sis mortalis, abito,
Et sortis non sis immemor ipse tuæ.
Obiit Quinquagenarius
corporis statu vegeto, vicesimo die Decembris anno
Salutis humanæ
1640, Liberorum quinq. Pater,
relictis quatuor superstitibus, tribus
scil. filiis cum
unicâ tantùm filiâ.
Festinantes sequimur.

On another monument, fixed to the same wall:

To
the precious memory of
Ellen Evelyn,
the dearly beloved wife of Richard Evelyn, Esq.,
a rare example of Piety, Loyalty, Prudence, and Charity,
a happy Mother of five Children,
George, John, Richard, Elizabeth, and Jane;
who in the 37th year of her age,
the 22d of her marriage,
and the 1635th of Man's Redemption,
put on Immortality,
leaving her name as a monument of her perfections,
and her Perfections as a precedent for imitation.
Of her great worth to know, who seeketh more.
Must mount to Heaven, where she is gone before.

On a white marble, covering a tomb shaped like a coffin, raised about three feet above the floor, is inscribed:

Here lies the Body
of John Evelyn, Esq.,
of this place, second son
of Richard Evelyn, Esq.;
who having serv'd the Publick
in several employments, of which that
of Commissioner of the Privy-Seal in the
Reign of King James the 2d was most

honourable, and perpetuated his fame
by far more lasting monuments than
those of Stone or Brass, his learned
and usefull Works, fell asleep the 27 day
of February 1705–6, being the 86 year
of his age, in full hope of a glorious
Resurrection, thro' Faith in Jesus Christ.
Living in an age of extraordinary
Events and Revolutions, he learnt
(as himself asserted) this Truth,
which pursuant to his intention
is here declared—
That all is vanity which is not honest,
and that there is no solid wisdom
but in real Piety.
Of five Sons and three Daughters
born to him from his most
vertuous and excellent Wife,
Mary, sole daughter and heiress
of Sir Rich. Browne of Sayes
Court near Deptford in Kent,
onely one daughter, Susanna,
married to William Draper
Esq., of Adscomb in this
County, survived him; the
two others dying in the
flower of their age, and
all the Sons very young, except one named John, who
deceased 24 March, 1698–9,
in the 45 year of his age,
leaving one son, John, and
one daughter, Elizabeth.

On another monument at the head of, and like the former:

MARY EVELYN,
the best Daughter, Wife,
and Mother,
the most accomplished of women,
beloved, esteemed, admired,
and regretted, by all who knew her,
is deposited in this stone coffin,
according to her own desire, as near
as could be to her dear Husband
JOHN EVELYN,
with whom she lived almost
Threescore years,
and survived not quite three, dying
at London, the 9 of Feb. 1708–9,
in the 74th year of her age.

In the Church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, on the east wall, to the south of the altar, is a marble mural tablet, with the following inscription to the two children of Mr. Evelyn, whose early loss he has so feelingly lamented in his Diary:

R. EVELYN, I. F.
Quiescit hoc sub marmore,
Unà quiescit quicquid est amabile,
Patres quod optent, aut quod orbi lugeant;
Genas decentes non, ut ante, risus
Lepore condit amplius;
Morum venustas, quanta paucis contigit,
Desideratur omnibus.
Linguæ, Latina, Gallica,
Quas imbibit cum lacte materno, tacent.
Tentârat Artes, artiumque principiis
Pietatis elementa hauserat.
Libris inhæsit improbo labore
Ut sola mors divelleret.
Quod indoles, quod disciplina, quod labor
Possint, ab uno disceres.
Puer stupendus, qualis hic esset senex
Si fata vitæ subministrâssent iter!
Sed aliter est visum Deo:
Correptus ille febriculâ levi jacet,
Jacent tot unà spes Parentum!
Vixit Ann. V. M. V. III. super D.
Eheu! delicias breves.
Quicquid placet mortale, non placet diu,
Quicquid placet mortale, ne placeat nimis.

MARY EVELYN,
eldest daughter of John Evelyn,
and Mary his Wife, borne the last day of
September 1665, att Wootton in
the County of Surrey. A beautifull
young woman, endowed with shining
Qualities both of body and mind, infinitly
pious, the delight of her Parents and Friends.
She dyed 17 March 1685 at the
age of 19 years, 5 months, 17 dayes,
regretted by all persons of worth
that knew her value.

A tablet adjoining the foregoing, is thus inscribed:

M. S.
Neere this place are deposited y^e bodys
of Sir RICHARD BROWNE of Sayes-Court in Deptford, Knt;
Of his wife Dame Joanna Vigorus of Langham in Essex,
deceased in Nov. 1618 aged 74 years.

This Richard was younger son of the ancient family of
Hitcham in Suffolk, seated afterwards at Horsly, in Essex, who being
Student in the Temple, was by Robert Dudley, the great Earle of Leicester,
taken into the service of the Crowne when he went
Governor of the United Netherlands, and was afterwards
by Queene Elizabeth made Clearke of the Greene Cloth,
which honorable office he also continued under King James until the
time of his death, May 1604, aged 65 years :
Of Christopher Browne, Esq., son and heire of Sir Richard, who deceased in March 1645, aged 70 years ;
Of Thomasin, his wife, da^{r} of Benjamin Gonson of Much Bado
in Essex, Esq. whose grandfather William Gonson, and father Benjamin,
were successively Treasurers of the Navy to King Henry VIII., to K. Ed. VI.,
to Queene Mary, and Q. Elizabeth ; and died June 1638, aged 75 years ;
Of Sir Richard Browne, Knt. and Baronet, onely son of Christopher ;
Of his wife Dame Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Pretyman of
Dry-field in Glocester shire, who deceased VI Octob^{r}
1652, aged 42 years.
This Sir Richard was Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to
K. Charles y^{e} First, and Cleark of the Council of his Ma^{ty}, and to
K. Charles y^{e} Second, and (after several foraigne and honorable employments)
continued Resident in the Court of France from K. Cha. the I. and
from K. Char. II^{d} to the French-Kings Lewes XIII. and Lewes XIV. from
the years 1641 (the beginning of our un-natural civile-warr) untill the happy
Restauration of K. Cha. y^{e} II^{d} 1660 ; deceased XII Feb. A^{o}. 1682–3 aged 78 y^{rs} ;
and (according to ancient custome) willed to be interred in this place.
These all deceasing in the true Faith of Christ,
hope, through his merits, for a joyfull and blessed
Resurrection. X. A. P. D.

DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN

I **WAS** born (at Wotton, in the County of Surrey,) about twenty minutes past two in the morning, being on Tuesday the 31st and last of October, 1620, after my father had been married about seven years,[1] and that my mother had borne him three children; viz. two daughters and one son, about the 33rd year of his age, and the 23rd of my mother's.

My father, named Richard, was of a sanguine complexion, mixed with a dash of choler: his hair inclining to light, which, though exceeding thick, became hoary by that time he had attained to thirty years of age; it was somewhat curled towards the extremities; his beard, which he wore a little peaked, as the mode was, of a brownish colour, and so continued to the last, save that it was somewhat mingled with grey hairs about his cheeks, which, with his countenance, were clear and fresh-coloured; his eyes extraordinary quick and piercing; an ample forehead, —in sum, a very well-composed visage and manly aspect: for the rest, he was but low of stature, yet very strong. He was, for his life, so exact and temperate, that I have heard he had never been surprised by excess, being ascetic and sparing. His wisdom was great, and his judgment most acute; of solid discourse, affable, humble, and in nothing affected; of a thriving, neat, silent, and methodical genius; discreetly severe, yet liberal upon all just occasions, both to his children, to strangers, and servants; a lover of hospitality; and, in brief, of a singular and Christian moderation in all his actions; not illiterate, nor obscure, as, having continued Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum, he served his country as High Sheriff, being, as I take it, the last dignified with that office for Sussex and

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[1] He was married at St. Thomas's, Southwark, 27th January, 1613. My sister Eliza was born at nine at night, 28th November, 1614; Jane, at four in the morning, 16th February, 1616; my brother George at nine at night, Wednesday, 18th June, 1617; and my brother Richard, 9th November, 1622.—*Note by Evelyn.*

Surrey together, the same year, before their separation.[1] He was yet a studious decliner of honours and titles; being already in that esteem with his country, that they could have added little to him besides their burthen.[2] He was a person of that rare conversation that, upon frequent recollection, and calling to mind passages of his life and discourse, I could never charge him with the least passion, or inadvertency. His estate was esteemed about £4000 per annum, well wooded, and full of timber.

My mother's name was Eleanor,[3] sole daughter and heiress of John Standsfield, Esq., of an ancient and honourable family (though now extinct) in Shropshire, by his wife Eleanor Comber, of a good and well-known house in Sussex. She was of proper personage; of a brown complexion; her eyes and hair of a lovely black; of constitution more inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory, and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence, esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country: which rendered her loss much deplored, both by those who knew, and such as only heard of her.

Thus much, in brief, touching my parents; nor was it reasonable I should speak less of them to whom I owe so much.

The place of my birth was Wotton, in the parish of Wotton, or Blackheath, in the county of Surrey, the then mansion-house of my father, left him by my grandfather, afterwards and now my eldest brother's. It is situated in the most southern part of the shire; and, though in a valley, yet really upon part of Leith Hill, one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit, though by few observed. From it may be discerned twelve or thirteen counties, with part of the sea on the coast of Sussex, in a serene day. The house is large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of Strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water, in abundance.

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[1] Formerly the two counties had in general, though not invariably, only one sheriff. In 1637, each county had its sheriff, and so it has continued since.

[2] In proof of Evelyn's assertion may be quoted an old receipt, found at Wotton:

"R^d^, the 29 Oct^r^. 1630, of Rich^d^ Evlinge of Wottone, in the countye of Surr' Esq; by waie of composic'one to the use of his Ma^tie^, being apoynted by his Ma^tie^ Collecto' for the same, for his Fine for not appearinge at the tyme & place apoynted for receavinge order of Kthood, the somme of fivetey pound I say receaved. THO. CRYMES."

[3] She was born 17th November, 1598, in Sussex, near to Lewes.

The distance from London little more than twenty miles, and yet so securely placed, as if it were one hundred; three miles from Dorking, which serves it abundantly with provision as well of land as sea; six from Guildford, twelve from Kingston.[1] I will say nothing of the air, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy; but I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not as generally known to be amongst the most natural, and (till this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expenses) the most magnificent that England afforded; and which indeed gave one of the first examples to that elegancy, since so much in vogue, and followed in the managing of their waters, and other elegancies of that nature. Let me add, the contiguity of five or six manors,[2] the patronage of the livings about it, and what Themistocles pronounced for none of the least advantages—the good neighbourhood. All which conspire here to render it an honourable and handsome royalty, fit for the present possessor, my worthy brother, and his noble lady,[3] whose constant liberality gives them title both to the place and the affections of all that know them. Thus, with the poet:

> Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
> Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.

I had given me the name of my grandfather, my mother's father, who, together with a sister of Sir Thomas Evelyn of Long Ditton, and Mr. Comber, a near relation of my mother, were my susceptors. The solemnity (yet upon what accident I know not, unless some indisposition in me) was performed in the dining-room by Parson Higham, the present incumbent of the parish, according to the forms prescribed by the then glorious Church of England.[1]

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[1] Eight, and fourteen; and from London a little more than twenty-six measured miles.

[2] Seven manors, two advowsons, and a chapel of ease (Sir John Cotton's).

[3] Lady Cotton, widow, whom Evelyn's elder brother, George, took for his second wife, his first wife having died in 1644. After the latter date, therefore, this portion of Evelyn's "Kalendarium" must have been written. See *post*, p. 13.

I was now (in regard to my mother's weakness, or rather custom of persons of quality) put to nurse to one Peter, a neighbour's wife and tenant, of a good, comely, brown, wholesome complexion, and in a most sweet place towards the hills, flanked with wood and refreshed with streams; the affection to which kind of solitude I sucked in with my very milk. It appears, by a note of my father's, that I sucked till 17th January, 1622; or at least I came not home before.[2]

1623. The very first thing that I can call to memory, and from which time forward I began to observe, was this year (1623) my youngest brother being in his nurse's arms, who, being then two years and nine days younger than myself, was the last child of my dear parents.

1624. I was not initiated into any rudiments until near four years of age, and then one Frier taught us at the church-porch of Wotton: and I do perfectly remember the great talk and stir about Il Conde Gondomar, now Ambassador from Spain (for near about this time was the match of our Prince with the Infanta proposed); and the effects of that comet, 1618, still working in the prodigious revolutions now beginning in Europe, especially in Germany, whose sad commotions sprang from the Bohemians' defection from the Emperor Matthias:[3] upon which quarrel the

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[1] I had given me two handsome pieces of very curiously wrought and gilt plate.—*Evelyn.*

[2] The whole of this passage, so characteristic of the writer's tastes and genius, and both the paragraphs before and after it, are printed for the first time in this edition. Portions of the preceding description of Wotton are also first taken from the original; and it may not be out of place to add that, more especially in the first fifty pages of this volume, a very large number of curious and interesting additions are made to Evelyn's text from the Manuscript of the Diary at Wotton.—[*Note to* 1850 *Edition.*]

[3] Evelyn alludes to the insurrection of the Bohemians on the 12th of May, 1618. The emperor died soon after, and the revolted Bohemians offered the crown to the Elector Palatine Frederic, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of James I.; whereupon there was great excitement throughout England, in consequence of the backwardness of the king to assist his son-in-law in the struggle for a

Swedes broke in, giving umbrage to the rest of the princes, and the whole Christian world cause to deplore it, as never since enjoying perfect tranquillity.

1625. I was this year (being the first of the reign of King Charles) sent by my father to Lewes, in Sussex, to be with my grandfather, Standsfield, with whom I passed my childhood. This was the year in which the pestilence was so epidemical, that there died in London 5000 a-week, and I well remember the strict watches and examinations upon the ways as we passed; and I was shortly after so dangerously sick of a fever, that (as I have heard) the physicians despaired of me.

1626. My picture was drawn in oil by one Chanterell, no ill painter.

1627. My grandfather, Standsfield, died this year, on the 5th of February: I remember perfectly the solemnity at his funeral. He was buried in the parish church of All Souls, where my grandmother, his second wife, erected him a pious monument. About this time, was the consecration of the Church of South Malling, near Lewes, by Dr. Field, Bishop of Oxford (one Mr. Coxhall preached, who was afterwards minister); the building whereof was chiefly procured by my grandfather, who having the impropriation, gave 20*l.* a-year out of it to this church. I afterwards sold the impropriation. I laid one of the first stones at the building of the church.

1628-30. It was not till the year 1628, that I was put to learn my Latin rudiments, and to write, of one Citolin, a Frenchman, in Lewes. I very well remember that general muster previous to the Isle of Rhè's expedition, and that I was one day awakened in the morning with the news of the Duke of Buckingham being slain by that wretch, Felton, after our disgrace before La Rochelle. And I now took so extraordinary a fancy to drawing and designing, that I could never after wean my inclinations from it, to the expense of much precious time, which might have been more advantageously employed. I was now put to school to one Mr. Potts, in the Cliff at Lewes, from whom, on the 7th of

kingdom, for which the people willingly, as Evelyn in a subsequent page informs us, made "large contributions." This is the "talk and stir" to which Evelyn has just alluded in connection with Count Gondomar, whose influence had been used with James to withdraw him from the Protestant cause.

January, 1630, being the day after Epiphany, I went to the free-school at Southover, near the town, of which one Agnes Morley had been the foundress, and now Edward Snatt was the master, under whom I remained till I was sent to the University.[1] This year, my grandmother (with whom I sojourned) being married to one Mr. Newton, a learned and most religious gentleman, we went from the Cliff to dwell at his house in Southover. I do most perfectly remember the jubilee which was universally expressed for the happy birth of the Prince of Wales, 29th of May, now Charles the Second, our most gracious Sovereign.

1631. There happened now an extraordinary dearth in England, corn bearing an excessive price; and, in imitation of what I had seen my father do, I began to observe matters more punctually, which I did use to set down in a blank almanack. The Lord of Castlehaven's arraignment[2] for many shameful exorbitances was now all the talk, and the birth of the Princess Mary, afterwards Princess of Orange.

1632: *21st October.* My eldest sister was married to Edward Darcy, Esq., who little deserved so excellent a person, a woman of so rare virtue. I was not present at the nuptials; but I was soon afterwards sent for into Surrey, and my father would willingly have weaned me from my fondness of my too indulgent grandmother, intending to have placed me at Eton: but, not being so provident for my own benefit, and unreasonably terrified with the report of the severe discipline there, I was sent back to Lewes; which perverseness of mine I have since a thousand times deplored. This was the first time that ever my parents had seen all their children together in prosperity. While I was now trifling at home, I saw London, where I lay one night only. The next day, I dined at Beddington,[3] where I was much delighted with the gardens and curiosities. Thence, we returned to the Lady Darcy's, at Sutton;

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[1] Long afterward, Evelyn was in the habit of paying great respect to his old teacher. See "Correspondence," vol. iii. p. 95.

[2] Mervyn Touchet, second Earl of Castlehaven; convicted by a court of twenty-seven lords, with the Lord Keeper, sitting in Westminster Hall; of crimes of the grossest description: and in pursuance of their sentence, executed on Tower Hill, May 14, 1631.

[3] The ancient and once magnificent seat of the noble family of the Carews.

thence to Wotton; and, on the 16th of August following, 1633, back to Lewes.

1633: *3rd November.* This year my father was appointed Sheriff, the last, as I think, who served in that honourable office for Surrey and Sussex, before they were disjoined. He had 116 servants in liveries, every one liveried in green satin doublets; divers gentlemen and persons of quality waited on him in the same garb and habit, which at that time (when thirty or forty was the usual retinue of the High Sheriff) was esteemed a great matter. Nor was this out of the least vanity that my father exceeded (who was one of the greatest decliners of it); but because he could not refuse the civility of his friends and relations, who voluntarily came themselves, or sent in their servants. But my father was afterwards most unjustly and spitefully molested by that jeering judge, Richardson,[1] for reprieving the execution of a woman, to gratify my Lord of Lindsey, then Admiral:[2] but out of this he emerged with as much honour as trouble. The king made this year his progress into Scotland, and Duke James was born.

1634: *15th December.* My dear sister, Darcy, departed this life, being arrived to her 20th year of age; in virtue advanced beyond her years, or the merit of her husband, the worst of men. She had been brought to bed the 2nd of June before, but the infant died soon after her, the 24th of December. I was therefore sent for home the second time, to celebrate the obsequies of my sister; who was interred in a very honourable manner in our dormitory joining to the parish church,[1] where now her monument stands.

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[1] Made a Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1626, and of the King's Bench in 1631. There is a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. Fuller says he lived too near the time to permit him to speak fully of him. One of his acts was an order against keeping wakes on Sundays, which Laud, then Bishop of Bath and Wells, took up as an infringement of the rights of bishops, and got him severely reprimanded at the Council-table. He was owner of Starborough Castle, in Lingfield, in Surrey.

[2] Robert Bertie, tenth Baron Willoughby d'Eresby, subsequently created Earl of Lindsey, a Knight of the Garter. He was at different times Lord High Chamberlain, Lord High Admiral, Constable of England, and Governor of Berwick; and was general of the king's forces at the breaking out of the Civil War. He was in command at the Battle of Edgehill, in 1642; but, opposing Prince Rupert's pretensions, he surrendered a responsibility which the weakness of Charles would have had him divide with a "boy," put himself at the head of his regiment, fought with heroic gallantry, and fell covered with wounds.

1635. But my dear mother being now dangerously sick, I was, on the 3rd of September following, sent for to Wotton. Whom I found so far spent, that, all human assistance failing, she in a most heavenly manner departed this life upon the 29th of the same month, about eight in the evening of Michaelmas-day. It was a malignant fever which took her away, about the 37th of her age, and 22nd of her marriage, to our irreparable loss, and the regret of all that knew her. Certain it is, that the visible cause of her indisposition proceeded from grief upon the loss of her daughter, and the infant, that followed it; and it is as certain, that when she perceived the peril whereto its excess had engaged her, she strove to compose herself and allay it: but it was too late, and she was forced to succumb. Therefore, summoning all her children then living (I shall never forget it), she expressed herself in a manner so heavenly, with instructions so pious and Christian, as made us strangely sensible of the extraordinary loss then imminent; after which, embracing every one of us, she gave to each a ring with her blessing, and dismissed us. Then, taking my father by the hand, she recommended us to his care; and, because she was extremely zealous for the education of my younger brother, she requested my father that he might be sent with me to Lewes; and so, having importuned him that what he designed to bestow on her funeral, he would rather dispose among the poor, she laboured to compose herself for the blessed change which she now expected. There was not a servant in the house whom she did not expressly send for, advise, and infinitely affect with her counsel. Thus she continued to employ her intervals, either instructing her relations, or preparing of herself.

Though her physicians, Dr. Meverell, Dr. Clement, and Dr. Rand, had given over all hopes of her recovery, and Sir Sanders Duncombe had tried his celebrated and famous powder, yet she was many days impairing, and endured the sharpest conflicts of her sickness with admirable patience and most Christian resignation, retaining both her intellectuals and ardent affections for her dissolution, to the very article of her departure. When near her dissolution, she laid her hand on every one of her children; and, taking solemn leave of my father, with elevated heart and eyes, she quietly expired, and resigned her soul to God. Thus ended that prudent and pious woman, in the flower of her age, to the inconsolable affliction of her husband, irreparable loss of her children, and universal regret of all that knew her. She was interred, as near as might be, to her daughter, Darcy, the 3rd of October, at night, but with no mean ceremony.

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[1] Of Wotton.

It was the 3rd of the ensuing November, after my brother George was gone back to Oxford, ere I returned to Lewes, when I made way, according to instructions received of my father, for my brother Richard, who was sent the 12th after.

1636. This year being extremely dry, the pestilence much increased in London, and divers parts of England.[1]

1637: 13*th February*. I was especially admitted (and, as I remember, my other brother) into the Middle Temple, London, though absent, and as yet at school. There were now large contributions to the distressed Palatinates.

The 10th of December my father sent a servant to bring us necessaries; and, the plague beginning now to cease, on the 3rd of April, 1637, I left school, where, till about the last year, I have been extremely remiss in my studies; so as I went to the University rather out of shame of abiding longer at school, than for any fitness, as by sad experience I found: which put me to re-learn all that I had neglected, or but perfunctorily gained.

10*th May*. I was admitted a Fellow-commoner of Baliol College, Oxford; and, on the 29th, I was matriculated in the vestry of St. Mary's, where I subscribed the Articles, and took the oaths: Dr. Baily, head of St. John's, being vice-chancellor, afterwards bishop. It appears by a letter of my father's, that he was upon treaty with one Mr. Bathurst (afterwards Doctor and President), of Trinity College, who should have been my tutor; but, lest my brother's tutor, Dr. Hobbs, more zealous in his life than industrious to his pupils, should receive it as an affront, and especially for that Fellow-commoners in Baliol were no more exempt from exercise than the meanest scholars there, my father sent me thither to one Mr. George Bradshaw (*nomen invisum!* yet the son of an excellent father, beneficed in Surrey).[1] I ever thought my tutor had parts enough; but, as his ambition made him much suspected of the College, so his grudge to Dr. Lawrence, the governor of it (whom he afterwards supplanted), took up so much of his time, that he seldom or never had the opportunity to discharge his duty to his scholars. This I perceiving, associated myself with one Mr. James Thicknesse (then a young man of the foundation, afterwards a Fellow of the house), by whose learned and friendly conversation I received great advantage. At my first arrival, Dr. Parkhurst was master; and, after his decease, Dr. Lawrence, a chaplain of his Majesty's and Margaret Professor, succeeded, an acute and learned person: nor do I much reproach his severity, considering that the extraordinary remissness of discipline had (till his coming) much detracted from the reputation of that College.

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[1] In a letter to their father, written in this year, George Evelyn, John's elder brother, describes, with many curious personal details, a Royal visit to Oxford University.

There came in my time to the College one Nathaniel Conopios, out of Greece, from Cyrill, the patriarch of Constantinople, who, returning many years after, was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee; which custom came not into England till thirty years after.[2]

After I was somewhat settled there in my formalities (for then was the University exceedingly regular, under the exact discipline of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor), I added, as benefactor to the library of the College, these books—"*ex dono Johannis Evelyni, hujus Coll. Socio-Commensalis, filii Richardi Evelyni, è com. Surriæ, armigr.*"—

Zanchii Opera, vols. 1, 2, 3.

Granado in Thomam Aquinatem, vols. 1, 2, 3.

Novarini Electa Sacra, and *Cresolii Anthologia Sacra;* authors, it seems, much desired by the students of divinity there.

Upon the 2nd of July, being the first Sunday of the month, I first received the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the college chapel, one Mr. Cooper, a Fellow of the house, preaching; and at this time was the Church of England in her greatest splendour, all things decent, and becoming the Peace, and the persons that governed. The most of the following week I spent in visiting the Colleges, and several rarities of the University, which do very much affect young comers.

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[1] Rector of Ockham.

[2] Evelyn should have said "till twenty years after," not thirty. Coffee was introduced into England, and coffee-houses set up, in 1658.

18th July. I accompanied my eldest brother, who then quitted Oxford, into the country; and, on the 9th of August, went to visit my friends at Lewes, whence I returned the 12th to Wotton. On the 17th of September, I received the blessed Sacrament at Wotton church, and 23rd of October went back to Oxford.

5th November. I received again the Holy Communion in our college chapel, one Prouse, a Fellow (but a mad one), preaching.

9th December. I offered at my first exercise in the Hall, and answered my opponent; and, upon the 11th following, declaimed in the chapel before the Master, Fellows, and Scholars, according to the custom. The 15th after, I first of all opposed in the Hall.

The Christmas ensuing, being at a Comedy which the gentlemen of Exeter College presented to the University, and standing, for the better advantage of seeing, upon a table in the Hall, which was near to another, in the dark, being constrained by the extraordinary press to quit my station, in leaping down to save myself I dashed my right leg with such violence against the sharp edge of the other board, as gave me a hurt which held me in cure till almost Easter, and confined me to my study.

1638: *22nd January.* I would needs be admitted into the dancing and vaulting schools; of which late activity one Stokes, the master, did afterwards set forth a pretty book, which was published, with many witty elogies before it.[1]

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[1] Now an extremely scarce book: the title of it is subjoined: "The Vaulting Master, or the Art of Vaulting; reduced to a method comprised under certain rules. Illustrated by examples, and now primarily set forth, by Will. Stokes. Printed for Richard Davis, in Oxon, 1665." It is a small oblong quarto, with the author's portrait prefixed, and a number of plates beautifully engraved (most probably by Glover), representing feats of activity on horseback of a somewhat extraordinary kind.

4th February. One Mr. Wariner preached in our chapel; and, on the 25th, Mr. Wentworth, a kinsman of the Earl of Strafford; after which followed the blessed Sacrament.

13th April. My father ordered that I should begin to manage my own expenses, which till then my tutor had done; at which I was much satisfied.

9th July. I went home to visit my friends, and, on the 26th, with my brother and sister to Lewes, where we abode till the 31st; and thence to one Mr. Michael's, of Houghton, near Arundel, where we were very well treated; and, on the 2nd of August, to Portsmouth, and thence, having surveyed the fortifications (a great rarity in that blessed halcyon time in England), we passed into the Isle of Wight, to the house of my Lady Richards, in a place called Yaverland; but we returned the following day to Chichester, where, having viewed the city and fair cathedral, we returned home.

About the beginning of September, I was so afflicted with a quartan ague, that I could by no means get rid of it till the December following. This was the fatal year wherein the rebellious Scots opposed the King, upon the pretence of the introduction of some new ceremonies and the Book of Common Prayer, and madly began our confusions, and their own destruction, too, as it proved in event.[1]

1639: *14th January.* I came back to Oxford, after my tedious indisposition, and to the infinite loss of my time; and now I began to look upon the rudiments of music, in which I afterwards arrived to some formal knowledge, though to small perfection of hand, because I was so frequently diverted with inclinations to newer trifles.

20th May. Accompanied with one Mr. J. Crafford (who afterwards being my fellow-traveller in Italy, there changed his religion), I took a journey of pleasure to see the Somersetshire baths, Bristol, Cirencester, Malmesbury, Abingdon, and divers other towns of lesser note; and returned the 25th.

8th October. I went back to Oxford.

14th December. According to injunctions from the Heads of Colleges, I went (amongst the rest) to the Confirmation in St. Mary's, where, after sermon, the Bishop of Oxford laid his hands upon us, with the usual form of benediction prescribed: but this, received (I fear) for the more part out of curiosity, rather than with that due preparation and advice which had been requisite, could not be so effectual as otherwise that admirable and useful institution might have been, and as I have since deplored it.

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[1] This passage appears first in this edition, but Evelyn saw reason afterwards somewhat to change his tone. See among other passages, vol. ii., pp. 211, 214.—[*Note to* 1850 *Edition.*]

1640: *21st January.* Came my brother, Richard, from school, to be my chamber-fellow at the University. He was admitted the next day, and matriculated the 31st.

11th April. I went to London to see the solemnity of his Majesty's riding through the city in state to the Short Parliament, which began the 13th following,—a very glorious and magnificent sight, the King circled with his royal diadem and the affections of his people: but the day after I returned to Wotton again, where I stayed, my father's indisposition suffering great intervals, till April 27th, when I was sent to London to be first resident at the Middle Temple: so as my being at the University, in regard of these avocations, was of very small benefit to me. Upon May the 5th following, was the Parliament unhappily dissolved; and, on the 20th I returned with my brother George to Wotton, who, on the 28th of the same month, was married at Albury to Mrs. Caldwell (an heiress of an ancient Leicestershire family,[1] where part of the nuptials was celebrated.

10th June. I repaired with my brother to the term, to go into our new lodgings (that were formerly in Essex-court), being a very handsome apartment just over against the Hall-court, but four pair of stairs high, which gave us the advantage of the fairer prospect; but did not much contribute to the love of that impolished study, to which (I suppose) my father had designed me, when he paid 145*l.* to purchase our present lives, and assignments afterwards.

London, and especially the Court, were at this period in frequent disorders, and great insolences were committed by the abused and too happy City: in particular, the Bishop of Canterbury's Palace at Lambeth was assaulted by a rude rabble from Southwark, my Lord Chamberlain imprisoned, and many scandalous libels and invectives scattered about the streets, to the reproach of Government, and the fermentation of our since distractions: so that, upon the 25th of June, I was sent for to Wotton, and the 27th after, my father's indisposition augmenting, by advice of the physicians he repaired to the Bath.

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[1] A daughter of Daniel Caldwell, Esq., by Mary, daughter of George Duncomb, Esq., of Albury. She died 15th May, 1644, and he afterwards married the widow of Sir John Cotton.

7th July. My brother George and I, understanding the peril my father was in upon a sudden attack of his infirmity, rode post from Guildford towards him, and found him extraordinary weak; yet so as that, continuing his course, he held out till the 8th of September, when I returned home with him in his litter.

15*th October.* I went to the Temple, it being Michaelmas Term.

30*th.* I saw his Majesty (coming from his Northern Expedition) ride in pomp and a kind of ovation, with all the marks of a happy peace, restored to the affections of his people, being conducted through London with a most splendid cavalcade; and, on the 3rd November following (a day never to be mentioned without a curse), to that long ungrateful, foolish, and fatal Parliament, the beginning of all our sorrows for twenty years after, and the period of the most happy monarch in the world: *Quis talia fando!*

But my father being by this time entered into a dropsy, an indisposition the most unsuspected, being a person so exemplarily temperate, and of admirable regimen, hastened me back to Wotton, December the 12th; where, the 24th following, between twelve and one o'clock at noon, departed this life that excellent man and indulgent parent, retaining his senses and piety to the last, which he most tenderly expressed in blessing us, whom he now left to the world and the worst of times, whilst he was taken from the evil to come.

1641. It was a sad and lugubrious beginning of the year, when, on the 2nd of January, 1640–1, we at night followed the mourning hearse to the church at Wotton; when, after a sermon and funeral oration by the minister, my father was interred near his formerly erected monument, and mingled with the ashes of our mother, his dear wife. Thus we were bereft of both our parents in a period when we most of all stood in need of their counsel and assistance, especially myself, of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination: but so it pleased God to make trial of my conduct in a conjuncture of the greatest and most prodigious hazard that ever the youth of England saw; and, if I did not amidst all this impeach my liberty nor my virtue with the rest who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite goodness and mercy of God than the least providence or discretion of mine own, who now thought of nothing but the pursuit of vanity, and the confused imaginations of young men.

15*th April.* I repaired to London to hear and see the famous trial of the Earl of Strafford, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, who, on the 22nd of March, had been summoned before both Houses of Parliament, and now appeared in Westminster-hall,[1] which was prepared with scaffolds for the Lords and Commons, who, together with the King, Queen, Prince, and flower of the noblesse, were spectators and auditors of the greatest malice and the greatest innocency that ever met before so illustrous an assembly. It was Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, who was made High Steward upon this occasion; and the sequel is too well known to need any notice of the event.

On the 27th April, came over out of Holland the young Prince of Orange, with a splendid equipage, to make love to his Majesty's eldest daughter, the now Princess Royal.

That evening, was celebrated the pompous funeral of the Duke of Richmond, who was carried in effigy, with all the ensigns of that illustrious family, in an open chariot, in great solemnity, through London to Westminster Abbey.

On the 12th of May, I beheld on Tower-hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford, whose crime coming under the cognizance of no human law or statute, a new one was made, not to be a precedent, but his destruction. With what reluctancy the King signed the execution, he has sufficiently expressed; to which he imputes his own unjust suffering—to such exorbitancy were things arrived.

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[1] On the 15th April Strafford made his eloquent defence, which it seems to have been Evelyn's good fortune to be present at. And here the reader may remark the fact, not without significance, that between the entries on this page of the Diary which relate to Lord Strafford, the young Prince of Orange came over to make love to the Princess Royal, then twelve years old; and that the marriage was subsequently celebrated amid extraordinary Court rejoicings and festivities, in which the King took a prominent part, during the short interval which elapsed between the sentence and execution of the King's great and unfortunate minister.

On the 24th May, I returned to Wotton; and, on the 28th of June, I went to London with my sister Jane, and the day after sat to one Vanderborcht [1] for my picture in oil, at Arundel-house, whose servant that excellent painter was, brought out of Germany when the Earl returned from Vienna (whither he was sent Ambassador-extraordinary, with great pomp and charge, though without any effect, through the artifice of the Jesuited Spaniard, who governed all in that conjuncture). With Vanderborcht, the painter, he brought over Winceslaus Hollar, the sculptor,[2] who engraved not only the unhappy Deputy's trial in Westminster-hall, but his decapitation; as he did several other historical things, then relating to the accidents happening during the Rebellion in England, with great skill; besides many cities, towns, and landscapes, not only of this nation, but of foreign parts, and divers portraits of famous persons then in being; and things designed from the best pieces of the rare paintings and masters of which the Earl of Arundel was possessor, purchased and collected in his travels with incredible expense: so as, though Hollar's were but etched in aqua-fortis, I account the collection to be the most authentic and useful extant. Hollar was the son of a gentleman near Prague, in Bohemia, and my very good friend, perverted at last by the Jesuits at Antwerp to change his religion; a very honest, simple, well-meaning man, who at last came over again into England, where he died. We have the whole history of the king's reign, from his trial in Westminster-hall and before, to the restoration of King Charles II., represented in several sculptures, with that also of Archbishop Laud, by this indefatigable artist; besides innumerable sculptures in the works of Dugdale, Ashmole, and other historical and useful works. I am the more particular upon this for the fruit of that collection, which I wish I had entire.

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[1] Henry Vanderborcht, a painter, of Brussels, lived at Frankendale. Lord Arundel, finding Vanderborcht's son Henry at Frankfort, sent him to Mr. Petty, then collecting for him in Italy, and afterwards kept him in his service as long as he lived. Vanderborcht, the younger, was both painter and engraver; he drew many of the Arundelian curiosities, and etched several things both in that and the Royal Collection. A book of his drawings from the former, containing 567 pieces, is preserved at Paris; and is described in the catalogue of L'Orangerie, p. 199. After the death of the Earl, the younger Henry entered into the service of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and lived in esteem in London for a considerable time; but returned to Antwerp, and died there.

[2] Winceslaus Hollar was born at Prague in Bohemia, in the year 1607, and came to England in the suite of the Earl of Arundel, in the year 1636. In the troubles he distinguished himself as a Royalist, for which he was imprisoned by the Parliament. He escaped to the continent, but returned at the Restoration, and died in great distress, March 28th, 1677.

This picture[1] I presented to my sister, being at her request, on my resolution to absent myself from this ill face of things at home, which gave umbrage to wiser than myself that the medal was reversing, and our calamities but yet in their infancy: so that, on the 15th of July, having procured a pass at the Custom-house, where I repeated my oath of allegiance, I went from London to Gravesend, accompanied with one Mr. Caryll, a Surrey gentleman, and our servants, where we arrived by six o'clock that evening, with a purpose to take the first opportunity of a passage for Holland. But the wind as yet not favourable, we had time to view the Block-house of that town, which answered to another over against it at Tilbury, famous for the rendezvous of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1588, which we found stored with twenty pieces of cannon, and other ammunition proportionable. On the 19th July, we made a short excursion to Rochester, and having seen the cathedral, went to Chatham to see the Royal Sovereign, a glorious vessel of burden lately built there, being for defence and ornament, the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind.[2] She carried an hundred brass cannon, and was 1200 tons; a rare sailer, the work of the famous Phineas Pett, inventor of the frigate-fashion of building, to this day practised. But what is to be deplored as to this vessel is, that it cost his Majesty the affections of his subjects, perverted by the malcontent great ones, who took occasion to quarrel for his having raised a very slight tax for the building of this, and equipping the rest of the navy, without an act of Parliament; though, by the suffrages of the major part of the Judges the King might legally do in times of imminent danger, of which his Majesty was best apprised. But this not satisfying a jealous party, it was condemned as unprecedential, and not justifiable as to the Royal prerogative; and, accordingly, the Judges were removed out of their places, fined, and imprisoned.[1]

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[1] His own portrait.

[2] Accidentally burnt at Chatham, in 1696.

We returned again this evening, and on the 21st July embarked in a Dutch frigate, bound for Flushing, convoyed and accompanied by five other stout vessels, whereof one was a man-of-war. The next day, at noon, we landed at Flushing.

Being desirous to overtake the Leagure,[2] which was then before Genep,[3] ere the summer should be too far spent, we went this evening from Flushing to Middleburg, another fine town in this island, to De Vere, whence the most ancient and illustrious Earls of Oxford derive their family, who have spent so much blood in assisting the state during their wars. From De Vere we passed over many towns, houses, and ruins of demolished suburbs, &c., which have formerly been swallowed up by the sea; at what time no less than eight of those islands have been irrecoverably lost.

The next day, we arrived at Dort, the first town of Holland, furnished with all German commodities, and especially Rhenish wines and timber. It hath almost at the extremity a very spacious and venerable church; a stately senate house, wherein was holden that famous synod against the Arminians in 1618; and in that hall hangeth a picture of "The Passion," an exceeding rare and much-esteemed piece.

From Dort, being desirous to hasten towards the army, I took waggon this afternoon to Rotterdam, whither we were hurried in less than an hour, though it be ten miles distant; so furiously do those Foremen drive. I went first to visit the great church, the Doole, the Bourse, and the public statue of the learned Erasmus, of brass. They showed us his house, or rather the mean cottage, wherein he was born, over which there are extant these lines, in capital letters:

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[1] In such manner Evelyn refers to the tax of Ship-money. But compare this remarkable passage, now first printed from the original, with the tone in which, eight years later, he spoke of the only chance by which monarchy in England might be saved; namely, that of "doing nothing as to Government but what shall be approved by the old way of a free parliament, and the known laws of the land." See "Correspondence," vol. iii., p. 41.—[*Note to* 1850 *Edition.*]

[2] The meaning of this expression is, that they should be in time to witness the siege.

[3] On the Waal,—a place which, having been greatly strengthened by the Cardinal Infante D. Fernando, in 1635, was at this time besieged by the French and Dutch. There is a full account of the siege in the great work of Aitzema, a man who with extraordinary patience compiled materials for the history of the United Provinces, during the greater part of the seventeenth century. One of his brothers was mortally wounded at this siege.

ÆDIBUS HIS ORTUS, MUNDUM DECORAVIT ERASMUS ARTIBUS, INGENIO, RELIGIONE, FIDE.

The 26th July, I passed by a straight and commodious river through Delft to the Hague; in which journey I observed divers leprous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, and permitted to ask the charity of passengers, which is conveyed to them in a floating box that they cast out.

Arrived at the Hague, I went first to the Queen of Bohemia's court,[1] where I had the honour to kiss her Majesty's hand, and several of the Princesses', her daughters. Prince Maurice was also there, newly come out of Germany; and my Lord Finch,[2] not long before fled out of England from the fury of the Parliament. It was a fasting day with the Queen for the unfortunate death of her husband, and the presence chamber had been hung with black velvet ever since his decease.

The 28th July I went to Leyden; and the 29th to Utrecht, being thirty English miles distant (as they reckon by hours). It was now Kermas, or a fair, in this town, the streets swarming with boors and rudeness, so that early the next morning, having visited the ancient Bishop's court, and the two famous churches, I satisfied my curiosity till my return, and better leisure. We then came to

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[1] Elizabeth, daughter of James I., mother of the princes Maurice and Rupert; her youngest daughter was Sophia, Electoress of Hanover, whose eldest son was George I. A carefully written life of this Princess, who was not less remarkable for her beauty and spirit, than for her misfortunes, has been lately written, with illustrations drawn from her unpublished correspondence, by Mrs. Everett Green, in *The Princesses of England*, vols. v. and vi.

[2] Sir John Finch, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1627; Attorney-General to the Queen (Henrietta Maria) in 1635; the following year promoted to be Judge of the Common Pleas; afterwards Lord Chief Justice: thence promoted to be Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1637; and in April, 1640, advanced to the peerage as Baron Finch. He died in 1660.

Rynen, where the Queen of Bohemia hath a neat and well-built palace, or country-house, after the Italian manner, as I remember; and so, crossing the Rhine, upon which this villa is situated, lodged that night in a countryman's house. The 31st to Nimeguen; and on the 2nd of August we arrived at the Leagure, where was then the whole army encamped about Genep, a very strong castle situated on the river Waal; but, being taken four or five days before, we had only a sight of the demolitions. The next Sunday was the thanksgiving sermons performed in Colonel Goring's [1] regiment (eldest son of the since Earl of Norwich) by Mr. Goffe, his chaplain (now turned Roman, and father-confessor to the Queen-mother). The evening was spent in firing cannon and other expressions of military triumphs.

Now, according to the compliment, I was received a volunteer in the company of Captain Apsley, of whose Captain-lieutenant, Honywood (Apsley being absent), I received many civilities.

The 3rd August, at night, we rode about the lines of circumvallation, the general being then in the field. The next day, I was accommodated with a very spacious and commodious tent for my lodging; as before I was with a horse, which I had at command, and a hut which during the excessive heats was a great convenience; for the sun piercing the canvass of the tent, it was during the day unsufferable, and at night not seldom infested with mists and fogs, which ascended from the river.

6th August. As the turn came about, we were ordered to watch on a horn-work near our quarters, and trail a pike, being the next morning relieved by a company of French. This was our continual duty till the castle was re-fortified, and all danger of quitting that station secured; whence I went to see a Convent of Franciscan Friars, not far from our quarters, where we found both the chapel and refectory full, crowded with the goods of such poor people, as at the approach of the army had fled with them thither for sanctuary. On the day following, I went to view all the trenches, approaches, and mines, &c. of the besiegers; and, in particular, I took special notice of the wheel-bridge, which engine his Excellency had made to run over the moat when they stormed the castle; as it is since described (with all the other particulars of this siege) by the author of that incomparable work, "Hollandia Illustrata." The walls and ramparts of earth, which a mine had broken and crumbled, were of prodigious thickness.

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[1] This was George, distinguished in the Civil Wars as General Goring, for his military services in the cause of the King. He subsequently obtained additional reputation as a lieutenant-general in the army of the King of Spain employed in the Netherlands. He was the eldest son of Sir George Goring, in 1632 created Baron Goring, and in 1644 raised to the Earldom of Norwich, for his services to Charles I., before and after the troubles. General Goring died before his father, in 1662. (See "Correspondence," vol. iii. p. 139.)

Upon the 8th August, I dined in the horse-quarters with Sir Robert Stone and his lady, Sir William Stradling, and divers Cavaliers; where there was very good cheer, but hot service for a young drinker, as then I was; so that, being pretty well satisfied with the confusion of armies and sieges (if such that of the United Provinces may be called, where their quarters and encampments are so admirably regular, and orders so exactly observed, as few cities, the best governed in time of peace, exceed it for all conveniences), I took my leave of the Leagure and Camerades; and, on the 12th of August, I embarked on the Waal, in company with three grave divines, who entertained us a great part of our passage with a long dispute concerning the lawfulness of church-music. We now sailed by Teil, where we landed some of our freight; and about five o'clock we touched at a pretty town named Bommell, that had divers English in garrison. It stands upon Contribution-land, which subjects the environs to the Spanish incursions. We sailed also by an exceeding strong fort called Lovestein, famous for the escape of the learned Hugo Grotius, who, being in durance vile as a capital offender, as was the unhappy Barneveldt, by the stratagem of his lady, was conveyed in a trunk supposed to be filled with books only. We lay at Gorcum, a very strong and considerable frontier.

13*th August.* We arrived late at Rotterdam, where was their annual mart or fair, so furnished with pictures (especially landscapes and drolleries, as they call those clownish representations), that I was amazed. Some of these I bought, and sent into England. The reason of this store of pictures, and their cheapness, proceeds from their want of land to employ their stock, so that it is an ordinary thing to find a common farmer lay out two or three thousand pounds in this commodity. Their houses are full of them, and they vend them at their fairs to very great gains. Here I first saw an elephant, who was extremely well disciplined and obedient. It was a beast of a monstrous size, yet as flexible and nimble in the joints, contrary to the vulgar tradition, as could be imagined from so prodigious a bulk and strange fabric; but I most of all admired the dexterity and strength of its proboscis, on which it was able to support two or three men, and by which it took and reached whatever was offered to it; its teeth were but short, being a female, and not old. I was also shown a pelican, or *onocratulas* of Pliny, with its large gullets, in which he kept his reserve of fish; the plumage was white, legs red, flat, and film-footed: likewise a cock with four legs, two rumps and vents: also a hen which had two large spurs growing out of her sides, penetrating the feathers of her wings.

17*th August.* I passed again through Delft, and visited the church in which was the monument of Prince William of Nassau,—the first of the Williams, and saviour (as they call him) of their liberty, which cost him his life by a vile assassination. It is a piece of rare art, consisting of several figures, as big as the life, in copper. There is in the same place a magnificent tomb of his son and successor, Maurice. The Senate-house hath a very stately portico, supported with choice columns of black marble, as I remember, of one entire stone. Within, there hangs a weighty vessel of wood, not unlike a butter-churn, which the adventurous woman that hath two husbands at one time is to wear on her shoulders, her head peeping out at the top only, and so led about the town, as a penance for her incontinence. From hence, we went the next day to Ryswick, a stately country-house of the Prince of Orange, for nothing more remarkable than the delicious walks planted with lime trees, and the modern paintings within.

19*th.* We returned to the Hague, and went to visit the Hoff, or Prince's Court, with the adjoining gardens full of ornament, close walks, statues, marbles, grots, fountains, and artificial music. There is to this palace a stately hall, not much inferior to ours of Westminster, hung round with colours and other trophies taken from the Spaniards;[1] and the sides below are furnished with shops. Next day (the 20th) I returned to Delft, thence to Rotterdam, the Hague, and Leyden, where immediately I mounted a waggon, which that night, late as it was, brought us to Haerlem. About seven in the morning after I came to Amsterdam, where being provided with a lodging, the first thing I went to see was a Synagogue of the Jews (being Saturday), whose ceremonies, ornaments, lamps, law, and schools, afforded matter for my contemplation. The women were secluded from the men, being seated in galleries above, shut with lattices, having their heads muffled with linen, after a fantastical and somewhat extraordinary fashion; the men, wearing a large calico mantle, yellow coloured, over their hats, all the while waving their bodies, whilst at their devotions. From thence, I went to a place without the town, called Overkirk, where they have a spacious field assigned them to bury their dead, full of sepulchres with Hebraic inscriptions, some of them stately and costly. Looking through one of these monuments, where the stones were disjointed, I perceived divers books and papers lie about a corpse; for it seems, when any learned Rabbi dies, they bury some of his books with him. With the help of a stick, I raked out several, written in Hebrew characters, but much impaired. As we returned, we stepped in to see the Spin-house, a kind of bridewell, where incorrigible and lewd women are kept in discipline and labour, but all neat. We were showed an hospital for poor travellers and pilgrims, built by Queen Elizabeth of England; and another maintained by the city.

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[1] Westminster-hall used to be so in Term-time, and during the sitting of Parliament, as late as the beginning of the reign of George III.

The State or Senate-house of this town, if the design be perfected, will be one of the most costly and magnificent pieces of architecture in Europe, especially for the materials and the carvings. In the Doole is painted, on a very large table, the bust of Marie de Medicis, supported by four royal diadems, the work of one Vanderdall, who hath set his name thereon, 1st September, 1638.

On Sunday, I heard an English sermon at the Presbyterian congregation, where they had chalked upon a slate the psalms that were to be sung, so that all the congregation might see it without the bidding of a clerk. I was told, that after such an age no minister was permitted to preach, but had his maintenance continued during life.

I purposely changed my lodgings, being desirous to converse with the sectaries that swarmed in this city, out of whose spawn came those almost innumerable broods in England afterwards. It was at a Brownist's house, where we had an extraordinary good table. There was in pension with us my Lord Keeper, Finch, and one Sir J. Fotherbee. Here I also found an English Carmelite, who was going through Germany with an Irish gentleman. I now went to see the Weese-house, a foundation like our Charter-house, for the education of decayed persons, orphans, and poor children, where they are taught several occupations. The girls are so well brought up to housewifery, that men of good worth, who seek that chiefly in a woman, frequently take their wives from this hospital. Thence to the Rasp-house, where the lusty knaves are compelled to work; and the rasping of brasil and logwood for the dyers is very hard labour. To the Dool-house, for madmen and fools. But none did I so much admire, as an Hospital for their lame and decrepit soldiers and seamen, where the accommodations are very great, the building answerable; and, indeed, for the like public charities the provisions are admirable in this country, where, as no idle vagabonds are suffered (as in England they are), there is hardly a child of four or five years old, but they find some employment for it.[1]

It was on a Sunday morning that I went to the Bourse, or Exchange, after their sermons were ended, to see the Dog-market, which lasts till two in the afternoon, in this place of convention of merchants from all parts of the world. The building is not comparable to that of London, built by that worthy citizen, Sir Thomas Gresham, yet in one respect exceeding it, that vessels of considerable burthen ride at the very quay contiguous to it; and indeed it is by extraordinary industry that as well this city, as generally all the towns of Holland, are so accommodated with graffs, cuts, sluices, moles, and rivers, made by hand, that nothing is more frequent than to see a whole navy, belonging to this mercantile people, riding at anchor before their very doors: and yet their streets even, straight, and well paved, the houses so uniform and planted with lime trees, as nothing can be more beautiful.[1]

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[1] Until the present edition of this Diary, the entry relating to the Amsterdam Hospital stood thus:—"But none did I so much admire as an hospital for their lame and decrepid soldiers, it being for state, order, and accommodations, one of the worthiest things that the world can show of that nature. Indeed it is most remarkable what provisions are here made and maintained for publick and charitable purposes, and to protect the poor from misery, and the country from beggars." The passage in the text is from Evelyn's own later correction. The reader will remember with some interest, in connection with this remark on the hospital of Amsterdam, that the first stone of Greenwich Hospital was afterwards laid by Evelyn.—[*Note to* 1850 *Edition.*]

The next day, we were entertained at a kind of tavern, called the Briloft, appertaining to a rich Anabaptist, where, in the upper rooms of the house, were divers pretty water-works, rising 108 feet from the ground. Here were many quaint devices, fountains, artificial music, noises of beasts, and chirping of birds; but what pleased me most was a large pendant candlestick, branching into several sockets, furnished all with ordinary candles to appearance, out of the wicks spouting out streams of water, instead of flames. This seemed then and was a rarity, before the philosophy of compressed air made it intelligible. There was likewise a cylinder that entertained the company with a variety of chimes, the hammers striking upon the brims of porcelain dishes, suited to the tones and notes, without cracking any of them. Many other water-works were shown.

The Keiser's or Emperor's Graft, which is an ample and long street, appearing like a city in a forest; the lime trees planted just before each house, and at the margin of that goodly aqueduct so curiously wharfed with Klincard brick, which likewise paves the streets, than which nothing can be more useful and neat. This part of Amsterdam is built and gained upon the main sea, supported by piles at an immense charge, and fitted for the most busy concourse of traffickers and people of commerce beyond any place, or mart, in the world. Nor must I forget the port of entrance into an issue of this town, composed of very magnificent pieces of architecture, some of the ancient and best manner; as are divers churches.[1]

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[1] Some slight differences may be marked in the description of the Dutch towns as it stands in the earlier editions. These and other discrepancies are explained in the preface to the present edition; but it may be worth while, where the change does not simply consist, as for the most part is the case, in a more full and careful reproduction of the original text, but, as happens occasionally, in the substitution of Evelyn's later corrections for his earlier and less finished text, to preserve in these notes the text as first printed. ". . . . sluices, moles, and rivers, that nothing is more frequent than to see a whole navy of merchants and others environ'd with streets and houses, every man's bark or vessel at anchor before his very door; and yet the street so exactly strait, even, and uniform, that nothing can be more pleasing, especially being so frequently planted and shaded with the beautiful lime-trees, set in rows before every man's house."

The turrets, or steeples, are adorned after a particular manner and invention; the chimes of bells are so rarely managed, that being curious to know whether the motion was from any engine, I went up to that of St. Nicholas, where I found one who played all sorts of compositions from the tablature before him, as if he had fingered an organ; for so were the hammers fastened with wires to several keys put into a frame twenty feet below the bells, upon which (by help of a wooden instrument, not much unlike a weaver's shuttle, that guarded his hand) he struck on the keys and played to admiration. All this while, through the clattering of the wires, din of the too nearly sounding bells, and noise that his wooden gloves made, the confusion was so great, that it was impossible for the musician, or any that stood near him, to hear any thing himself; yet, to those at a distance, and especially in the streets, the harmony and the time were the most exact and agreeable.

The south church is richly paved with black and white marble,—the west is a new fabric; and generally all the churches in Holland are furnished with organs, lamps, and monuments, carefully preserved from the fury and impiety of popular reformers, whose zeal has foolishly transported them in other places rather to act like madmen than religious.

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[1] The description of the Briloft is thus given in the earlier editions: "There was a lamp of brass, with eight sockets from the middle stem, like those we use in churches, having counterfeit tapers in them, streams of water issuing as out of their wicks, the whole branch hanging loose upon a tack in the midst of a beam, and without any other perceptible commerce with any pipe, so that, unless it were by compression of the air with a syringe, I could not comprehend how it should be done. There was a chime of porcelain dishes, which fitted to clock-work and rung many changes and tunes." That of the Keiser's Graft stands thus: "The Keiser's Graft, or Emperor's Street, appears a city in a wood through the goodly ranges of the stately lime-trees planted before each man's door, and at the margin of that goodly aquæ-duct, or river, so curiously wharfed with clincars (a kind of white sun-bak'd brick), and of which material the spacious streets on either side are paved. This part of Amsterdam is gained upon the main sea, supported by piles at an immense charge. Prodigious it is to consider the multitude of vessels which continually ride before this City, which is certainly the most busy concourse of mortals now upon the whole earth, and the most addicted to commerce."

Upon St. Bartholomew's day, I went amongst the booksellers, and visited the famous Hondius and Bleaw's shop, to buy some maps, atlasses, and other works of that kind.[1] At another shop, I furnished myself with some shells and Indian curiosities; and so, towards the end of August, I returned again to Haerlem by the river, ten miles in length, straight as a line, and of competent breadth for ships to sail by one another. They showed us a cottage where, they told us, dwelt a woman who had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in future; yet it could not be proved that she had ever made away with any of her husbands, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble.

Haerlem is a very delicate town, and hath one of the fairest churches of the Gothic design I had ever seen. There hang in the steeple, which is very high, two silver bells, said to have been brought from Damietta, in Egypt, by an earl of Holland, in memory of whose success they are rung out every evening. In the nave, hang the goodliest branches of brass for tapers that I have seen, esteemed of great value for the curiosity of the workmanship; also a fair pair of organs, which I could not find they made use of in divine service, or so much as to assist them in singing psalms, but only for show, and to recreate the people before and after their devotions, whilst the burgomasters were walking and conferring about their affairs. Near the west window hang two models of ships, completely equipped, in memory of that invention of saws under their keels, with which they cut through the chain of booms, which barred the port of Damietta. Having visited this church, the fish-market, and made some inquiry about the printing-house, the invention whereof is said to have been in this town, I returned to Leyden.

At Leyden, I was carried up to the castle, or Pyrgus, built on a very steep artificial mound, cast up (as reported) by Hengist the Saxon, on his return out of England, as a place to retire to, in case of any sudden inundations.

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[1] The entry as to the booksellers is thus expressed in the earlier editions: "I went to Hundius's shop to buy some maps, greatly pleased with the designs of that indefatigable person. Mr. Bleaw, the setter forth of the Atlas's and other works of that kind, is worthy seeing."

The churches are many and fair; in one of them lies buried the learned and illustrious Joseph Scaliger, without any extraordinary inscription, who, having left the world a monument of his worth more lasting than marble, needed nothing more than his own name; which I think is all engraven on his sepulchre. He left his library to this University.

28*th August.* I went to see the college and schools, which are nothing extraordinary, and was complimented with a *matricula* by the *magnificus* Professor, who first in Latin demanded of me where my lodging in the town was, my name, age, birth, and to what Faculty I addicted myself; then, recording my answers in a book, he administered an oath to me that I should observe the statutes and orders of the University whilst I stayed, and then delivered me a ticket, by virtue whereof I was made excise-free; for all which worthy privileges, and the pains of writing, he accepted of a rix-dollar.

Here was now the famous Dan. Heinsius,[1] whom I so longed to see, as well as the no less famous printer, Elzevir's printing-house and shop, renowned for the politeness of the character and editions of what he has published through Europe. Hence to the physic-garden, well stored with exotic plants, if the catalogue presented to me by the gardener be a faithful register.

But, amongst all the rarities of this place, I was much pleased with a sight of their anatomy-school, theatre, and repository adjoining, which is well furnished with natural curiosities; skeletons, from the whale and elephant to the fly and spider; which last is a very delicate piece of art, to see how the bones (if I may so call them of so tender an insect) could be separated from the mucilaginous parts of that minute animal. Amongst a great variety of other things, I was shown the knife newly taken out of a drunken Dutchman's guts, by an incision in his side, after it had slipped from his fingers into his stomach. The pictures of the chirurgeon and his patient, both living, were there.

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[1] Daniel Hensius, a scholar and critic, who edited numerous editions of the Classics. He was chosen professor of history at Leyden; then secretary and librarian of the University. In 1619, he was appointed secretary to the states of Holland, at the Synod of Dort; and the fame of his learning became so diffused, that the Pope endeavoured to draw him to Rome. He was made a Knight of St. Mark by the Republic of Venice, and the King of Sweden honoured him with the title of Counsellor. He died in January, 1655. The Elzevir printers are well known.

There is without the town a fair Mall, curiously planted.

Returning to my lodging, I was showed the statue, cut in stone, of the happy monk, whom they report to have been the first inventor of typography, set over the door; but this is much controverted by others, who strive for the glory of it, besides John Guttenburg.

I was brought acquainted with a Burgundian Jew, who had married an apostate Kentish woman. I asked him divers questions: he told me, amongst other things, that the World should never end; that our souls transmigrated, and that even those of the most holy persons did penance in the bodies of brutes after death,—and so he interpreted the banishment and savage life of Nebuchadnezzar: that all the Jews should rise again, and be led to Jerusalem; that the Romans only were the occasion of our Saviour's death, whom he affirmed (as the Turks do) to be a great prophet, but not the Messiah. He showed me several books of their devotion, which he had translated into English, for the instruction of his wife; he told me that when the Messiah came, all the ships, barks, and vessels of Holland should, by the power of certain strange whirlwinds, be loosed from their anchors, and transported in a moment to all the desolate ports and havens throughout the world, wherever the dispersion was, to convey their brethren and tribes to the Holy City; with other such like stuff. He was a merry drunken fellow, but would by no means handle any money (for something I purchased of him), it being Saturday; but desired me to leave it in the window, meaning to receive it on Sunday morning.

1st September. I went to Delft and Rotterdam, and two days after back to the Hague, to bespeak a suit of horseman's armour, which I caused to be made to fit me. I now rode out of town to see the monument of the woman, pretended to have been a countess of Holland, reported to have had as many children at one birth, as there are days in the year. The basins were hung up in which they were baptised, together with a large description of the matter-of-fact in a frame of carved work, in the church of Lysdun, a desolate place. As I returned, I diverted to see one of the Prince's Palaces, called the Hoff Van Hounsler's Dyck, a very fair cloistered and quadrangular building. The gallery is prettily painted with several huntings, and at one end a gordian knot, with rustical instruments so artificially represented, as to deceive an accurate eye to distinguish it from actual relievo. The ceiling of the staircase is painted with the "Rape of Ganymede," and other pendant figures, the work of F. Covenberg, of whose hand I bought an excellent drollery, which I afterwards parted with to my brother George of Wotton, where it now hangs.[1] To this palace join a fair garden and park, curiously planted with limes.

8th September. Returned to Rotterdam, through Delftshaven and Sedan, where were at that time Colonel Goring's winter-quarters. This town has heretofore been very much talked of for witches.

10*th.* I took a waggon for Dort, to be present at the reception of the Queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, Dowager of France, widow of Henry the Great, and mother to the French King, Louis XIII., and the Queen of England, whence she newly arrived, tossed to and fro by the various fortune of her life. From this city, she designed for Cologne, conducted by the Earl of Arundel and the Herr Van Bredrod. At this interview, I saw the Princess of Orange, and the lady her daughter, afterwards married to the House of Brandenburgh. There was little remarkable in this reception befitting the greatness of her person; but an universal discontent, which accompanied that unlucky woman wherever she went.

12*th.* I went towards Bois-le-Duc, where we arrived on the 16th, at the time when the new citadel was advancing, with innumerable hands, and incomparable inventions for draining off the waters out of the fens and morasses about it, being by buckets, mills, cochleas, pumps, and the like; in which the Hollanders are the most expert in Europe. Here were now sixteen companies and nine troops of horse. They were also cutting a new river, to pass from the town to a castle not far from it. Here we split our skiff, falling foul upon another through negligence of the master, who was fain to run aground, to our no little hazard. At our arrival, a soldier conveyed us to the Governor, where our names were taken, and our persons examined very strictly.

17*th September.* I was permitted to walk the round and view the works, and to visit a convent of religious women of the order of St. Clara (who by the capitulation were allowed to enjoy their monastery and maintenance undisturbed, at the surrender of the town twelve years since), where we had a collation and very civil entertainment. They had a neat chapel, in which the heart of the Duke of Cleves, their founder, lies inhumed under a plate of brass. Within the cloister is a garden, and in the middle of it an overgrown lime-tree, out of whose stem, near the root, issue five upright and exceeding tall suckers, or bolls, the like whereof for evenness and height I had not observed.

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[1] It is still there.

The chief church of this city is curiously carved within and without, furnished with a pair of organs, and a most magnificent font of copper.

18th. I went to see that most impregnable town and fort of Hysdune, where I was exceedingly obliged to one Colonel Crombe, the lieutenant-governor, who would needs make me accept the honour of being captain of the watch, and to give the word this night. The fortification is very irregular, but esteemed one of the most considerable for strength and situation in the Netherlands. We departed towards Gorcum. Here Sir Kenelm Digby, travelling towards Cologne, met us.

The next morning, the 19th, we arrived at Dort, passing by the Decoys, where they catch innumerable quantities of fowl.

22nd. I went again to Rotterdam to receive a pass which I expected from Brussels, securing me through Brabant and Flanders, designing to go into England through those countries. The Cardinal Infante, brother to the King of Spain, was then governor. By this pass, having obtained another from the Prince of Orange, upon the 24th of September I departed through Dort; but met with very bad tempestuous weather, being several times driven back, and obliged to lie at anchor off Keele, other vessels lying there waiting better weather. The 25th and 26th we made other essays; but were again repulsed to the harbour, where lay sixty vessels waiting to sail. But, on the 27th, we, impatient of the time and inhospitableness of the place, sailed again with a contrary and impetuous wind and a terrible sea, in great jeopardy; for we had much ado to keep ourselves above water, the billows breaking desperately on our vessel: we were driven into Williamstadt, a place garrisoned by the English, where the Governor had a fair house. The works, and especially the counterscarp, are curiously hedged with quick, and planted with a stately row of limes on the rampart. The church is of a round structure, with a cupola, and the town belongs entirely to the Prince of Orange, as does that of Breda, and some other places.

28th September. Failing of an appointment, I was constrained to return to Dort for a bill of exchange; but it was the 1st of October ere I could get back. At Keele, I numbered 141 vessels, who durst not yet venture out; but, animated by the master of a stout barque, after a small encounter of weather, we arrived by four that evening at Steenbergen. In the passage we sailed over a sea called the Plaats, an exceeding dangerous water, by reason of two contrary tides which meet there very impetuously. Here, because of the many shelves, we were forced to tide it along the Channel; but, ere we could gain the place, the ebb was so far spent, that we were compelled to foot it at least two long miles, through a most pelting shower of rain.

2nd October. With a gentleman of the Rhyngraves, I went in a cart, or tumbrel (for it was no better; no other accommodation could be procured), of two wheels and one horse, to Bergen-op-Zoom, meeting by the way divers parties of his Highness's army now retiring towards their winter quarters; the convoy skiffs riding by thousands along the harbour. The fort was heretofore built by the English.

The next morning, I embarked for Lillo, having refused a convoy of horse which was offered me. The tide being against us, we landed short of the fort on the beach, where we marched half leg deep in mud, ere we could gain the dyke, which, being five or six miles from Lillo, we were forced to walk on foot very wet and discomposed; and then entering a boat we passed the ferry, and came to the castle. Being taken before the Governor, he demanded my pass, to which he set his hand, and asked two rix-dollars for a fee, which methought appeared very exorbitant in a soldier of his quality. I told him that I had already purchased my pass of the commissaries at Rotterdam; at which, in a great fury, snatching the paper out of my hand, he flung it scornfully under the table, and bade me try whether I could get to Antwerp without his permission:

but I had no sooner given him the dollars, than he returned the passport surlily enough, and made me pay fourteen Dutch shillings to the cantone, or searcher, for my contempt, which I was glad to do for fear of further trouble, should he have discovered my Spanish pass, in which the States were therein treated by the name of rebels. Besides all these exactions, I gave the commissary six shillings, to the soldiers something, and, ere perfectly clear of this frontier, thirty-one stivers to the man-of-war, who lay blocking up the river betwixt Lillo and the opposite sconce called Lifkinshoeck.

4th October. We sailed by several Spanish forts, out of one of which, St. Mary's port, came a Don on board us, to whom I showed my Spanish pass, which he signed, and civilly dismissed us. Hence, sailing by another man-of-war, to which we lowered our topsails, we at length arrived at Antwerp.

The lodgings here are very handsome and convenient. I lost little time; but, with the aid of one Mr. Lewkner, our conductor, we visited divers churches, colleges, and monasteries. The Church of the Jesuits is most sumptuous and magnificent; a glorious fabric without and within, wholly incrusted with marble, inlaid and polished into divers representations of histories, landscapes, and flowers. On the high altar is placed the statue of the Blessed Virgin and our Saviour in white marble, with a boss in the girdle set with very fair and rich sapphires, and divers other stones of price. The choir is a glorious piece of architecture: the pulpit supported by four angels, and adorned with other carvings, and rare pictures by Rubens, now lately dead, and divers votive tables and relics. Hence, to the Vroù Kirk, or Nôtre Dame of Antwerp: it is a very venerable fabric, built after the Gothic manner, especially the tower, which I ascended, the better to take a view of the country adjacent; which, happening on a day when the sun shone exceedingly bright and darted his rays without any interruption, afforded so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as this earthly globe: perceiving all the subjacent country, at so small an horizontal distance, to repercuss such a light as I could hardly look against, save where the river, and other large water within our view, appeared of a more dark and uniform colour; resembling those spots in the moon supposed to be seas there, according to Hevelius, and as they appear in our late telescopes.[1] I numbered in this church thirty privileged altars, that of St. Sebastian adorned with a painting of his martyrdom.

We went to see the Jerusalem Church, affirmed to have been founded by one who, upon divers great wagers, passed to and fro between that city and Antwerp on foot, by which he procured large sums of money, which he bestowed on this pious structure.[2] Hence, to St. Mary's Chapel, where I had some conference with two English Jesuits, confessors to Colonel Jaye's regiment. These fathers conducted us to the Cloister of Nuns, where we heard a Dutch sermon upon the exposure of the Host. The Senate-house of this city is a very spacious and magnificent building.

5th October. I visited the Jesuits' School, which, for the fame of their method, I greatly desired to see. They were divided into four classes, with several inscriptions over each: as, first, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam;* over the second, *Princeps diligentiæ;* the third, *Imperator Byzantiorum;* over the fourth and uppermost, *Imperator Romanorum.* Under these, the scholars and pupils and their places, or forms with titles and priority according to their proficiency. Their dormitory and lodgings above were exceedingly neat. They have a prison for the offenders and less diligent; and, in an ample court, to recreate themselves in, is an aviary, and a yard where eagles, vultures, foxes, monkeys, and other animals are kept, to divert the boys withal at their hours of remission. To this school join the music and mathematical schools, and lastly a pretty, neat chapel. The great street is built after the Italian mode, in the middle whereof is erected a glorious crucifix of white and black marble, greater than the life. This is a very fair and noble street, clean, well paved, and sweet to admiration.

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[1] In the earlier editions of the Diary, the entry descriptive of the tower of Antwerp Cathedral was taken from Evelyn's earlier text. "It is a very venerable fabric, built after the Gothic manner; the tower is of an excessive height. This I ascended, that I might the better take a view of the country about it, which happening on a day when the sun shone exceedingly hot, and darted the rays without any interruption, afforded so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as this earthly globe consists of; perceiving all the adjacent country at so small a horizontal distance, to repercuss such a light as I could hardly look against, save where the river, and other large water within our view, appeared of a more dark and uniform colour, resembling those spots in the moon supposed to be seas there, according to our new philosophy, and viewed by optical glasses. I numbered in this church 30 privileged altars, whereof that of St. Sebastian's was rarely painted." Occasional sentences of the preceding matter are entirely new.

[2] This notice, slipped by accident into the entries which refer to Antwerp, belongs to those of Bruges. (See preface to the present edition.)

The Oesters house, belonging to the East India Company, is a stately palace, adorned with more than 300 windows. From hence, walking into the Gun-garden, I was allowed to see as much of the citadel as is permitted to strangers. It is a matchless piece of modern fortification, accommodated with lodgments for the soldiers and magazines. The graffs, ramparts, and platforms are stupendous. Returning by the shop of Plantine, I bought some books, for the namesake only of that famous printer.

But there was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walks of stately trees, which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe; nor did I ever observe a more quiet, clean, elegantly built, and civil place, than this magnificent and famous city of Antwerp. In the evening, I was invited to Signor Duerte's, a Portuguese by nation, an exceeding rich merchant, whose palace I found to be furnished like a prince's. His three daughters entertained us with rare music, vocal and instrumental, which was finished with a handsome collation. I took leave of the ladies and of sweet Antwerp, as late as it was, embarking for Brussels on the Scheldt in a vessel, which delivered us to a second boat (in another river) drawn or towed by horses. In this passage, we frequently changed our barge, by reason of the bridges thwarting our course. Here I observed numerous families inhabiting their vessels and floating dwellings, so built and divided by cabins, as few houses on land enjoyed better accommodation; stored with all sorts of utensils, neat chambers, a pretty parlour, and kept so sweet, that nothing could be more refreshing. The rivers on which they are drawn are very clear and still waters, and pass through a most pleasant country on both the banks. We had in our boat a very good ordinary, and excellent company. The cut is straight as a line for twenty English miles. What I much admired was, near the midway, another artificial river, which intersects this at right angles, but on an eminence of ground, and is carried in an aqueduct of stone so far above the other, as that the waters neither mingle, nor hinder one another's passage.[1]

We came to a town called Villefrow, where all the passengers went on shore to wash at a fountain issuing out of a pillar, and then came aboard again. On the margin of this long tract are abundance of shrines and images, defended from the injuries of the weather by niches of stone wherein they are placed.

7th October. We arrived at Brussels at nine in the morning. The Stadt-house, near the market-place, is, for the carving in freestone, a most laborious and finished piece, well worthy observation. The flesh-shambles are also built of stone. I was pleased with certain small engines, by which a girl, or boy, was able to draw up, or let down, great bridges, which in divers parts of this city crossed the channel for the benefit of passengers. The walls of this town are very entire, and full of towers at competent distances. The cathedral is built upon a very high and exceeding steep ascent, to which we mounted by fair steps of stone. Hence I walked to a convent of English Nuns, with whom I sat discoursing most part of the afternoon.

8th. Being the morning I came away, I went to see the Prince's Court, an ancient, confused building, not much unlike the Hofft, at the Hague: there is here likewise a very large Hall, where they vend all sorts of wares. Through this we passed by the chapel, which is indeed rarely arched, and in the middle of it was the hearse, or catafalco, of the late Archduchess, the wise and pious Clara Eugenia. Out of this we were conducted to the lodgings, tapestried with incomparable arras, and adorned with many excellent pieces of Rubens, old and young Breugel, Titian, and Stenwick, with stories of most of the late actions in the Netherlands.

By an accident, we could not see the library. There is a fair terrace which looks to the vineyard, in which, on pedestals, are fixed the statues of all the Spanish kings of the house of Austria. The opposite walls are painted by Rubens, being an history of the late tumults in Belgia; in the last piece, the Archduchess shuts a great pair of gates upon Mars, who is coming out of hell, armed, and in a menacing posture; which, with that other of the Infanta taking leave of Don Philip the Fourth, is a most incomparable table.

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[1] As at the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, in Lancashire.

From hence, we walked into the park, which for being entirely within the walls of the city is particularly remarkable: nor is it less pleasant than if in the most solitary recesses; so naturally is it furnished with whatever may render it agreeable, melancholy, and country-like. Here is a stately heronry, divers springs of water, artificial cascades, rocks, grots; one whereof is composed of the extravagant roots of trees, cunningly built and hung together with wires. In this park are both fallow and red deer.

From hence, we were led into the Menage, and out of that into a most sweet and delicious garden, where was another grot of more neat and costly materials, full of noble statues, and entertaining us with artificial music; but the hedge of water, in form of lattice-work, which the fountaineer caused to ascend out of the earth by degrees, exceedingly pleased and surprised me; for thus, with a pervious wall, or rather a palisade hedge of water, was the whole parterre environed.

There is likewise a fair aviary; and in the court next it are kept divers sorts of animals, rare and exotic fowl, as eagles, cranes, storks, bustards, pheasants of several kinds, and a duck having four wings. In another division of the same close are rabbits of an almost perfect yellow colour.

There was no Court now in the palace; the Infante Cardinal, who was the Governor of Flanders, being dead but newly, and every one in deep mourning.

At near eleven o'clock, I repaired to his Majesty's agent, Sir Henry de Vic,[1] who very courteously received me, and accommodated me with a coach and six horses, which carried me from Brussels to Ghent, where it was to meet my Lord of Arundel, Earl Marshal of England, who had requested me when I was at Antwerp to send it for him, if I went not thither myself.

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[1] For twenty years resident at Brussels for Charles II.; also Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; and in 1662 appointed Comptroller of the Household of the Duke of York. He died in 1672. See "Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 215, and p. 221, where he is mentioned by the Queen of Bohemia.

Thus taking leave of Brussels and a sad Court, yet full of gallant persons (for in this small city, the acquaintance being universal, ladies and gentlemen, I perceived, had great diversions, and frequent meetings), I hasted towards Ghent. On the way, I met with divers little waggons, prettily contrived, and full of peddling merchandises, drawn by mastiff-dogs, harnessed completely like so many coach-horses; in some four, in others six, as in Brussels itself I had observed. In Antwerp I saw, as I remember, four dogs draw five lusty children in a chariot: the master commands them whither he pleases, crying his wares about the streets. After passing through Ouse, by six in the evening, I arrived at Ghent. This is a city of so great a circumference, that it is reported to be seven leagues round; but there is not half of it now built, much of it remaining in fields and desolate pastures even within the walls, which have strong gates towards the west, and two fair churches.

Here I beheld the palace wherein John of Gaunt and Charles V. were born; whose statue [1] stands in the market-place, upon a high pillar, with his sword drawn, to which (as I was told) the magistrates and burghers were wont to repair upon a certain day every year with ropes about their necks, in token of submission and penance for an old rebellion of theirs; but now the hemp is changed into a blue ribbon. Here is planted the basilisco, or great gun, so much talked of. The Lys and the Scheldt meeting in this vast city, divide it into twenty-six islands, which are united by many bridges, somewhat resembling Venice. This night I supped with the Abbot of Andoyne, a pleasant and courteous priest.

8th October. I passed by a boat to Bruges, taking in at a redoubt a convoy of fourteen musketeers, because the other side of the river, being Contribution-land, was subject to the inroads and depredations of the bordering States. This river was cut by the famous Marquis Spinola, and is in my judgment a wonderful piece of labour, and a worthy public work, being in some places forced through the main rock, to an incredible depth, for thirty miles. At the end of each mile is built a small redoubt, which communicates a line to the next, and so the whole way, from whence we received many volleys of shot, in compliment to my Lord Marshal, who was in our vessel, a passenger with us. At five that evening, we were met by the magistrates of Bruges, who came out to convey my Lord to his lodgings, at whose cost he was entertained that night.

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[1] That of Charles V.

The morning after we went to see the Stadt-house and adjoining aqueduct, the church, and market-place, where we saw cheeses and butter piled up in heaps; also the fortifications and graffs, which are extremely large.

The 9th, we arrived at Ostend by a straight and artificial river. Here, with leave of the captain of the watch, I was carried to survey the river and harbour, with fortifications on one side thereof: the east and south are mud and earth walls. It is a very strong place, and lately stood a memorable siege three years, three months, three weeks, and three days. I went to see the church of St. Peter, and the cloisters of the Franciscans.

10*th October*. I went by waggon, accompanied with a jovial commissary, to Dunkirk, the journey being made all on the sea-sands. On our arrival, we first viewed the court of guards, the works, the town-house, and the new church; the latter is very beautiful within; and another, wherein they showed us an excellent piece of *Our Saviour's bearing the Cross*. The harbour, in two channels, coming up to the town was choked with a multitude of prizes.

From hence, the next day, I marched three English miles towards the packet-boat, being a pretty frigate of six guns, which embarked us for England about three in the afternoon.

At our going off, the fort, against which our pinnace anchored, saluted my Lord Marshal with twelve great guns, which we answered with three. Not having the wind favourable, we anchored that night before Calais. About midnight, we weighed; and, at four in the morning, though not far from Dover, we could not make the pier till four that afternoon, the wind proving contrary and driving us westward: but at last we got on shore, October the 12th.

From Dover, I that night rode post to Canterbury. Here I visited the cathedral, then in great splendour; those famous windows being entire, since demolished by the fanatics. The next morning, by Sittingbourne, I came to Rochester, and thence to Gravesend, where a light-horseman (as they call it) taking us in, we spent our tide as far as Greenwich. From hence, after we had a little refreshed ourselves at the College (for by reason of the contagion then in London we balked the inns), we came to London, landing at Arundel-stairs. Here I took leave of his Lordship, and retired to my lodgings in the Middle Temple, being about two in the morning, the 14th of October.

16*th October.* I went to see my brother at Wotton. On the 31st of that month (unfortunate for the Irish Rebellion, which broke out on the 23rd), I was one and twenty years of age.

7*th November.* After receiving the Sacrament at Wotton church, I visited my Lord Marshal at Albury.

23*rd.* I returned to London; and, on the 25th, saw his Majesty ride through the City after his coming out of Scotland, and a Peace proclaimed, with great acclamations and joy of the giddy people.

15*th December.* I was elected one of the Comptrollers of the Middle Temple-revellers, as the fashion of the young students and gentlemen was, the Christmas being kept this year with great solemnity; but, being desirous to pass it in the country, I got leave to resign my staff of office, and went with my brother Richard to Wotton.

10*th January*, 1642. I gave a visit to my cousin Hatton, of Ditton.

19*th.* I went to London, where I stayed till 5th March, studying a little, but dancing and fooling more.

3*rd October.* To Chichester, and hence the next day to see the siege of Portsmouth; for now was that bloody difference between the King and Parliament broken out, which ended in the fatal tragedy so many years after. It was on the day of its being rendered to Sir William Waller; which gave me an opportunity of taking my leave of Colonel Goring, the governor, now embarking for France. This day was fought that signal battle at Edgehill. Thence I went to Southampton and Winchester, where I visited the castle, school, church, and King Arthur's Round Table; but especially the church, and its Saxon kings' monuments, which I esteemed a worthy antiquity.

The 12th November was the battle of Brentford, surprisingly fought; and to the great consternation of the City, had his Majesty (as it was believed he would) pursued his advantage. I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat; but was not permitted to stay longer than the

15th, by reason of the army marching to Gloucester; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to his Majesty.

7th December. I went from Wotton to London, to see the so much celebrated line of communication, and on the 10th returned to Wotton, nobody knowing of my having been in his Majesty's army.

10*th March*, 1643. I went to Hartingford-berry, to visit my cousin, Keightly.

11*th.* I went to see my Lord of Salisbury's Palace at Hatfield, where the most considerable rarity, besides the house (inferior to few then in England for its architecture), were the garden and vineyard, rarely well watered and planted. They also showed us the picture of Secretary Cecil, in mosaic work, very well done by some Italian hand.

I must not forget what amazed us exceedingly in the night before, namely, a shining cloud in the air, in shape resembling a sword, the point reaching to the north; it was as bright as the moon, the rest of the sky being very serene. It began about eleven at night, and vanished not till above one, being seen by all the south of England. I made many journeys to and from London.

15*th April.* To Hatfield, and near the town of Hertford I went to see Sir J. Harrison's house new built.[1] Returning to London, I called to see his Majesty's house and gardens at Theobald's, since demolished by the rebels.

2nd May. I went from Wotton to London, where I saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately Cross in Cheapside.

On the 4th I returned, with no little regret, for the confusion that threatened us. Resolving to possess myself in some quiet, if it might be, in a time of so great jealousy, I built by my brother's permission a study, made a fish-pond, an island, and some other solitudes and retirements at Wotton; which gave the first occasion of improving them to those waterworks and gardens which afterwards succeeded them, and became at that time the most famous of England.

12*th July.* I sent my black menage horse and furniture with a friend to his Majesty, then at Oxford.

23*rd.* The Covenant being pressed, I absented myself;

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[1] Afterwards called Ball's Park, belonging to the Townshend family, George the Second's secretary of state having married Miss Harrison.

but, finding it impossible to evade the doing very unhandsome things, and which had been a great cause of my perpetual motions hitherto between Wotton and London, October the 2nd, I obtained a license of his Majesty, dated at Oxford and signed by the King, to travel again.

6th November. Lying by the way from Wotton at Sir Ralph Whitfield's, at Blechingley (whither both my brothers had conducted me), I arrived at London on the 7th, and two days after took boat at the Tower-wharf, which carried me as far as Sittingbourne, though not without danger, I being only in a pair of oars, exposed to a hideous storm: but it pleased God that we got in before the peril was considerable. From thence, I went by post to Dover, accompanied with one Mr. Thicknesse, a very dear friend of mine.[1]

11th. Having a reasonable good passage, though the weather was snowy and untoward enough, we came before Calais, where, as we went on shore, mistaking the tide, our shallop struck on the sands, with no little danger; but at length we got off.

Calais is considered an extraordinary well-fortified place, in the old castle and new citadel regarding the sea. The haven consists of a long bank of sand, lying opposite to it. The market-place and the church are remarkable things, besides those relics of our former dominion there. I remember there were engraven in stone, upon the front of an ancient dwelling which was showed us, these words in English—*God save the King*, together with the name of the architect and date. The walls of the town are substantial; but the situation towards the land is not pleasant, by reason of the marshes and low grounds about it.

12th. After dinner, we took horse with the Messagere, hoping to have arrived at Boulogne that night; but there fell so great a snow, accompanied with hail, rain, and sudden darkness, that we had much ado to gain the next village; and in this passage, being to cross a valley by a causeway, and a bridge built over a small river, the rain that had fallen making it an impetuous stream for near a quarter of a mile, my horse slipping had almost been the occasion of my perishing. We none of us went to bed; for the soldiers in those parts leaving little in the villages, we had enough to do to get ourselves dry, by morning, between the fire and the fresh straw. The next day early, we arrived at Boulogne.

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[1] Whom he has already mentioned as so much assisting him in his studies at Oxford.

This is a double town, one part of it situate on a high rock, or downs; the other, called the lower town, is yet with a great declivity towards the sea; both of them defended by a strong castle, which stands on a notable eminence. Under the town runs the river, which is yet but an inconsiderable brook. Henry VIII., in the siege of this place is said to have used those great leathern guns which I have since beheld in the Tower of London, inscribed, *Non Marte opus est cui non deficit Mercurius;* if at least the history be true, which my Lord Herbert doubts.[1]

The next morning, in some danger of parties [Spanish] surprising us, we came to Montreuil, built on the summit of a most conspicuous hill, environed with fair and ample meadows; but all the suburbs had been from time to time ruined, and were now lately burnt by the Spanish inroads. This town is fortified with two very deep dry ditches; the walls about the bastions and citadel are a noble piece of masonry. The church is more glorious without than within: the market-place large: but the inhabitants are miserably poor. The next day, we came to Abbeville, having passed all this way in continual expectation of the volunteers, as they call them. This town affords a good aspect towards the hill from whence we descended: nor does it deceive us; for it is handsomely built, and has many pleasant and useful streams passing through it, the main river being the Somme, which discharges itself into the sea at St. Valery, almost in view of the town. The principal church is a very handsome piece of Gothic architecture, and the ports and ramparts sweetly planted for defence and ornament. In the morning, they brought us choice of guns and pistols to sell at reasonable rates, and neatly made, being here a merchandise of great account, the town abounding in gun-smiths.

Hence we advanced to Beauvais, another town of good note, and having the first vineyards we had seen. The next day to Beaumont, and the morrow to Paris, having taken our repast at St. Denis, two leagues from that great city. St. Denis is considerable only for its stately cathedral, and the dormitory of the French kings, there inhumed as ours at Westminster Abbey. The treasury is esteemed one of the richest in Europe. The church was built by king Dagobert,[1] but since much enlarged, being now 390 feet long, 100 in breadth, and 80 in height, without comprehending the cover: it has also a very high shaft of stone, and the gates are of brass. Here, whilst the monks conducted us, we were showed the ancient and modern sepulchres of their kings, beginning with the founder to Louis his son, with Charles Martel and Pepin, son and father of Charlemagne. These lie in the choir, and without it are many more: amongst the rest that of Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France; in the chapel of Charles V., all his posterity; and near him the magnificent sepulchre of Francis I., with his children, wars, victories, and triumphs engraven in marble. In the nave of the church lies the catafalque, or hearse, of Louis XIII., Henry II., a noble tomb of Francis II., and Charles IX. Above are bodies of several Saints; below, under a state of black velvet, the late Louis XIII., father of this present monarch. Every one of the ten chapels, or oratories, had some Saints in them; amongst the rest, one of the Holy Innocents. The treasury is kept in the sacristy above, in which are crosses of massy gold and silver, studded with precious stones, one of gold three feet high, set with sapphires, rubies, and great oriental pearls. Another given by Charles the Great, having a noble amethyst in the middle of it, stones and pearls of inestimable value. Amongst the still more valuable relics are, a nail from our Saviour's Cross, in a box of gold full of precious stones; a crucifix of the true wood of the Cross, carved by Pope Clement III., enchased in a crystal covered with gold; a box in which is some of the Virgin's hair; some of the linen in which our blessed Saviour was wrapped at his nativity; in a huge reliquary, modelled like a church, some of our Saviour's blood, hair, clothes, linen with which he wiped the Apostles' feet; with many other equally authentic toys, which the friar who conducted us would have us believe were authentic relics. Amongst the treasures is the crown of Charlemagne, his seven-foot high sceptre and hand of justice, the agraffe of his royal mantle, beset with diamonds and rubies, his sword, belt, and spurs of gold; the crown of St. Louis, covered with precious stones, amongst which is one vast ruby, uncut, of inestimable value, weighing 300 carats (under which is set one of the thorns of our blessed Saviour's crown), his sword, seal, and hand of justice. The two crowns of Henry IV., his sceptre, hand of justice, and spurs. The two crowns of his son Louis. In the cloak-royal of Anne of Bretagne is a very great and rare ruby. Divers books covered with solid plates of gold, and studded with precious stones. Two vases of beryl, two of agate, whereof one is esteemed for its bigness, colour, and embossed carving, the best now to be seen: by a special favour I was permitted to take the measure and dimensions of it: the story is a Bacchanalia and sacrifice to Priapus; a very holy thing truly, and fit for a cloister! It is really antique, and the noblest jewel there. There is also a large gondola of chrysolite, a huge urn of porphyry, another of calcedon, a vase of onyx, the largest I had ever seen of that stone; two of crystal; a morsel of one of the waterpots in which our Saviour did his first miracle; the effigies of the Queen of Saba, of Julius, Augustus, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, and others, upon sapphires, topazes, agates, and cornelians: that of the queen of Saba [1] has a Moorish face; those of Julius and Nero on agates are rarely coloured and cut. A cup in which Solomon was used to drink, and an Apollo on a great amethyst. There lay in a window a mirror of a kind of stone said to have belonged to the poet Virgil. Charlemagne's chessmen, full of Arabic characters. In the press next the door, the brass lantern full of crystals, said to have conducted Judas and his company to apprehend our blessed Saviour. A fair unicorn's horn, sent by a king of Persia, about seven feet long. In another press (over which stands the picture in oil of their Orleans Amazon with her sword), the effigies of the late French kings in wax, like ours in Westminster, covered with their robes; with a world of other rarities. Having rewarded our courteous friar, we took horse for Paris, where we arrived about five in the afternoon. In the way were fair crosses of stone carved with fleur-de-lis at every furlong's end, where they affirm St. Denis rested and laid down his head after martyrdom, carrying it from the place where this monastery is builded. We lay at Paris at the Ville de Venice; where, after I had something refreshed, I went to visit Sir Richard Browne, his Majesty's Resident with the French king.

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[1] In his history of that king.

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[1] A.D. 630.

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[1] Or Sheba.

5th December. The Earl of Norwich[1] came as Ambassador extraordinary: I went to meet him in a coach and six horses, at the palace of Monsieur de Bassompière, where I saw that gallant person, his gardens, terraces, and rare prospects. My lord was waited on by the master of the ceremonies, and a very great cavalcade of men of quality, to the Palais Cardinal, where on the 23rd he had audience of the French king, and the queen Regent his mother, in the golden chamber of presence. From thence, I conducted him to his lodgings in Rue St. Denis, and so took my leave.

24th. I went with some company to see some remarkable places without the city: as the Isle, and how it is encompassed by the rivers Seine and the Ouse. The city is divided into three parts, whereof the town is greatest. The city lies between it and the University in form of an island. Over the Seine is a stately bridge called Pont Neuf, begun by Henry III. in 1578, finished by Henry IV. his successor. It is all of hewn free-stone found under the streets, but more plentifully at Montmartre, and consists of twelve arches, in the midst of which ends the point of an island, on which are built handsome artificers' houses. There is one large passage for coaches, and two for foot-passengers three or four feet higher, and of convenient breadth for eight or ten to go a-breast. On the middle of this stately bridge, on one side stands the famous statue of Henry the Great on horseback, exceeding the natural proportion by much; and, on the four faces of a stately pedestal (which is composed of various sorts of polished marbles and rich mouldings), inscriptions of his victories and most signal actions are engraven in brass. The statue and horse are of copper, the work of the great John di Bologna, and sent from Florence by Ferdinand the First, and Cosmo the Second, uncle and cousin to Mary de Medicis, the wife of king Henry, whose statue it represents. The place where it is erected is inclosed with a strong and beautiful grate of iron, about which there are always mountebanks showing their feats to idle passengers. From hence is a rare prospect towards the Louvre and suburbs of St. Germains, the Isle du Palais, and Nôtre Dame. At the foot of this bridge is a water-house, on the front whereof, at a great height, is the story of Our Saviour and the woman of Samaria pouring water out of a bucket. Above, is a very rare dial of several motions, with a chime, &c. The water is conveyed by huge wheels, pumps, and other engines, from the river beneath. The confluence of the people and multitude of coaches passing every moment over the bridge, to a new spectator is an agreeable diversion. Other bridges there are, as that of Nôtre Dame and the Pont-au-Change, &c., fairly built, with houses of stone, which are laid over this river; only the Pont St. Anne, landing the suburbs of St. Germains at the Tuileries, is built of wood, having likewise a water-house in the midst of it, and a statue of Neptune casting water out of a whale's mouth, of lead, but much inferior to the Samaritan.

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[1] George Lord Goring; upon whom the title had been recently conferred. See *ante*, p. 20.

The University lies south-west on higher ground, contiguous to, but the lesser part of, Paris. They reckon no less than sixty-five colleges; but they in nothing approach ours at Oxford for state and order. The booksellers dwell within the University. The schools (of which more hereafter) are very regular.

The suburbs are those of St. Denis, Honoré, St. Marcel, St. Jaques, St. Michael, St. Victoire, and St. Germains, which last is the largest, and where the nobility and persons of best quality are seated: and truly Paris, comprehending the suburbs, is, for the material the houses are built with, and many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant cities in the world; large in circuit, of a round form, very populous, but situated in a bottom, environed with gentle declivities, rendering some places very dirty, and making it smell as if sulphur were mingled with the mud; yet it is paved with a kind of free-stone, of near a foot square, which renders it more easy to walk on than our pebbles in London.

On Christmas eve, I went to see the Cathedral at Nôtre Dame, erected by Philip Augustus, but begun by King Robert, son of Hugh Capet. It consists of a Gothic fabric, sustained with 120 pillars, which make two aisles in the church round about the choir, without comprehending the chapels, being 174 paces long, 60 wide, and 100 high. The choir is enclosed with stone-work graven with the sacred history, and contains forty-five chapels chancelled with iron. At the front of the chief entrance are statues in relievo of the kings, twenty-eight in number, from Childebert to the founder, Philip; and above them are two high square towers, and another of a smaller size, bearing a spire in the middle, where the body of the church forms a cross. The great tower is ascended by 389 steps, having twelve galleries from one to the other. They greatly reverence the crucifix over the screen of the choir, with an image of the Blessed Virgin. There are some good modern paintings hanging on the pillars. The most conspicuous statue is the huge colossal one of St. Christopher; with divers other figures of men, houses, prospects, and rocks, about this gigantic piece; being of one stone, and more remarkable for its bulk than any other perfection. This is the prime church of France for dignity, having archdeacons, vicars, canons, priests, and chaplains in good store, to the number of 127. It is also the palace of the archbishop. The young king was there with a great and martial guard, who entered the nave of the church with drums and fifes, at the ceasing of which I was entertained with the church-music; and so I left him.

4*th January*, 1644. I passed this day with one Mr. J. Wall, an Irish gentleman, who had been a friar in Spain, and afterwards a reader in St. Isodore's chair, at Rome; but was, I know not how, getting away, and pretending to be a soldier of fortune, an absolute cavalier, having, as he told us, been a captain of horse in Germany. It is certain he was an excellent disputant, and so strangely given to it that nothing could pass him. He would needs persuade me to go with him this morning to the Jesuits' College, to witness his polemical talent. We found the Fathers in their Church at the Rue St. Antoine, where one of them showed us that noble fabric, which for its cupola, pavings, incrustations of marble, the pulpit, altars (especially the high altar), organ, *lavatorium*, &c., but above all, for the richly carved and incomparable front I esteem to be one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in Europe, emulating even some of the greatest now at Rome itself. But this not being what our friar sought, he led us into the adjoining convent, where, having showed us the library, they began a very hot dispute on some points of divinity, which our cavalier contested only to show his pride, and to that indiscreet height, that the Jesuits would hardly bring us to our coach, they being put beside all patience. The next day, we went into the University, and into the College of Navarre, which is a spacious well-built quadrangle, having a very noble library.

Thence to the Sorbonne, an ancient fabric built by one Robert de Sorbonne, whose name it retains, but the restoration which the late Cardinal de Richelieu has made to it renders it one of the most excellent modern buildings; the sumptuous church, of admirable architecture, is far superior to the rest. The cupola, portico, and whole design of the church, are very magnificent.

We entered into some of the schools, and in that of divinity we found a grave Doctor in his chair, with a multitude of auditors, who all write as he dictates; and this they call a Course. After we had sat a little, our cavalier started up, and rudely enough began to dispute with the doctor; at which, and especially as he was clad in the Spanish habit, which in Paris is the greatest bugbear imaginable, the scholars and doctor fell into such a fit of laughter, that nobody could be heard speak for a while: but silence being obtained, he began to speak Latin, and made his apology in so good a style, that their derision was turned to admiration; and beginning to argue, he so baffled the Professor, that with universal applause they all rose up, and did him great honours, waiting on us to the very street and our coach, and testifying great satisfaction.

2nd February. I heard the news of my nephew George's birth, which was on January 15th, English style, 1644.

3rd. I went to the Exchange. The late addition to the buildings is very noble; but the galleries where they sell their petty merchandise nothing so stately as ours at London, no more than the place where they walk below, being only a low vault.

The Palaise, as they call the upper part, was built in the time of Philip the Fair, noble and spacious. The great Hall annexed to it, is arched with stone, having a range of pillars in the middle, round which, and at the sides, are shops of all kinds, especially booksellers'. One side is full of pews for the clerks of the advocates, who swarm here (as ours at Westminster). At one of the ends stands an altar, at which mass is said daily. Within are several chambers, courts, treasuries, &c. Above that is the most rich and glorious Salle d'Audience, the chamber of St.

Louis, and other superior Courts where the Parliament sits, richly gilt on embossed carvings and frets, and exceeding beautified.

Within the place where they sell their wares, is another narrower gallery, full of shops and toys, &c., which looks down into the prison-yard. Descending by a large pair of stairs, we passed by Sainte Chapelle, which is a church built by St. Louis, 1242, after the Gothic manner: it stands on another church, which is under it, sustained by pillars at the sides, which seem so weak as to appear extraordinary in the artist. This chapel is most famous for its relics, having, as they pretend, almost the entire crown of thorns: the agate patine, rarely sculptured, judged one of the largest and best in Europe. There was now a very beautiful spire erecting. The court below is very spacious, capable of holding many coaches, and surrounded with shops, especially engravers', goldsmiths', and watchmakers'. In it are a fair fountain and portico. The Isle du Palais consists of a triangular brick building, whereof one side, looking to the river, is inhabited by goldsmiths. Within the court are private dwellings. The front, looking on the great bridge, is possessed by mountebanks, operators, and puppet-players. On the other part, is the every day's market for all sorts of provisions, especially bread, herbs, flowers, orange-trees, choice shrubs. Here is a shop called *Nouh's Ark*, where are sold all curiosities, natural or artificial, Indian or European, for luxury or use, as cabinets, shells, ivory, porcelain, dried fishes, insects, birds, pictures, and a thousand exotic extravagances. Passing hence, we viewed the port Dauphine, an arch of excellent workmanship; the street, bearing the same name, is ample and straight.

4th February. I went to see the Marais de Temple, where are a noble church and palace, heretofore dedicated to the Knights Templars, now converted to a piazza, not much unlike ours at Covent Garden; but large and not so pleasant, though built all about with divers considerable palaces.

The Church of St. Geneviève is a place of great devotion, dedicated to another of their Amazons, said to have delivered the city from the English; for which she is esteemed the tutelary saint of Paris. It stands on a steep eminence, having a very high spire, and is governed by canons regular. At the Palais Royal Henry IV. built a fair quadrangle of stately palaces, arched underneath. In the middle of a spacious area, stands on a noble pedestal a brazen statue of Louis XIII., which, though made in imitation of that in the Roman capitol, is nothing so much esteemed as that on the Pont Neuf.

The hospital of the Quinze-Vingts, in the Rue St. Honoré, is an excellent foundation; but above all is the Hôtel Dieu for men and women, near Nôtre Dame, a princely, pious, and expensive structure. That of the Charité gave me great satisfaction, in seeing how decently and christianly the sick people are attended, even to delicacy. I have seen them served by noble persons, men and women. They have also gardens, walks, and fountains. Divers persons are here cut for the stone, with great success, yearly in May. The two Châtelets (supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar) are places of judicature in criminal causes; to which is a strong prison. The courts are spacious and magnificent.

8th. I took coach and went to see the famous Jardine Royale, which is an enclosure walled in, consisting of all varieties of ground for planting and culture of medical simples. It is well chosen, having in it hills, meadows, wood and upland, natural and artficial, and is richly stored with exotic plants. In the middle of the parterre is a fair fountain. There is a very fine house, chapel, laboratory, orangery, and other accommodations for the President, who is always one of the king's chief physicians.

From hence, we went to the other side of the town, and to some distance from it, to the Bois de Vincennes, going by the Bastile, which is the fortress, tower, and magazine of this great city. It is very spacious within, and there the Grand Master of the artillery has his house, with fair gardens and walks.

The Bois de Vincennes has in it a square and noble castle, with magnificent apartments, fit for a royal court, not forgetting the chapel. It is the chief prison for persons of quality. About it there is a park walled in, full of deer; and in one part there is a grove of goodly pine-trees.

The next day, I went to see the Louvre with more attention, its several courts and pavilions. One of the quadrangles, begun by Henry IV., and finished by his son and grandson, is a superb, but mixed structure. The cornices, mouldings, and compartments, with the insertion of several coloured marbles, have been of great expense.

We went through the long gallery, paved with white and black marble, richly fretted and painted *à fresco*. The front looking to the river, though of rare work for the carving, yet wants of that magnificence which a plainer and truer design would have contributed to it.

In the Cour aux Tuileries is a princely fabric; the winding geometrical stone stairs, with the cupola, I take to be as bold and noble a piece of architecture as any in Europe of the kind. To this is a *corps de logis*, worthy of so great a prince. Under these buildings, through a garden in which is an ample fountain, was the king's printing-house, and that famous letter so much esteemed. Here I bought divers of the classic authors, poets, and others.

We returned through another gallery, larger, but not so long, where hung the pictures of all the kings and queens and prime nobility of France.

Descending hence, we were let into a lower very large room, called the *Salle des Antiques*, which is a vaulted Cimelia, destined for statues only, amongst which stands that so celebrated Diana of the Ephesians, said to be the same which uttered oracles in that renowned Temple. Besides those colossean figures of marble, I must not forget the huge globe suspended by chains. The pavings, inlayings, and incrustations of this Hall, are very rich.

In another more private garden towards the Queen's apartment is a walk, or cloister, under arches, whose terrace is paved with stones of a great breadth; it looks towards the river, and has a pleasant aviary, fountain, stately cypresses, &c. On the river are seen a prodigious number of barges and boats of great length, full of hay, corn, wood, wine, and other commodities, which this vast city daily consumes. Under the long gallery we have described, dwell goldsmiths, painters, statuaries, and architects, who being the most famous for their art in Christendom have stipends allowed them by the King. Into that of Monsieur Saracin [1] we entered, who was then moulding for an image of a Madonna to be cast in gold of a great size, to be sent by the Queen Regent to Loretto, as an offering for the birth of the Dauphin, now the young King.

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[1] James Sarazin, a celebrated sculptor, much employed by the royal family of France. For Cardinal Richelieu he executed, in silver and gold, Anne of Austria's offering to the Chapel of Loretto, in the form of a group representing the dauphin's presentation to the Virgin Mary. Born 1590, died 1660.

I finished this day with a walk in the great garden of the Tuileries, rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle, being of elms, the other of mulberries; and that labyrinth of cypresses; not omitting the noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fish-ponds, and an aviary; but, above all, the artificial echo, redoubling the words so distinctly; and, as it is never without some fair nymph singing to its grateful returns; standing at one of the focuses, which is under a tree, or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds; at another, as if it was underground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginable accurateness as to the orangery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a Paradise. From a terrace in this place we saw so many coaches, as one would hardly think could be maintained in the whole city, going, late as it was in the year, towards the course, which is a place adjoining, of near an English mile long, planted with four rows of trees, making a large circle in the middle. This course is walled about, near breast high, with squared freestone, and has a stately arch at the entrance, with sculpture and statues about it, built by Mary di Medicis. Here it is that the gallants and ladies of the Court take the air and divert themselves, as with us in Hyde Park, the circle being capable of containing a hundred coaches to turn commodiously, and the larger of the plantations for five or six coaches a-breast.

Returning through the Tuileries, we saw a building in which are kept wild beasts for the King's pleasure, a bear, a wolf, a wild boar, a leopard, &c.

27th February. Accompanied with some English gentlemen, we took horse to see St. Germains-en-Laye, a stately country-house of the King, some five leagues from Paris. By the way, we alighted at St. Cloud, where, on an eminence near the river, the Archbishop of Paris has a garden, for the house is not very considerable, rarely watered and furnished with fountains, statues, and groves; the walks are very fair; the fountain of Laocoon is in a large square pool, throwing the water near forty feet high, and having about it a multitude of statues and basins, and is a surprising object. But nothing is more esteemed than the cascade falling from the great steps into the lowest and longest walk from the Mount Parnassus, which consists of a grotto, or shell-house, on the summit of the hill, wherein are divers waterworks and contrivances to wet the spectators; this is covered with a fair cupola, the walls painted with the Muses, and statues placed thick about it, whereof some are antique and good. In the upper walks are two perspectives, seeming to enlarge the alleys, and in this garden are many other ingenious contrivances. The palace, as I said, is not extraordinary. The outer walls only painted *à fresco.* In the court is a Volary, and the statues of Charles IX., Henry III., IV., and Louis XIII., on horseback, mezzo-relievo'd in plaster. In the garden is a small chapel; and under shelter is the figure of Cleopatra, taken from the Belvidere original, with others. From the terrace above is a tempest well painted; and thence an excellent prospect towards Paris, the meadows, and river.

At an inn in this village is a host who treats all the great persons in princely lodgings for furniture and plate, but they pay well for it, as I have done. Indeed, the entertainment is very splendid, and not unreasonable, considering the excellent manner of dressing their meat, and of the service. Here are many debauches and excessive revellings, as being out of all noise and observance.

From hence, about a league farther, we went to see Cardinal Richelieu's villa, at Ruell. The house is small, but fairly built, in form of a castle, moated round. The offices are towards the road, and over-against it are large vineyards, walled in. But, though the house is not of the greatest, the gardens about it are so magnificent, that I doubt whether Italy has any exceeding it for all rarities of pleasure. The garden nearest the pavilion is a parterre, having in the midst divers noble brass statues, perpetually spouting water into an ample basin, with other figures of the same metal; but what is most admirable is the vast inclosure, and variety of ground, in the large garden, containing vineyards, cornfields, meadows, groves (whereof one is of perennial greens), and walks of vast length, so accurately kept and cultivated, that nothing can be more agreeable. On one of these walks, within a square of tall trees, is a basilisk of copper, which, managed by the fountaineer, casts water near sixty feet high, and will of itself move round so swiftly, that one can hardly escape wetting. This leads to the Citronière, which is a noble conserve of all those rarities; and át the end of it is the Arch of Constantine, painted on a wall in oil, as large as the real one at Rome, so well done, that even a man skilled in painting, may mistake it for stone and sculpture. The sky and hills, which seem to be between the arches, are so natural, that swallows and other birds, thinking to fly through, have dashed themselves against the wall. I was infinitely taken with this agreeable cheat. At the further part of this walk is that plentiful, though artificial cascade, which rolls down a very steep declivity, and over the marble steps and basins, with an astonishing noise and fury; each basin hath a jetto in it, flowing like sheets of transparent glass, especially that which rises over the great shell of lead, from whence it glides silently down a channel through the middle of a spacious gravel walk, terminating in a grotto. Here are also fountains that cast water to a great height, and large ponds, two of which have islands for harbour of fowls, of which there is store. One of these islands has a receptacle for them built of vast pieces of rock, near fifty feet high, grown over with moss, ivy, &c., shaded at a competent distance with tall trees: in this rupellary nidary do the fowl lay eggs, and breed. We then saw a large and very rare grotto of shell-work, in the shape of Satyrs, and other wild fancies: in the middle stands a marble table, on which a fountain plays in divers forms of glasses, cups, crosses, fans, crowns, &c. Then the fountaineer represented a shower of rain from the top, met by small jets from below. At going out, two extravagant musketeers shot us with a stream of water from their musket barrels. Before this grotto is a long pool into which ran divers spouts of water from leaden escalop basins. The viewing this paradise made us late at St. Germains.

The first building of this palace is of Charles V., called the Sage; but Francis I. (that true virtuoso) made it complete; speaking as to the style of magnificence then in fashion, which was with too great a mixture of the Gothic, as may be seen in what there is remaining of his in the old Castle, an irregular piece as built on the old foundation, and having a moat about it. It has yet some spacious and handsome rooms of state, and a chapel neatly painted. The new Castle is at some distance, divided from this by a court, of a lower, but more modern design, built by Henry IV. To this belong six terraces, built of brick and stone, descending in cascades towards the river, cut out of the natural hill, having under them goodly vaulted galleries; of these, four have subterranean grots and rocks, where are represented several objects in the manner of scenes and other motions, by force of water, shown by the light of torches only; amongst these, is Orpheus with his music; and the animals, which dance after his harp; in the second, is the King and Dolphin;[1] in the third, is Neptune sounding his trumpet, his chariot drawn by sea-horses; in the fourth, the story of Perseus and Andromeda; mills; hermitages; men fishing; birds chirping; and many other devices. There is also a dry grot to refresh in; all having a fine prospect towards the river, and the goodly country about it, especially the forest. At the bottom, is a parterre; the upper terrace near half a mile in length, with double declivities, arched and balustered with stone, of vast and royal cost.

In the pavilion of the new Castle are many fair rooms, well painted, and leading into a very noble garden and park, where is a pall-mall, in the midst of which, on one of the sides, is a chapel, with stone cupola, though small, yet of a handsome order of architecture. Out of the park you go into the forest, which being very large, is stored with deer, wild boars, wolves, and other wild game. The Tennis Court, and Cavallerizzo, for the menaged horses, are also observable.

We returned to Paris by Madrid,[2] another villa of the King's, built by Francis I., and called by that name to absolve him of his oath that he would not go from Madrid (in which he was prisoner), in Spain, but from whence he made his escape. This house is also built in a park, and walled in. We next called in at the Bonnes-hommes, well-situated, with a fair chapel and library.

1st *March*. I went to see the Count de Liancourt's Palace in the Rue de Seine, which is well built. Towards his study and bedchamber joins a little garden, which, though very narrow, by the addition of a well-painted perspective, is to appearance greatly enlarged; to this there is another part, supported by arches in which runs a stream of water, rising in the aviary, out of a statue, and seeming to flow for some miles, by being artificially continued in the painting, when it sinks down at the wall. It is a very agreeable deceit. At the end of this garden, is a little theatre, made to change with divers pretty scenes, and the stage so ordered, with figures of men and women painted on light boards, and cut out, and, by a person who stands underneath, made to act as if they were speaking, by guiding them, and reciting words in different tones, as the parts require. We were led into a round cabinet, where was a neat invention for reflecting lights, by lining divers sconces with thin shining plates of gilded copper.

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[1] Dauphin.

[2] See *post*, 25th April, 1650.

In one of the rooms of state was an excellent painting of Poussin, being a Satyr kneeling; over the chimney, the Coronation of the Virgin, by Paulo Veronese; another Madonna over the door, and that of Joseph, by Cigali; in the Hall, a Cavaliero di Malta, attended by his page, said to be of Michael Angelo; the Rape of Proserpine, with a very large landscape of Correggio. In the next room, are some paintings of Primaticcio, especially the Helena, the naked Lady brought before Alexander, well-painted, and a Ceres. In the bed-chamber a picture of the Cardinal de Liancourt, of Raphael, rarely coloured. In the cabinet are divers pieces of Bassano, two of Polemburg, four of Paulo Brill, the skies a little too blue. A Madonna of Nicholao, excellently painted on a stone; a Judith of Mantegna; three women of Jeronimo; one of Stenwick; a Madonna after Titian, and a Magdalen of the same hand, as the Count esteems it: two small pieces of Paulo Veronese, being the Martyrdoms of St. Justina and St. Catherine; a Madonna of Lucas Van Leyden, sent him from our King; six more of old Bassano; two excellent drawings of Albert [Durer]; a Magdalen of Leonardo da Vinci; four of Paulo; a very rare Madonna of Titian, given him also by our King; the *Ecce Homo*, shut up in a frame of velvet, for the life and accurate finishing exceeding all description. Some curious agates, and a chaplet of admirable invention, the intaglios being all on fruit stones. The Count was so exceeding civil, that he would needs make his lady go out of her dressing-room, that he might show us the curiosities and pictures in it.

We went thence to visit one Monsieur Perishot, one of the greatest virtuosos in France, for his collection of pictures, agates, medals, and flowers, especially tulips and anemones. The chiefest of his paintings was a Sebastian, of Titian.

From him we went to Monsieur Frene's, who showed us many rare drawings, a Rape of Helen in black chalk; many excellent things of Sneiders all naked; some of Julio and Michael Angelo; a Madonna of Passignano; some things of Parmensis, and other masters.

The next morning, being recommended to one Monsieur de Hausse, President du Parliament, and once Ambassador at Venice for the French King, we were very civilly received, and showed his library. Amongst his paintings were, a rare Venus and Adonis of Veronese, a St. Anthony, after the first manner of Correggio, and a rare Madonna of Palma.

Sunday, the 6th March, I went to Charenton, two leagues from Paris, to hear and see the manner of the French Protestant Church service. The place of meeting they call the Temple, a very fair and spacious room, built of freestone, very decently adorned with paintings of the Tables of the Law, the Lord's Prayer, and Creed. The pulpit stands at the upper end in the middle, having an inclosure of seats about it, where the Elders and persons of greatest quality and strangers, sit; the rest of the congregation on forms and low stools, but none in pews, as in our churches, to their great disgrace, as nothing so orderly, as here the stools and other cumber are removed when the assembly rises. I was greatly pleased with their harmonious singing the Psalms, which they all learn perfectly well, their children being as duly taught these, as their catechism.

In our passage, we went by that famous bridge over the Marne, where that renowned echo returns the voice of a good singer nine or ten times.

7th March. I set forwards with some company towards Fontainebleau, a sumptuous Palace of the King's, like ours at Hampton Court, about fourteen leagues from the city. By the way, we pass through a forest so prodigiously encompassed with hideous rocks of whitish hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous heights, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary. It abounds with stags, wolves, boars, and not long after a lynx, or ounce, was killed amongst them, which had devoured some passengers. On the summit of one of these gloomy precipices, intermingled with trees and shrubs, the stones hanging over, and menacing ruin, is built an hermitage. In these solitudes, rogues frequently lurk and do mischief (and for whom we were all well appointed with our carabines); but we arrived safe in the evening at the village, where we lay at the Horne, going early next morning to the Palace.

This House is nothing so stately and uniform as Hampton Court, but Francis I. began much to beautify it; most of all Henry IV. (and not a little) the late King. It abounds with fair halls, chambers, and galleries; in the longest, which is 360 feet long and 18 broad, are painted the Victories of that great Prince, Henry IV. That of Francis I., called the grand Gallery, has all the King's palaces painted in it; above these, in sixty pieces of excellent work in fresco, is the History of Ulysses, from Homer, by Primaticcio, in the time of Henry III., esteemed the most renowned in Europe for the design. The Cabinet is full of excellent pictures, especially a Woman, of Raphael. In the Hall of the Guards is a piece of tapestry painted on the wall, very naturally, representing the victories of Charles VII. over our countrymen. In the Salle des Festins is a rare Chimney-piece, and Henry IV. on horseback, of white marble, esteemed worth 18,000 crowns; Clementia and Pax, nobly done. On columns of jasper, two lions of brass. The new stairs, and a half circular court, are of modern and good architecture, as is a chapel built by Louis XIII., all of jasper, with several incrustations of marble through the inside.

Having seen the rooms, we went to the volary, which has a cupola in the middle of it, great trees and bushes, it being full of birds who drank at two fountains. There is also a fair tennis-court, and noble stables; but the beauty of all are the gardens. In the Court of the Fountains stand divers antiquities and statues, especially a Mercury. In the Queen's Garden is a Diana ejecting a fountain, with numerous other brass statues.

The great Garden, 180 toises long and 154 wide, has in the centre a fountain of Tyber of a Colossean figure of brass, with the Wolf over Romulus and Remus. At each corner of the garden rises a fountain. In the garden of the piscina, is a Hercules of white marble: next, is that of the pines, and without that a canal of an English mile in length, at the end of which rise three jettos in the form of a fleur-de-lis, of a great height; on the margin are excellent walks planted with trees. The carps come familiarly to hand [to be fed]. Hence they brought us to a spring, which they say being first discovered by a dog, gave occasion of beautifying this place, both with the palace and gardens. The white and terrific rocks at some distance in the forest, yield one of the most august and stupendous prospects imaginable. The park about this place is very large, and the town full of noblemen's houses.

Next morning, we were invited by a painter, who was keeper of the pictures and rarities, to see his own collection. We were led through a gallery of old Rosso's work, at the end of which, in another cabinet, were three Madonnas of Raphael, and two of Andrea del Sarto. In the Academy where the painter himself wrought, was a St. Michael, of Raphael, very rare; St. John Baptist, of Leonardo, and a Woman's head; a Queen of Sicily, and St. Margaret, of Raphael; two more Madonnas, whereof one very large, by the same hand; some more of del Sarto; a St. Jerome, of Perino del Vaga; the Rape of Proserpine, very good: and a great number of drawings.

Returning part of our way to Paris, that day, we visited a house called *Maison Rouge*, having an excellent prospect, grot, and fountains, one whereof rises fifty feet, and resembles the noise of a tempest, battles of guns, &c., at its issue.

Thence to Essone, a house of Monsieur Essling, who is a great virtuoso; there are many good paintings in it; but nothing so observable as his gardens, fountains, fish-pools, especially that in a triangular form, the water cast out by a multitude of heads about it: there is a noble cascade and pretty baths, with all accommodations. Under a marble table is a fountain of serpents twisting about a globe.

We alighted next at Corbeil, a town famous for the siege by Henry IV. Here we slept, and returned next morning to Paris.

18*th March*. I went with Sir J. Cotton, a Cambridgeshire Knight, a journey into Normandy. The first day, we passed by Gaillon, the Archbishop of Rouen's Palace. The gardens are highly commended, but we did not go in, intending to reach Pontoise by dinner. This town is built in a very gallant place, has a noble bridge over the Oise, and is well refreshed with fountains.

This is the first town in Normandy, and the farthest that the vineyards extend to on this side of the country, which is fuller of plains, wood, and enclosures, with some towns towards the sea, very like England.

We lay this night at a village, called Magny. The next day, descending a very steep hill, we dined at Fleury, after riding five leagues down St. Catherine, to Rouen, which affords a goodly prospect, to the ruins of that chapel and mountain. This country so abounds with wolves that a shepherd whom we met, told us one of his companions was strangled by one of them the day before, and that in the midst of his flock. The fields are mostly planted with pears and apples, and other cider fruits. It is plentifully furnished with quarries of stone and slate, and hath iron in abundance.

I lay at the White Cross, in Rouen, which is a very large city, on the Seine, having two smaller rivers besides, called the Aubette and Robec. There stand yet the ruins of a magnificent bridge of stone, now supplied by one of boats only, to which come up vessels of considerable burthen. The other side of the water consists of meadows, and there have the Reformed a Church.

The Cathedral Nôtre Dame was built, as they acknowledge, by the English; some English words graven in Gothic characters upon the front seem to confirm it. The towers and whole church are full of carving. It has three steeples, with a pyramid; in one of these, I saw the famous bell so much talked of, thirteen feet in height, thirty-two round, the diameter eleven, weighing 40,000 pounds.

In the Chapel d'Amboise, built by a Cardinal of that name, lies his body, with several fair monuments. The Choir has behind it a great dragon painted on the wall, which they say had done much harm to the inhabitants, till vanquished by St. Romain, their Archbishop; for which there is an annual procession. It was now near Easter, and many images were exposed with scenes and stories representing the Passion; made up of little puppets, to which there was great resort and devotion, with offerings. Before the church is a fair palace. St. Ouen is another goodly church and an abbey with fine gardens. Here the King hath lodgings, when he makes his progress through these parts. The structure, where the Court of Parliament is kept, is very magnificent, containing very fair halls and chambers, especially La Chambre Dorée. The town-house is also well built, and so are some gentlemen's houses; but most part of the rest are of timber, like our merchants' in London, in the wooden part of the city.

21st March. On Easter Monday, we dined at Totes, a solitary inn between Rouen and Dieppe, at which latter place we arrived. This town is situated between two mountains, not unpleasantly, and is washed on the north by our English seas.

The port is commodious; but the entrance difficult. It has one very ample and fair street, in which is a pretty church. The Fort Pollet consists of a strong earth-work, and commands the haven, as on the other side does the castle, which is also well fortified, with the citadel before it; nor is the town itself a little strong. It abounds with workmen, who make and sell curiosities of ivory and tortoise-shells; and indeed whatever the East Indies afford of cabinets, porcelain, natural and exotic rarities, are here to be had, with abundant choice.

23rd March. We passed along the coast by a very rocky and rugged way, which forced us to alight many times before we came to Havre de Grace, where we lay that night.

The next morning, we saw the citadel, strong and regular, well stored with artillery and ammunition of all sorts: the works furnished with fair brass cannon, having a motto, *Ratio ultima Regum.* The allogements of the garrison are uniform; a spacious place for drawing up the soldiers, a pretty chapel, and a fair house for the Governor. The Duke of Richelieu being now in the fort, we went to salute him; who received us very civilly, and commanded that we should be showed whatever we desired to see. The citadel was built by the late Cardinal de Richelieu, uncle of the present Duke, and may be esteemed one of the strongest in France. The haven is very capacious.

When we had done here, we embarked ourselves and horses to pass to Honfleur, about four or five leagues distant, where the Seine falls into the sea. It is a poor fisher-town, remarkable for nothing so much as the odd, yet useful habits which the good women wear, of bears' and other skins, as of rugs at Dieppe, and all along these maritime coasts.

25th. We arrived at Caen, a noble and beautiful town, situate on the river Orne, which passes quite through it, the two sides of the town joined only by a bridge of one entire arch. We lay at the Angel, where we were very well used, the place being abundantly furnished with provisions, at a cheap rate. The most considerable object is the great Abbey and Church, large and rich, built after the Gothic manner, having two spires and middle lantern at the west end, all of stone. The choir round and large, in the centre whereof, elevated on a square, handsome, but plain sepulchre, is this inscription:

"Hoc sepulchrum invictissimi juxta et clementissimi conquestoris, Gulielmi, dum viverat Anglorum Regis, Normannorum Cenomannorumque Principis, hujus insignis Abbatiae piissimi Fundatoris: Cum anno 1562 vesano hæreticorum furore direptum fuisset, pio tandem nobilium ejusdem Abbatiae religiosorum gratitudinis sensu in tam beneficum largitorem, instauratum fuit, a° D'ni 1642. D'no Johanne de Bailhache Assætorii proto priore. D.D."

On the other side are these monkish rhymes:

"Qui rexit rigidos Northmannos, atq. Britannos
  Audacter vicit, fortiter obtinuit,
Et Cenomanensis virtute ceörcuit ensis,
  Imperiique sui Legibus applicuit.
Rex magnus parvâ jacet hâc Gulielm^s in Urnâ,
  Sufficit et magno parva domus Domino.
Ter septem gradibus te volverat atq. duobus
  Virginis in gremio Phœbus, et hîc obiit."

We went to the castle, which is strong and fair, and so is the town-house, built on the bridge which unites the two towns. Here are schools and an University for the Jurists.

The whole town is handsomely built of that excellent stone so well known by that name in England. I was led to a pretty garden, planted with hedges of alaternus, having at the entrance a skreen at an exceeding height, accurately cut in topiary work, with well-understood architecture, consisting of pillars, niches, friezes, and other ornaments, with great curiosity; some of the columns curiously wreathed, others spiral, all according to art.

28th *March*. We went towards Paris, lying the first night at Evreux, a Bishop's seat, an ancient town, with a fair cathedral; so the next day we arrived at Paris.

1st *April*. I went to see more exactly the rooms of the fine Palace of Luxemburg, in the Fauxbourg St. Germains, built by Mary di Medicis, and I think one of the most noble, entire, and finished piles that is to be seen, taking it with the garden and all its accomplishments. The gallery is of the painting of Rubens, being the history of the Foundress's Life, rarely designed; at the end of it is the Duke of Orleans' library, well furnished with excellent books, all bound in maroquin and gilded, the valance of the shelves being of green velvet, fringed with gold. In the cabinet joining to it are only the smaller volumes, with six cabinets of medals, and an excellent collection of shells and agates, whereof some are prodigiously rich. This Duke being very learned in medals and plants, nothing of that kind escapes him. There are other spacious, noble, and princely furnished rooms, which look towards the gardens, which are nothing inferior to the rest.

The court below is formed into a square by a corridor, having over the chief entrance a stately cupola, covered with stone: the rest is cloistered and arched on pilasters of rustic work. The terrace ascending before the front, paved with white and black marble, is balustered with white marble, exquisitely polished.

Only the hall below is low, and the staircase somewhat of a heavy design, but the fáccia towards the parterre, which is also arched and vaulted with stone, is of admirable beauty, and full of sculpture.

The gardens are near an English mile in compass, enclosed with a stately wall, and in a good air. The parterre is indeed of box, but so rarely designed and accurately kept cut, that the embroidery makes a wonderful effect to the lodgings which front it. 'Tis divided into four squares, and as many circular knots, having in the centre a noble basin of marble near thirty feet diameter (as I remember), in which a Triton of brass holds a dolphin, that casts a girandola of water near thirty feet high, playing perpetually, the water being conveyed from Arceuil by an aqueduct of stone, built after the old Roman magnificence. About this ample parterre, the spacious walks and all included, runs a border of freestone, adorned with pedestals for pots and statues, and part of it near the steps of the terrace, with a rail and baluster of pure white marble.

The walks are exactly fair, long, and variously descending, and so justly planted with limes, elms, and other trees, that nothing can be more delicious, especially that of the hornbeam hedge, which being high and stately, buts full on the fountain.

Towards the farther end, is an excavation intended for a vast fish-pool, but never finished, and near it is an inclosure for a garden of simples, well-kept; and here the Duke keeps tortoises in great number, who use the pool of water on one side of the garden. Here is also a conservatory for snow. At the upper part, towards the palace, is a grove of tall elms cut into a star, every ray being a walk, whose centre is a large fountain.

The rest of the ground is made into several inclosures (all hedge-work or rows of trees) of whole fields, meadows, bocages, some of them containing divers acres.

Next the street side, and more contiguous to the house, are knots in trail, or grass work, where likewise runs a fountain. Towards the grotto and stables, within a wall, is a garden of choice flowers, in which the Duke spends many thousand pistoles. In sum, nothing is wanted to render this palace and gardens perfectly beautiful and magnificent; nor is it one of the least diversions to see the number of persons of quality, citizens and strangers, who frequent it, and to whom all access is freely permitted, so that you shall see some walks and retirements full of gallants and ladies; in others, melancholy friars; in others, studious scholars; in others, jolly citizens, some sitting or lying on the grass, others running and jumping; some playing at bowls and ball, others dancing and singing; and all this without the least disturbance, by reason of the largeness of the place.

What is most admirable, you see no gardeners, or men at work, and yet all is kept in such exquisite order, as if they did nothing else but work; it is so early in the morning, that all is despatched and done without the least confusion.

I have been the larger in the description of this paradise, for the extraordinary delight I have taken in those sweet retirements. The Cabinet and Chapel nearer the garden-front have some choice pictures. All the houses near this are also very noble palaces, especially Petite Luxemburg. The ascent of the street is handsome from its breadth, situation, and buildings.

I went next to view Paris from the top of St. Jacques' steeple, esteemed the highest in the town, from whence I had a full view of the whole city and suburbs, both which, as I judge, are not so large as London: though the dissimilitude of their several forms and situations, this being round, London long,—renders it difficult to determine; but there is no comparison between the buildings, palaces, and materials, this being entirely of stone and more sumptuous, though I esteem our piazzas to exceed theirs.

Hence I took a turn in St. Innocent's churchyard, where the story of the devouring quality of the ground (consuming bodies in twenty-four hours), the vast charnels of bones, tombs, pyramids, and sepulchres, took up much of my time, together with the hieroglyphical characters of Nicholas Flamel's philosophical work, who had founded this church, and divers other charitable establishments, as he testifies in his book.

Here divers clerks get their livelihood by inditing letters for poor maids and other ignorant people who come to them for advice, and to write for them into the country, both to their sweethearts, parents, and friends; every large gravestone serving for a table. Joining to this church is a common fountain, with good relievos upon it.

The next day I was carried to see a French gentleman's curious collection, which abounded in fair and rich jewels of all sorts of precious stones, most of them of great sizes and value; agates and onyxes, some of them admirably coloured and antique; nor inferior were his landscapes from the best hands, most of which he had caused to be copied in miniature; one of which, rarely painted on stone, was broken by one of our company, by the mischance of setting it up: but such was the temper and civility of the gentleman, that it altered nothing of his free and noble humour.

The next morning, I was had by a friend to the garden of Monsieur Morine, who, from being an ordinary gardener, is become one of the most skilful and curious persons in France for his rare collection of shells, flowers, and insects.

His garden is of an exact oval figure, planted with cypress, cut flat and set as even as a wall: the tulips, anemones, ranunculuses, crocuses, &c., are held to be of the rarest, and draw all the admirers of that kind to his house during the season. He lived in a kind of hermitage at one side of his garden, where his collection of porcelain and coral, whereof one is carved into a large crucifix, is much esteemed. He has also books of prints, by Albert

[Durer], Van Leyden, Callot, &c. His collection of all sorts of insects, especially of butterflies, is most curious; these he spreads and so medicates, that no corruption invading them, he keeps them in drawers, so placed as to represent a beautiful piece of tapestry.

He showed me the remarks he had made on their propagation, which he promised to publish. Some of these, as also of his best flowers, he had caused to be painted in miniature by rare hands, and some in oil.

6th April. I sent my sister my own picture in water-colours,[1] which she requested of me and went to see divers of the fairest palaces of the town, as that of Vendôme, very large and stately; Longueville; Guise; Condé; Chevereuse; Nevers, esteemed one of the best in Paris towards the river.

I often went to the Palais Cardinal, bequeathed by Richelieu to the King, on condition that it should be called by his name; at this time, the King resided in it, because of the building of the Louvre. It is a very noble house, though somewhat low; the galleries, paintings of the most illustrious persons of both sexes, the Queen's baths, presence-chamber with its rich carved and gilded roof, theatre, and large garden, in which is an ample fountain, grove, and mall, worthy of remark. Here I also frequently went to see them ride and exercise the great horse, especially at the Academy of Monsieur de Plessis, and de Veau, whose schools of that art are frequented by the nobility; and here also young gentlemen are taught to fence, dance, play on music, and something in fortification and the mathematics. The design is admirable; some keeping near a hundred brave horses, all managed to the great saddle.

12th. I took coach, to see a general muster of all the *gens d'armes* about the City, in the Bois de Boulogne, before their Majesties, and all the Grandees. They were reputed to be near 20,000, besides the spectators, who much exceeded them in number. Here they performed all their motions; and, being drawn up, horse and foot, into several figures, represented a battle.

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[1] In the first and second editions of the Diary many trifling personal details, such as this mention of the author having sent his own picture in water-colours to his sister, were omitted. It is not necessary to point them out in detail. They are always of this personal character; as, among other examples, the mention of the wet weather preventing the diarist from stirring out, at p. 117, and that of his coming weary to his lodgings, at p. 114.

The summer now drawing near, I determined to spend the rest of it in some more remote town on the river Loire; and, on 19th April, I took leave of Paris, and, by the way of the messenger, agreed for my passage to Orleans.

The way from Paris to this city, as indeed most of the roads in France, is paved with a small square freestone, so that the country does not much molest the traveller with dirt and ill way, as in England, only 'tis somewhat hard to the poor horses' feet, which causes them to ride more temperately, seldom going out of the trot, or *grand pas*, as they call it. We passed divers walled towns, or villages; amongst others of note, Chartres and Etampes, where we lay the first night. This has a fair church. The next day, we had an excellent road; but had like to come short home: for no sooner were we entered two or three leagues into the Forest of Orleans (which extends itself many miles), but the company behind us were set on by rogues, who, shooting from the hedges and frequent covert, slew four upon the spot. Amongst the slain was a captain of Swiss, of the regiment of Picardy, a person much lamented. This disaster made such an alarm in Orleans at our arrival, that the Prevôt Marshal, with his assistants, going in pursuit, brought in two whom they had shot, and exposed them in the great market-place, to see if any would take cognisance of them. I had great cause to give God thanks for this escape; when coming to Orleans and lying at the White Cross, I found Mr. John Nicholas, eldest son to Mr. Secretary. In the night a cat kittened on my bed, and left on it a young one having six ears, eight legs, two bodies from the middle downwards, and two tails. I found it dead, but warm, in the morning when I awaked.[1]

21st April. I went about to view the city, which is well built of stone, on the side of the Loire. About the middle of the river is an island, full of walks and fair trees, with some houses. This is contiguous to the town by a stately stone-bridge, reaching to the opposite suburbs, built likewise on the edge of a hill, from whence is a beautiful prospect. At one of the extremes of the bridge are strong towers, and about the middle, on one side, is the statue of the Virgin Mary, or Pieta, with the dead Christ in her lap, as big as the life. At one side of the cross, kneels Charles VII. armed, and at the other Joan d'Arc, armed also like a cavalier, with boots and spurs, her hair dishevelled, as the deliveress of the town from our countrymen, when they besieged it. The figures are all cast in copper, with a pedestal full of inscriptions, as well as a fair column joining it, which is all adorned with fleurs-de-lis and a crucifix, with two saints proceeding (as it were) from two branches out of its capital. The inscriptions on the cross are in Latin: "Mors Christi in cruce nos à contagione, labis et æternorum morborum sanavit." On the pedestal: "Rex in hoc signo hostes profligavit, et Johanna Virgo Aureliam obsidio liberavit. Non diu ab impiis diruta, restituta sunt hoc anno D'ni 1578. Jean Buret, m. f."—"Octannoque Galliam servitute Britannicâ liberavit. A Domino factum est illud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris; in quorum memorià hæc nostræ fidei Insignia." To this is made an annual procession on 12th May, mass being sung before it, attended with great ceremony and concourse of people. The wine of this place is so strong, that the King's cup-bearers are, as I was assured, sworn never to give the King any of it: but it is a very noble liquor, and much of it transported into other countries. The town is much frequented by strangers, especially Germans, for the great purity of the language here spoken, as well as for divers other privileges, and the University, which causes the English to make no long sojourn here, except such as can drink and debauch. The city stands in the county of Bealse (Blaisois); was once styled a Kingdom, afterwards a Duchy, as at present, belonging to the second son of France. Many Councils have been held here, and some Kings crowned. The University is very ancient, divided now by the students into that of four nations, French, High Dutch, Normans, and Picardines, who have each their respective protectors, several officers, treasurers, consuls, seals, &c. There are in it two reasonable fair public libraries, whence one may borrow a book to one's chamber, giving but a note under hand, which is an extraordinary custom, and a confidence that has cost many libraries dear. The first church I went to visit was St. Croix; it has been a stately fabric, but now much ruined by the late civil wars. They report the tower of it to have been the highest in France. There is the beginning of a fair reparation. About this cathedral is a very spacious cemetery. The town-house is also very nobly built, with a high tower to it. The market-place and streets, some whereof are deliciously planted with limes, are ample and straight, so well paved with a kind of pebble, that I have not seen a neater town in France. In fine, this city was by Francis I. esteemed the most agreeable of his vast dominions.

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[1] This passage has not been printed since the quarto editions, and it would be difficult to say what induced its omission in the octavo editions, unless Evelyn's apparent confusion as to the name of the inn at Orleans where the adventure occurred (for he calls it the White Lion as well as the White Cross) may have caused the original editor to doubt the miracle altogether. As printed in the quarto, it begins "I lay at the White Lion, where I found Mr. John Nicholas, eldest son to Mr. Secretary," &c.—[*Note to* 1850 *Edition.*]

28th April. Taking boat on the Loire, I went towards Blois, the passage and river being both very pleasant. Passing Mehun, we dined at Baugenci, and slept at a little town called St. Dieu. Quitting our bark, we hired horses to Blois, by the way of Chambord, a famous house of the King's, built by Francis I. in the middle of a solitary park, full of deer, enclosed with a wall. I was particularly desirous of seeing this palace, from the extravagance of the design, especially the stair-case, mentioned by Palladio. It is said that 1800 workmen were constantly employed in this fabric for twelve years: if so, it is wonderful that it was not finished, it being no greater than divers gentlemen's houses in England, both for room and circuit. The carvings are indeed very rich and full. The stair-case is devised with four entries, or ascents, which cross one another, so that though four persons meet, they never come in sight, but by small loop-holes, till they land. It consists of 274 steps (as I remember), and is an extraordinary work, but of far greater expense than use or beauty. The chimneys of the house appear like so many towers. About the whole is a large deep moat. The country about is full of corn, and wine, with many fair noblemen's houses.

We arrived at Blois, in the evening. The town is hilly, uneven, and rugged, standing on the side of the Loire, having suburbs joined by a stately stone bridge, on which is a pyramid with an inscription. At the entrance of the castle is a stone statue of Louis XII. on horseback, as large as life, under a Gothic state; and a little below are these words:

Hic ubi natus erat dextro Ludovicus Olympo,
Sumpsit honoratâ regia sceptra manu;
Felix quæ tanti fulsit Lux nuncia Regis!
Gallica non alio principe digna fuit.

Under this is a very wide pair of gates, nailed full of wolves and wild-boars' heads. Behind the castle the present Duke Gaston had begun a fair building, through which we walked into a large garden, esteemed for its furniture one of the fairest, especially for simples and exotic plants, in which he takes extraordinary delight. On the right hand is a long gallery full of ancient statues and inscriptions, both of marble and brass; the length, 300 paces, divides the garden into higher and lower ground, having a very noble fountain. There is the portrait of a hart, taken in the forest by Louis XII., which has twenty-four antlers on its head. In the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, we saw many sepulchres of the Earls of Blois.

On Sunday, being May-day, we walked up into Pall Mall, very long, and so noble shaded with tall trees (being in the midst of a great wood), that unless that of Tours, I had not seen a statelier.

From hence, we proceeded with a friend of mine through the adjoining forest, to see if we could meet any wolves, which are here in such numbers that they often come and take children out of the very streets; yet will not the Duke, who is sovereign here, permit them to be destroyed. We walked five or six miles outright; but met with none; yet a gentleman, who was resting himself under a tree, with his horse grazing by him, told us that, half an hour before, two wolves had set upon his horse, and had in probability devoured him, but for a dog which lay by him. At a little village at the end of this wood, we eat excellent cream, and visited a castle building on a very steep cliff.

Blois is a town where the language is exactly spoken; the inhabitants very courteous; the air so good, that it is the ordinary nursery of the King's children. The people are so ingenious, that, for goldsmith's work and watches, no place in France affords the like. The pastures by the river are very rich and pleasant.

2nd May. We took boat again, passing by Charmont, a proud castle on the left hand; before it is a sweet island, deliciously shaded with tall trees. A little distance from hence, we went on shore at Amboise, a very agreeable village, built of stone, and the houses covered with blue slate, as the towns on the Loire generally are; but the castle chiefly invited us, the thickness of whose towers from the river to the top, was admirable. We entered by the drawbridge, which has an invention to let one fall, if not premonished. It is full of halls and spacious chambers, and one stair-case is large enough, and sufficiently commodious, to receive a coach, and land it on the very tower, as they told us had been done. There is some artillery in it; but that which is most observable is in the ancient chapel, viz. a stag's head, or branches, hung up by chains, consisting of twenty brow-antlers, the beam bigger than a man's middle, and of an incredible length. Indeed, it is monstrous, and yet I cannot conceive how it should be artificial: they show also the ribs and vertebræ of the same beast; but these might be made of whalebone.

Leaving the castle, we passed Mont Louis, a village having no houses above ground, but such only as are hewn out of the main rocks of excellent freestone. Here and there the funnel of a chimney appears on the surface amongst the vineyards which are over them, and in this manner they inhabit the caves, as it were sea-cliffs, on one side of the river for many miles.

We now came within sight of Tours, where we were designed for the rest of the time I had resolved to stay in France, the sojournment being so agreeable. Tours is situate on the easy side of a hill on the river Loire, having a fair bridge of stone called St. Edme; the streets are very long, straight, spacious, well-built, and exceeding clean; the suburbs large and pleasant, joined to the city by another bridge. Both the church and monastery of St. Martin are large, of Gothic building, having four square towers, fair organs, and a stately altar, where they show the bones and ashes of St. Martin, with other relics. The Mall without comparison is the noblest in Europe for length and shade, having seven rows of the tallest and goodliest elms I had ever beheld, the innermost of which do so embrace each other, and at such a height, that nothing can be more solemn and majestical. Here we played a party, or party or two, and then walked about the town-walls, built of square stone, filled with earth, and having a moat. No city in France exceeds it in beauty, or delight.

6th May. We went to St. Gatian, reported to have been built by our countrymen; the dial and clock-work are much esteemed. The church has two handsome towers and spires of stone, and the whole fabric is very noble and venerable. To this joins the Palace of the Archbishop, consisting both of old and new building, with many fair rooms, and a fair garden. Here I grew acquainted with one Monsieur Merey, a very good musician. The Archbishop treated me very courteously. We visited divers other churches, chapels, and monasteries, for the most part neatly built, and full of pretty paintings, especially the Convent of the Capuchins, which has a prospect over the whole city, and many fair walks.

8th. I went to see their manufactures in silk (for in this town they drive a very considerable trade with silk-worms), their pressing and watering the grograms and camlets, with weights of an extraordinary poise, put into a rolling-engine. Here I took a master of the language, and studied the tongue very diligently, recreating myself sometimes at the mall, and sometimes about the town. The house opposite my lodging had been formerly a King's palace; the outside was totally covered with fleur-de-lis, embossed out of the stone. Here Mary de Medicis held her Court, when she was compelled to retire from Paris by the persecution of the great Cardinal.

25th May. Was the Fête Dieu, and a goodly procession of all the religious orders, the whole streets hung with their best tapestries, and their most precious moveables exposed; silks, damasks, velvets, plate, and pictures in abundance; the streets strewed with flowers, and full of pageantry, banners, and bravery.

6th June. I went by water to visit that goodly and venerable Abbey of Marmoutiers, being one of the greatest in the kingdom: to it is a very ample church of stone, with a very high pyramid. Amongst other relics the Monks showed us is the Holy Ampoulle, the same with that which sacres their Kings at Rheims, this being the one that anointed Henry IV. Ascending many steps, we went into the Abbot's Palace, where we were showed a vast tun (as big as that at Heidelberg), which they report St. Martin (as I remember) filled from one cluster of grapes growing there.

7th. We walked about two miles from the city to an agreeable solitude, called Du Plessis, a house belonging to the King. It has many pretty gardens, full of nightingales: and, in the chapel, lies buried the famous poet, Ronsard.

Returning, we stepped into a Convent of Franciscans, called St. Cosmo, where the cloister is painted with the miracles of their St. Francis à Paula, whose ashes lie in their chapel, with this inscription: "Corpus Sancti Fran. à Paula 1507. 13 Aprilis. concrematur verò ab Hæreticis anno 1562, cujus quidem ossa et cineres hìc jacent." The tomb has four small pyramids of marble at each corner.

9th. I was invited to a vineyard, which was so artificially planted and supported with arched poles, that stooping down one might see from end to end, a very great length, under the vines, the bunches hanging down in abundance.

20th. We took horse to see certain natural caves, called Gouttière, near Colombière, where there is a spring within the bowels of the earth, very deep and so excessive cold, that the drops meeting with some lapidescent matter, it converts them into a hard stone, which hangs about it like icicles, having many others in the form of comfitures and sugar plums, as we call them.

Near this, we went under the ground almost two furlongs, lighted with candles, to see the source and spring which serves the whole city, by a passage cut through the main rock of freestone.

28th June. I went to see the palace and gardens of Chevereux, a sweet place.

30th. I walked through the vineyards as far as Roche Corbé, to the ruins of an old and very strong castle, said to have been built by the English, of great height, on the precipice of a dreadful cliff, from whence the country and river yield a most incomparable prospect.

27th July. I heard excellent music at the Jesuits, who have here a school and convent, but a mean chapel. We have now store of those admirable melons, so much celebrated in France for the best in the kingdom.

1st August. My valet, one Garro, a Spaniard, born in Biscay, having misbehaved, I was forced to discharge him; he demanded of me (besides his wages) no less than 100 crowns to carry him to his country; refusing to pay it, as no part of our agreement, he had the impudence to arrest me; the next day I was to appear in Court, where both our avocats pleaded before the Lieutenant Civil; but it was so unreasonable a pretence, that the Judge had not patience to hear it out. The Judge immediately acquitting me, after he had reproached the avocat who took part with my servant, he rose from the Bench, and making a courteous excuse to me, that being a stranger I should be so used, he conducted me through the court to the street-door. This varlet afterwards threatened to pistol me. The next day, I waited on the Lieutenant, to thank him for his great civility.

18*th*. The Queen of England came to Tours, having newly arrived in France, and going for Paris. She was very nobly received by the people and clergy, who went to meet her with the trained bands. After the harangue, the Archbishop entertained her at his Palace, where I paid my duty to her. The 20th she set forward to Paris.

8th September. Two of my kinsmen came from Paris to this place, where I settled them in their pension and exercises.

14*th*. We took post for Richelieu, passing by l'Isle Bouchard, a village in the way. The next day, we arrived, and went to see the Cardinal's Palace, near it. The town is built in a low, marshy ground, having a narrow river cut by hand, very even and straight, capable of bringing up a small vessel. It consists of only one considerable street, the houses on both sides (as indeed throughout the town) built exactly uniform, after a modern handsome design. It has a large goodly market-house and place, opposite to which is the church built of freestone, having two pyramids of stone, which stand hollow from the towers. The church is well-built, and of a well-ordered architecture, within handsomely paved and adorned. To this place belongs an Academy, where, besides the exercise of the horse, arms, dancing, &c., all the sciences are taught in the vulgar French by professors stipendiated by the great Cardinal, who by this, the cheap living there, and divers privileges, not only designed the improvement of the vulgar language, but to draw people and strangers to the town; but since the Cardinal's death, it is thinly inhabited; standing so much out of the way, and in a place not well situated for health, or pleasure. He was allured to build by the name of the place, and an old house there belonging to his ancestors. This pretty town is handsomely walled about and moated, with a kind of slight fortification, two fair gates and draw-bridges. Before the gate, towards the palace, is a spacious circle, where the fair is annually kept. About a flight-shot from the town is the Cardinal's house, a princely pile, though on an old design, not altogether Gothic, but mixed, and environed by a clear moat. The rooms are stately, most richly furnished with tissue, damask, arras, and velvet, pictures, statues, vases, and all sorts of antiquities, especially the Cæsars, in oriental alabaster. The long gallery is painted with the famous acts of the Founder; the roof with the life of Julius Cæsar; at the end of it is a cupola, or singing theatre, supported by very stately pillars of black marble. The chapel anciently belonged to the family of the Founder. The court is very ample. The gardens without are very large, and the parterres of excellent embroidery, set with many statues of brass and marble; the groves, meadows, and walks are a real Paradise.

16*th September*. We returned to Tours, from whence, after nineteen weeks' sojourn, we travelled towards the more southern part of France, minding now to shape my course so, as I might winter in Italy. With my friend, Mr. Thicknesse, and our guide, we went the first day seven leagues to a castle called Chenonceau, built by Catherine de Medicis, and now belonging to the Duke de Vendôme, standing on a bridge. In the gallery, amongst divers other excellent statues, is that of Scipio Africanus, of oriental alabaster.

21*st September*. We passed by Villefranche, where we dined, and so by Muneton, lying at Viaron-au-mouton, which was twenty leagues. The next day by Murg to Bourges, four leagues, where we spent the day. This is the capital of Berry, an University much frequented by the Dutch, situated on the river Eure. It stands high, is strong, and well placed for defence; is environed with meadows and vines, and the living here is very cheap. In the suburbs of St. Privé, there is a fountain of sharp water which they report wholesome against the stone. They showed us a vast tree which they say stands in the centre of France. The French tongue is spoken with great purity in this place. St. Stephen's church is the cathedral, well-built *à la Gothique*, full of sepulchres without-side, with the representation of the final Judgment over one of the ports. Here they show the chapel of Claude de la Chastre, a famous soldier, who had served six kings of France in their wars. St. Chapelle is built much like that at Paris, full of relics, and containing the bones of one Briat, a giant of fifteen cubits high. It was erected by John Duke of Berry, and there is showed the coronet of the dukedom. The great tower is a Pharos for defence of the town, very strong, in thickness eighteen feet, fortified with graffs and works; there is a garrison in it, and a strange engine for throwing great stones, and the iron cage where Louis, Duke of Orleans, was kept by Charles VIII. Near the Town-house stands the College of Jesuits, where was heretofore an Amphitheatre. I was courteously entertained by a Jesuit, who had us into the garden, where we fell into disputation. The house of Jaques Cœur is worth seeing. Bourges is an Archbishopric, and Primacy of Aquitaine. I took my leave of Mr. Nicholas, and some other English there; and, on the 23rd, proceeded on my journey by Pont du Charge; and lay that evening at Coulaiure, thirteen leagues.

24th September. By Franchesse, St. Menoux, thence to Moulins, where we dined. This is the chief town of the Bourbonnois, on the river Allier, very navigable. The streets are fair; the Castle has a noble prospect, and has been the seat of the Dukes. Here is a pretty park and garden. After dinner, came many who offered knives and scissors to sell; it being a town famous for these trifles. This Duchy of Bourbon is ordinarily assigned for the dowry of the Queens of France.

Hence, we took horse for Varennes, an obscure village, where we lay that night. The next day, we went somewhat out of the way to see the town of Bourbon l'Archambaut, from whose ancient and rugged castle is derived the name of the present Royal Family of France.[1] The castle stands on a flinty rock, overlooking the town. In the midst of the streets are some baths of medicinal waters, some of them excessive hot, but nothing so neatly walled and adorned as ours in Somersetshire; and indeed they are chiefly used to drink of, our Queen being then lodged there for that purpose. After dinner, I went to see the St. Chapelle, a prime place of devotion, where is kept one of the thorns of our

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[1] The "obscure village" to which Evelyn refers, was destined to have a more memorable association, in later years, with that unhappy family.

Saviour's crown, and a piece of the real cross; excellent paintings on glass, and some few statues of stone and wood, which they show for curiosities. Hence, we went forward to La Palise, a village that lodged us that night.

26th. We arrived at Roane, where we quitted our guide, and took post for Lyons. Roane seemed to me one of the pleasantest and most agreeable places imaginable, for a retired person : for, besides the situation on the Loire, there are excellent provisions cheap and abundant. It being late when we left this town, we rode no farther than Tarare that night (passing St. Saforin), a little desolate village in a valley near a pleasant stream, encompassed with fresh meadows and vineyards. The hills which we rode over before we descended, and afterwards, on the Lyons side of this place, are high and mountainous; fir and pines growing frequently on them. The air methought was much altered as well as the manner of the houses, which are built flatter, more after the eastern manner. Before I went to bed, I took a landscape of this pleasant terrace. There followed a most violent tempest of thunder and lightning.

27th September. We rode by Pont Charu to Lyons, which being but six leagues we soon accomplished, having made eighty-five leagues from Tours in seven days. Here, at the Golden Lion, rue de Flandre, I met divers of my acquaintance, who, coming from Paris, were designed for Italy. We lost no time in seeing the city, because of being ready to accompany these gentlemen in their journey. Lyons is excellently situated on the confluence of the rivers Soane and Rhone, which wash the walls of the city in a very rapid stream; each of these has its bridge; that over the Rhone consists of twenty-eight arches. The two high cliffs, called St. Just and St. Sebastian, are very stately; on one of them stands a strong fort, garrisoned. We visited the cathedral, St. Jean, where was one of the fairest clocks for art and busy invention I had ever seen. The fabric of the church is gothic, as are likewise those of St. Etienne and St. Croix. From the top of one of the towers of St. Jean (for it has four) we beheld the whole city and country, with a prospect reaching to the Alps, many leagues distant. The Archbishop's Palace is fairly built. The church of St. Nisier is the greatest; that of the Jacobins is well built. Here are divers other fine churches and very noble buildings we had not time to visit, only that of the

Charité, or great hospital for poor infirm people, entertaining about 1500 souls, with a school, granary, gardens, and all conveniences, maintained at a wonderful expense, worthy seeing. The place of the *Belle Cour* is very spacious, observable for the view it affords, so various and agreeable, of hills, rocks, vineyards, gardens, precipices, and other extravagant and incomparable advantages, presenting themselves together. The Pall Mall is set with fair trees. In fine, this stately, clean, and noble city, built all of stone, abounds in persons of quality and rich merchants: those of Florence obtaining great privileges above the rest. In the Town-house, they show two tables of brass, on which is engraven Claudius's speech, pronounced to the Senate, concerning the franchising of the town, with the Roman privileges. There are also other antiquities.

30th September. We bargained with a waterman to carry us to Avignon on the river, and got the first night to Vienne, in Dauphiné. This is an Archbishopric, and the province gives title to the Heir-apparent of France. Here we supped and lay, having amongst other dainties, a dish of truffles, which is a certain earth-nut, found out by a hog trained to it, and for which those animals are sold at a great price. It is in truth an incomparable meat. We were showed the ruins of an amphitheatre, pretty entire; and many handsome palaces, especially that of Pontius Pilate, not far from the town, at the foot of a solitary mountain, near the river, having four pinnacles. Here it is reported he passed his exile, and precipitated himself into the lake not far from it. The house is modern, and seems to be the seat of some gentleman; being in a very pleasant, though melancholy place. The cathedral of Vienne is St. Maurice; and there are many other pretty buildings, but nothing more so, than the mills where they hammer and polish the sword-blades.

Hence, the next morning we swam (for the river here is so rapid that the boat was only steered) to a small village called Thein, where we dined. Over-against this is another town, named Tournon, where is a very strong castle under a high precipice. To the castle joins the Jesuits' College, who have a fair library. The prospect was so tempting, that I could not forbear designing it with my crayon.

We then came to Valence, a capital city carrying the title of a Duchy; but the Bishop is now sole Lord temporal of it, and the country about it. The town having a University famous for the study of the civil law, is much frequented; but the churches are none of the fairest, having been greatly defaced in the time of the wars. The streets are full of pretty fountains. The citadel is strong and garrisoned. Here we passed the night, and the next morning by Pont St. Esprit, which consists of twenty-two arches; in the piers of the arches are windows, as it were, to receive the water when it is high and full. Here we went on shore, it being very dangerous to pass the bridge in a boat.

Hence, leaving our barge, we took horse, seeing at a distance the town and principality of Orange; and, lodging one night on the way, we arrived at noon at Avignon. This town has belonged to the Popes ever since the time of Clement V.; being, in 1352, alienated by Jane, Queen of Naples and Sicily. Entering the gates, the soldiers at the guard took our pistols and carbines, and examined us very strictly; after that, having obtained the Governor's and the Vice-Legate's leave to tarry three days, we were civilly conducted to our lodging. The city is on the Rhone, and divided from the newer part, or town, which is on the other side of the river, by a very fair stone bridge (which has been broken); at one end is a very high rock, on which is a strong castle well furnished with artillery. The walls of the city are of large square freestone, the most neat and best in repair I ever saw. It is full of well-built palaces; those of the Vice-Legate and Archbishop being the most magnificent. There are many sumptuous churches, especially that of St. Magdalene and St. Martial, wherein the tomb of the Cardinal d'Amboise is the most observable. Clement VI. lies buried in that of the Celestines, the altar whereof is exceeding rich: but for nothing I more admired it than the tomb of Madonna Laura, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch. We saw the Arsenal, the Pope's Palace, and the Synagogue of the Jews, who here are distinguished by their red hats. Vaucluse, so much renowned for the solitude of Petrarch, we beheld from the castle; but could not go to visit it for want of time, being now taking mules and a guide for Marseilles.

We lay at Loumas; the next morning, came to Aix, having passed that extremely rapid and dangerous river of Durance. In this tract, all the heaths, or commons, are covered with rosemary, lavender, lentiscus, and the like sweet shrubs, for many miles together; which to me was very pleasant. Aix is the chief city of Provence, being a Parliament and Presidential town, with other royal Courts and Metropolitan jurisdiction. It is well built, the houses very high, and the streets ample. The Cathedral, St. Saviour's, is a noble pile adorned with innumerable figures; especially that of St. Michael; the Baptisterie, the Palace, the Court, built in a most spacious piazza, are very fair. The Duke of Guise's house is worth seeing, being furnished with many antiquities in and about it. The Jesuits have here a royal College, and the City is a University.

7th October. We had a most delicious journey to Marseilles, through a country sweetly declining to the south and Mediterranean coasts, full of vineyards and olive-yards, orange trees, myrtles, pomegranates, and the like sweet plantations, to which belong pleasantly situated villas to the number of above 1500, built all of freestone, and in prospect showing as if they were so many heaps of snow dropped out of the clouds amongst those perennial greens. It was almost at the shutting of the gates that we arrived. Marseilles is on the sea-coast, on a pleasant rising ground, well-walled, with an excellent port for ships and galleys, secured by a huge chain of iron drawn across the harbour at pleasure; and there is a well-fortified tower with three other forts, especially that built on a rock; but the castle commanding the city is that of Notre Dame de la Garde. In the chapel hung up divers crocodiles' skins.

We went then to visit the galleys, being about twenty-five in number; the Capitaine of the Galley Royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft music very rarely. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod, and his whistle making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, their heads being shaven close, and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middle and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk amongst the rest he much favoured, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg, but not coupled. This galley was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the capitaine sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged. I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable caitiffs lie in their galley crowded together; yet there was hardly one but had some occupation, by which, as leisure and calms permitted, they got some little money, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. The rising-forward and falling-back at their oar, is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains, with the roaring of the beaten waters, has something of strange and fearful in it to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet, on the least disorder, and without the least humanity, yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.

After dinner, we saw the church of St. Victoire, where is that saint's head in a shrine of silver, which weighs 600 pounds. Thence to Notre Dame, exceedingly well-built, which is the cathedral. Thence to the Duke of Guise's Palace, the Palace of Justice, and the Maison du Roi; but nothing is more strange than the great number of slaves working in the streets, and carrying burthens, with their confused noises, and jingling of their huge chains. The chief trade of the town is in silks and drugs out of Africa, Syria, and Egypt, and Barbary horses, which are brought hither in great numbers. The town is governed by four captains, has three consuls, and one assessor, three judges royal; the merchants have a judge for ordinary causes. Here we bought umbrellas against the heats, and consulted of our journey to Cannes by land, for fear of the Picaroon Turks, who make prize of many small vessels about these parts; we not finding a galley bound for Genoa, whither we were designed.

9*th October*. We took mules, passing the first night very late in sight of St. Baume, and the solitary grot where they affirm Mary Magdalen did her penance. The next day, we lay at Perigueux, a city built on an old foundation; witness the ruins of a most stately amphitheatre, which I went out to design, being about a flight-shot from the town; they call it now the Rolsies. There is also a strong tower near the town, called the Visone, but the town and city are at some distance from each other. It is a bishopric; has a cathedral with divers noblemen's houses in sight of the sea. The place was formerly called Forum Julij, well known by antiquaries.

10*th*. We proceeded by the ruins of a stately aqueduct. The soil about the country is rocky, full of pines and rare simples.

11*th*. We lay at Cannes, which is a small port on the Mediterranean; here we agreed with a seaman to carry us to Genoa, and, having procured a bill of health (without which there is no admission at any town in Italy), we embarked on the 12th. We touched at the islands of St. Margaret and St. Honore, lately re-taken from the Spaniards with great bravery by Prince Harcourt. Here, having paid some small duty, we bought some trifles offered us by the soldiers, but without going on shore. Hence, we coasted within two leagues of Antibes, which is the utmost town in France. Thence by Nice, a city in Savoy, built all of brick, which gives it a very pleasant appearance towards the sea, having a very high castle which commands it. We sailed by Morgus, now called Monaco, having passed Villa Franca, heretofore Portus Herculis, when, arriving after the gates were shut, we were forced to abide all night in the barge, which was put into the haven, the wind coming contrary. In the morning, we were hastened away, having no time permitted us by our avaricious master to go up and see this strong and considerable place, which now belongs to a prince of the family of Grimaldi, of Genoa, who has put both it and himself under the protection of the French. The situation is on a promontory of solid stone and rock. The town-walls very fair. We were told that within it was an ample court, and a palace, furnished with the most rich and princely moveables, and a collection of statues, pictures, and massy plate to an immense amount.

We sailed by Menton and Ventimiglia, being the first city of the republic of Genoa; supped at Oneglia, where we anchored and lay on shore. The next morning, we coasted in view of the Isle of Corsica, and St. Remo, where the shore is furnished with evergreens, oranges, citrons, and date-trees; we lay at Port Mauritio. The next morning by Diano, Araisso, famous for the best coral fishing, growing in abundance on the rocks, deep and continually covered by the sea. By Albenga and Finale, a very fair and strong town belonging to the King of Spain, for which reason a monsieur in our vessel was extremely afraid, as was the patron of our bark, for they frequently catch French prizes, as they creep by these shores to go into Italy; he therefore plied both sails and oars, to get under the protection of a Genoese galley that passed not far before us, and in whose company we sailed as far as the Cape of Savona, a town built at the rise of the Apennines: for all this coast (except a little of St. Remo) is a high and steep mountainous ground, consisting all of rock-marble, without any grass, tree, or rivage, formidable to look on. A strange object it is, to consider how some poor cottages stand fast on the declivities of these precipices, and by what steps the inhabitants ascend to them. The rock consists of all sorts of the most precious marbles.

Here, on the 15th, forsaking our galley, we encountered a little foul weather, which made us creep *terra*, *terra*, as they call it, and so a vessel that encountered us advised us to do; but our patron, striving to double the point of Savona, making out into the wind put us into great hazard; for blowing very hard from land betwixt those horrid gaps of the mountains, it set so violently, as raised on the sudden so great a sea, that we could not recover the weather-shore for many hours, insomuch that, what with the water already entered, and the confusion of fearful passengers (of which one who was an Irish bishop, and his brother, a priest, were confessing some as at the article of death), we were almost abandoned to despair, our pilot himself giving us up for lost. And now, as we were weary with pumping and laving out the water, almost sinking, it pleased God on the sudden to appease the wind, and with much ado and great peril we recovered the shore, which we now kept in view within half a league in sight of those pleasant villas, and within scent of those fragrant orchards which are on this coast, full of princely retirements for the sumptuousness of their buildings, and nobleness of the plantations, especially those at St. Pietro d'Arena; from whence, the wind blowing as it did, might perfectly be smelt the peculiar joys of Italy in the perfumes of orange, citron, and jasmine flowers, for divers leagues seaward.[1]

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[1] Evelyn seems to have been much enchanted by the fragrancy of the air of this coast, for he has noticed it again in his dedication of the *Fumifugium* to Charles the Second.

16th October. We got to anchor under the Pharos, or watch-tower, built on a high rock at the mouth of the Mole of Genoa, the weather being still so foul that for two hours at least we durst not stand into the haven. Towards evening we adventured, and came on shore by the Prattique house, where, after strict examination by the Syndics, we were had to the Ducal Palace, and there our names being taken, we were conducted to our inn, kept by one Zacharias, an Englishman. I shall never forget a story of our host Zachary, who, on the relation of our peril, told us another of his own, being shipwrecked, as he affirmed solemnly, in the middle of a great sea somewhere in the West Indies, that he swam no less than twenty-two leagues to another island, with a tinder-box wrapped up in his hair, which was not so much as wet all the way; that picking up the carpenter's tools with other provisions in a chest, he and the carpenter, who accompanied him (good swimmers it seems both), floated the chest before them; and, arriving at last in a place full of wood, they built another vessel, and so escaped! After this story, we no more talked of our danger; Zachary put us quite down.

17th October. Accompanied by a most courteous marchand, called Tomson, we went to view the rarities. The city is built in the hollow or bosom of a mountain, whose ascent is very steep, high, and rocky, so that, from the Lantern and Mole to the hill, it represents the shape of a theatre; the streets and buildings so ranged one above another, as our seats are in the play-houses; but, from their materials, beauty, and structure, never was an artificial scene more beautiful to the eye, nor is any place, for the size of it, so full of well-designed and stately palaces, as may be easily concluded by that rare book in a large folio which the great virtuoso and painter, Paul Rubens, has published, though it contains [the description of] only one street and two or three churches.

The first palace we went to visit was that of Hieronymo del Negros, to which we passed by boat across the harbour. Here I could not but observe the sudden and devilish passion of a seaman, who plying us was intercepted by another fellow, that interposed his boat before him and took us in; for the tears gushing out of his eyes, he put his finger in his mouth and almost bit it off by the joint, showing it to his antagonist as an assurance to him of some bloody revenge, if ever he came near that part of the harbour again. Indeed this beautiful city is more stained with such horrid acts of revenge and murders, than any one place in Europe, or haply in the world, where there is a political government, which makes it unsafe to strangers. It is made a galley matter to carry a knife whose point is not broken off.

This palace of Negros is richly furnished with the rarest pictures; on the terrace, or hilly garden, there is a grove of stately trees, amongst which are sheep, shepherds, and wild beasts, cut very artificially in a grey stone; fountains, rocks, and fish-ponds; casting your eyes one way, you would imagine yourself in a wilderness and silent country; sideways, in the heart of a great city; and backwards, in the midst of the sea. All this is within one acre of ground. In the house, I noticed those red-plaster floors which are made so hard, and kept so polished, that for some time one would take them for whole pieces of porphyry. I have frequently wondered that we never practised this [art] in England for cabinets and rooms of state,[1] for it appears to me beyond any invention of that kind; but by their carefully covering them with canvass and fine mattresses, where there is much passage, I suppose they are not lasting in their glory, and haply they are often repaired.

There are numerous other palaces of particular curiosities, for the marchands being very rich, have, like our neighbours, the Hollanders, little or no extent of ground to employ their estates in; as those in pictures and hangings, so these lay it out on marble houses and rich furniture. One of the greatest here for circuit is that of the Prince Doria, which reaches from the sea to the summit of the mountains. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less gloriously furnished within, having whole tables[2] and bedsteads of massy silver, many of them set with agates, onyxes, cornelians, lazulis, pearls, torquoises, and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this palace belong three gardens, the first whereof is beautified with a terrace, supported by pillars of marble: there is a fountain of eagles, and one of Neptune, with other sea-gods, all of the purest white marble; they stand in a most ample basin of the same stone. At the side of this garden is such an aviary as Sir Francis Bacon describes in his *Sermones fidelium*, or Essays, wherein grow trees of more than two feet diameter, besides cypress, myrtles, lentiscuses, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who have air and place enough under their airy canopy, supported with huge iron work, stupendous for its fabric and the charge. The other two gardens are full of orange-trees, citrons, and pomegranates, fountains, grots, and statues. One of the latter is a colossal Jupiter, under which is the sepulchre of a beloved dog, for the care of which one of this family received of the King of Spain 500 crowns a-year, during the life of that faithful animal. The reservoir of water here is a most admirable piece of art; and so is the grotto over against it.

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[1] There are such at Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire's.

[2] One of which, Lassells says, weighed 24,000 lbs. *Voyage through Italy*, 1670, p. 94.

We went hence to the Palace of the Dukes, where is also the Court of Justice; then to the Marchant's Walk, rarely covered. Near[1] the Ducal Palace we saw the public armoury, which was almost all new, most neatly kept and ordered, sufficient for 30,000 men. We were showed many rare inventions and engines of war peculiar to that armoury, as in the state when guns were first put in use. The garrison of the town chiefly consists of Germans and Corsicans. The famous Strada Nova, built wholly of polished marble, was designed by Rubens, and for stateliness of the buildings, paving, and evenness of the street, is far superior to any in Europe, for the number of houses; that of Don Carlo Doria is a most magnificent structure. In the gardens of the old Marquess Spinola, I saw huge citrons hanging on the trees, applied like our apricots to the walls. The churches are no less splendid than the palaces; that of St. Francis is wholly built of Parian marble; St. Laurence, in the middle of the city, of white and black polished stone, the inside wholly incrusted with marble and other precious materials; on the altar of St. John stand four sumptuous columns of porphyry; and here we were showed an emerald, supposed to be one of the largest in the world.[2] The church of St. Ambrosio, belonging to the Jesuits, will, when finished, exceed all the rest; and that of the Annunciada, founded at the charges of one family,[1] in the present and future design can never be outdone for cost and art. From the churches we walked to the Mole, a work of solid huge stone, stretching itself near 600 paces into the main sea, and secures the harbour, heretofore of no safety. Of all the wonders of Italy, for the art and nature of the design, nothing parallels this. We passed over to the Pharos, or Lantern, a tower of very great height. Here we took horses, and made the circuit of the city as far as the new walls, built of a prodigious height, and with Herculean industry; witness those vast pieces of whole mountains which they have hewn away, and blown up with gunpowder, to render them steep and inaccessible. They are not much less than twenty English miles in extent,[2] reaching beyond the utmost buildings of the city. From one of these promontories we could easily discern the island of Corsica; and from the same, eastward, we saw a vale having a great torrent running through a most desolate barren country; and then turning our eyes more northward, saw those delicious villas of St. Pietro d'Arena, which present another Genoa to you, the ravishing retirements of the Genoese nobility. Hence, with much pain, we descended towards the Arsenal, where the galleys lie in excellent order.

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[1] Lassells says, in the Palace.

[2] Lassells calls it a great dish, in which they say here that our Saviour ate the Paschal Lamb with his Disciples; but he candidly adds that he finds no authority for it in any ancient writer, and to it

The inhabitants of the city are much affected to the Spanish mode and stately garb.[3] From the narrowness of the streets, they use sedans and litters, and not coaches.

19*th October.* We embarked in a felucca for Livorno,

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must be opposed the statement of the Venerable Bede, that the dish used was of *silver*. Of an authentic relic of St. John he observes that Baronius writes credibly.

[1] Two brothers, named Lomellini, allow the third part of their gains.—*Lassells.*

[2] Lassells says (p. 83), finished in eighteen months, and yet six miles in compass.

[3] Thus described by Lassells (p. 96): "Broad hats without hatbands, broad leather girdles with steel buckles, narrow breeches, with long waisted doublets and hanging sleeves. The great ladies go in guard infantas (child-preservers); that is, in horrible overgrown vertigals of whalebone, which being put about the waist of the lady, and full as broad on both sides as she can reach with her hands, bear out her coats in such a manner that she appears to be as broad as long. The men look like tumblers that leap through hoops, and the women like those that anciently danced the hobby-horse in country mummings."

or Leghorn; but the sea running very high, we put in at Porto Venere, which we made with peril, between two narrow horrid rocks, against which the sea dashed with great velocity; but we were soon delivered into as great a calm and a most ample harbour, being in the Golfo di Spetia. From hence, we could see Pliny's Delphini Promontorium, now called Capo fino. Here stood that famous city of Luna, whence the port was named Lunaris, being about two leagues over, more resembling a lake than a haven, but defended by castles and excessive high mountains. We landed at Lerici, where, being Sunday, was a great procession, carrying the Sacrament about the streets in solemn devotion. After dinner, we took post-horses, passing through whole groves of olive-trees, the way somewhat rugged and hilly at first, but afterwards pleasant. Thus we passed through the towns of Sarzana and Massa, and the vast marble quarries of Carrara, and lodged in an obscure inn, at a place called Viregio. The next morning, we arrived at Pisa, where I met my old friend, Mr. Thomas Henshaw, who was then newly come out of Spain, and from whose company I never parted till more than a year after.

The city of Pisa is as much worth seeing as any in Italy; it has contended with Rome, Florence, Sardinia, Sicily, and even Carthage. The palace and church of St. Stefano (where the order of knighthood called by that name was instituted) drew first our curiosity, the outside thereof being altogether of polished marble; within, it is full of tables relating to this Order; over which hang divers banners and pendants, with other trophies taken by them from the Turks, against whom they are particularly obliged to fight; though a religious order, they are permitted to marry. At the front of the palace stands a fountain, and the statue of the great Duke Cosmo. The Campanile, or Settezonio, built by John Venipont, a German, consists of several orders of pillars, thirty in a row, designed to be much higher. It stands alone on the right side of the cathedral, strangely remarkable for this, that the beholder would expect it to fall, being built exceedingly declining, by a rare address of the architect; and how it is supported from falling I think would puzzle a good geometrician. The Duomo, or Cathedral, standing near it, is a superb structure, beautified with six columns of great antiquity; the gates are of brass, of admirable workmanship. The cemetery called Campo Santo is made of divers galley ladings of earth formerly brought from Jerusalem, said to be of such a nature, as to consume dead bodies in forty hours. 'Tis cloistered with marble arches; and here lies buried the learned Philip Decius, who taught in this University. At one side of this church, stands an ample and well-wrought marble vessel, which heretofore contained the tribute paid yearly by the city to Cæsar. It is placed, as I remember, on a pillar of opal stone, with divers other antique urns. Near this, and in the same field, is the Baptistery of San Giovanni, built of pure white marble, and covered with so artificial a cupola, that the voice uttered under it seems to break out of a cloud. The font and pulpit, supported by four lions, is of inestimable value for the preciousness of the materials. The place where these buildings stand they call the *Area*. Hence, we went to the College, to which joins a gallery so furnished with natural rarities, stones, minerals, shells, dried animals, skeletons, &c., as is hardly to be seen in Italy. To this the Physic Garden lies, where is a noble palm-tree, and very fine water-works. The river Arno runs through the middle of this stately city, whence the main street is named Lung 'Arno. It is so ample that the Duke's galleys, built in the arsenal here, are easily conveyed to Livorno; over the river is an arch, the like of which, for its flatness, and serving for a bridge, is nowhere in Europe. The Duke has a stately Palace, before which is placed the statue of Ferdinand the Third; over against it is the Exchange, built of marble. Since this city came to be under the Dukes of Tuscany, it has been much depopulated, though there is hardly in Italy any which exceeds it for stately edifices. The situation of it is low and flat; but the inhabitants have spacious gardens, and even fields within the walls.

21st October. We took coach to Livorno, through the Great Duke's new park full of huge cork-trees, the underwood all myrtles, amongst which were many buffaloes feeding, a kind of wild ox, short nose with horns reversed; those who work with them command them, as our bearwards do the bears, with a ring through the nose, and a cord. Much of this park, as well as a great part of the country about it, is very fenny, and the air very bad.

Leghorn is the prime port belonging to all the Duke's territories; heretofore a very obscure town, but since Duke Ferdinand has strongly fortified it (after the modern way), drained the marshes by cutting a channel thence to Pisa navigable sixteen miles, and has raised a Mole, emulating that at Genoa, to secure the shipping, it is become a place of great receipt; it has also a place for the galleys, where they lie safe. Before the sea is an ample piazza for the market, where are the statues in copper of the four slaves, much exceeding the life for proportion, and, in the judgment of most artists, one of the best pieces of modern work.[1] Here, especially in this piazza, is such a concourse of slaves, Turks, Moors, and other nations, that the number and confusion is prodigious; some buying, others selling, others drinking, others playing, some working, others sleeping, fighting, singing, weeping, all nearly naked, and miserably chained. Here was a tent, where any idle fellow might stake his liberty against a few crowns, at dice, or other hazard; and, if he lost, he was immediately chained and led away to the galleys, where he was to serve a term of years, but from whence they seldom returned: many sottish persons, in a drunken bravado, would try their fortune in this way.

The houses of this neat town are very uniform, and excellently painted, *à fresco* on the outer walls, with representations of many of their victories over the Turks. The houses, though low on account of the earthquakes which frequently happen here, (as did one during my being in Italy), are very well built; the piazza is very fair and commodious, and, with the church, whose four columns at the portico are of black marble polished, gave the first hint to the building both of the church and piazza in Covent Garden with us, though very imperfectly pursued.

22nd October. From Livorno, I took coach to Empoly, where we lay, and the next day arrived at Florence, being recommended to the house of Signor Baritiére, in the Piazza del Spirito Santo, where we were exceedingly well treated. Florence is at the foot of the Apennines, the west part full of stately groves and pleasant meadows, beautified with more than a thousand houses and country palaces of note, belonging to gentlemen of the town. The river Arno runs through the city, in a broad, but very shallow channel, dividing it, as it were, in the middle, and over it are four most sumptuous bridges, of stone. On that nearest to our quarter are the four Seasons, in white marble; on another are the goldsmiths' shops; at the head of the former stands a column of ophite, upon which a statue of Justice, with her balance and sword, cut out of porphyry, and the more remarkable for being the first which had been carved out of that hard material, and brought to perfection, after the art had been utterly lost; they say this was done by hardening the tools in the juice of certain herbs. This statue was erected in that corner, because there Cosmo was first saluted with the news of Sienna being taken.

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[1] They had attempted to steal a galley, meaning to have rowed it themselves; but were taken in this great enterprise. *Lassells*, p. 233.

Near this is the famous Palazzo di Strozzi, a princely piece of architecture, in a rustic manner. The Palace of Pitti was built by that family, but of late greatly beautified by Cosmo with huge square stones of the Doric, Ionic, and the Corinthian orders, with a terrace at each side having rustic uncut balustrades, with a fountain that ends in a cascade seen from the great gate, and so forming a vista to the gardens. Nothing is more admirable than the vacant staircase, marbles, statues, urns, pictures, court, grotto, and water-works. In the quadrangle is a huge jetto of water in a volto of four faces, with noble statues at each square, especially the Diana of porphyry above the grotto. We were here showed a prodigious great loadstone.

The garden has every variety, hills, dales, rocks, groves, aviaries, vivaries, fountains, especially one of five jettos, the middle basin being one of the longest stones I ever saw. Here is everything to make such a Paradise delightful. In the garden I saw a rose grafted on an orange-tree. There was much topiary-work, and columns in architecture about the hedges. The Duke has added an ample laboratory, over-against which stands a fort on a hill, where they told us his treasure is kept. In this Palace the Duke ordinarily resides, living with his Swiss guards, after the frugal Italian way, and even selling what he can spare of his wines, at the cellar under his very house, wicker bottles dangling over even the chief entrance into the Palace, serving for a vintner's bush.

In the Church of Santo Spirito the altar and reliquary are most rich, and full of precious stones; there are four pillars of a kind of serpentine, and some of blue. Hence we went to another Palace of the Duke's, called Palazzo Vecchio, before which is a statue of David, by Michael Angelo, and one of Hercules, killing Cacus, the work of Baccio Bandinelli. The quadrangle about this is of the Corinthian order, and in the hall are many rare marbles, as those of Leo the Tenth and Clement VII., both Popes of the Medicean family; also the acts of Cosmo, in rare painting. In the chapel is kept (as they would make one believe) the original Gospel of St. John, written with his own hand; and the famous Florentine Pandects, and divers precious stones. Near it is another pendent Tower like that of Pisa, always threatening ruin.

Under the Court of Justice is a stately arcade for men to walk in, and over that, the shops of divers rare artists who continually work for the great Duke. Above this is that renowned Ceimeliarcha, or repository, wherein are hundreds of admirable antiquities, statues of marble and metal, vases of porphyry, &c.; but amongst the statues none so famous as the Scipio, the Boar, the Idol of Apollo, brought from the Delphic Temple, and two triumphant columns. Over these hang the pictures of the most famous persons and illustrious men in arts or arms, to the number of 300, taken out of the museum of Paulus Jovius. They then led us into a large square room, in the middle of which stood a cabinet of an octangular form, so adorned and furnished with crystals, agates, and sculptures, as exceeds any description. This cabinet is called the *Tribuna*, and in it is a pearl as big as an hazel-nut. The cabinet is of ebony, lazuli, and jasper; over the door is a round of M. Angelo; on the cabinet, Leo the Tenth, with other paintings of Raphael, del Sarto, Perugino, and Correggio, viz., a St. John, a Virgin, a Boy, two Apostles, two heads of Durer, rarely carved. Over this cabinet is a globe of ivory, excellently carved; the Labours of Hercules, in massy silver, and many incomparable pictures in small. There is another, which had about it eight Oriental columns of alabaster, on each whereof was placed a head of a Cæsar, covered with a canopy so richly set with precious stones, that they resembled a firmament of stars. Within it was our Saviour's Passion, and the twelve Apostles in amber. This cabinet was valued at two hundred thousand crowns. In another, with calcedon pillars, was a series of golden medals. Here is also another rich ebony cabinet cupolaed with a tortoise-shell, and containing a collection of gold medals esteemed worth 50,000 crowns; a wreathed pillar of oriental alabaster, divers paintings of Da Vinci, Pontorno, del Sarto, an *Ecce Homo* of Titian, a Boy of Bronzini, &c. They showed us a branch of coral fixed on the rock, which they affirm does still grow. In another room, is kept the Tabernacle appointed for the chapel of St. Laurence, about which are placed small statues of Saints, of precious materials; a piece of such art and cost, that, having been these forty years in perfecting, it is one of the most curious things in the world. Here were divers tables of Pietra Commesso, which is a marble ground inlaid with several sorts of marbles and stones of various colours, representing flowers, trees, beasts, birds, and landscapes. In one is represented the town of Leghorn, by the same hand who inlaid the altar of St. Laurence, Domenico Benotti, of whom I purchased nineteen pieces of the same work for a cabinet. In a press near this they showed an iron nail, one half whereof being converted into gold by one Thurnheuser, a German chymist, is looked on as a great rarity; but it plainly appeared to have been soldered together. There is a curious watch, a monstrous turquoise as big as an egg, on which is carved an emperor's head.

In the armoury are kept many antique habits, as those of Chinese kings; the sword of Charlemagne; Hannibal's head-piece; a loadstone of a yard long, which bears up 86 lbs. weight, in a chain of seventeen links, such as the slaves are tied to. In another room are such rare turneries in ivory, as are not to be described for their curiosity. There is a fair pillar of oriental alabaster; twelve vast and complete services of silver plate, and one of gold, all of excellent workmanship; a rich embroidered saddle of pearls sent by the Emperor to this Duke; and here is that embroidered chair set with precious stones in which he sits, when, on St. John's day, he receives the tribute of the cities.

25th October. We went to the Portico where the famous statue of Judith and Holofernes stands, also the Medusa, all of copper; but what is most admirable is the Rape of a Sabine, with another man under foot, the confusion and turning of whose limbs is most admirable. It is of one entire marble, the work of John di Bologna, and is most stupendous; this stands directly against the great piazza, where, to adorn one fountain, are erected four marble statues and eight of brass, representing Neptune and his family of sea-gods, of a Colossean magnitude, with four sea-horses, in Parian marble of Lamedrati, in the midst of a very great basin; a work, I think, hardly to be paralleled. Here is also the famous statue of David, by M. Angelo; Hercules and Cacus, by Baccio Bandinelli; the Perseus, in copper, by Benevento, and the Judith of Donatelli, which stand publicly before the old Palace with the Centaur of Bologna, huge Colossean figures. Near this stand Cosmo di Medicis on horseback, in brass on a pedestal of marble, and four copper basso-relievos by John di Bologna, with divers inscriptions; the Ferdinand the First, on horseback, is of Pietro Tacca. The brazen boar, which serves for another public fountain, is admirable.

After dinner, we went to the Church of the Annunciata, where the Duke and his Court were at their devotions, being a place of extraordinary repute for sanctity: for here is a shrine that does great miracles, [proved] by innumerable votive tablets, &c., covering almost the walls of the whole church. This is the image of Gabriel, who saluted the Blessed Virgin, and which the artist finished so well, that he was in despair of performing the Virgin's face so well; whereupon it was miraculously done for him whilst he slept; but others say it was painted by St. Luke himself. Whoever it was, infinite is the devotion of both sexes to it. The altar is set off with four columns of oriental alabaster, and lighted by thirty great silver lamps. There are innumerable other pictures by rare masters. Our Saviour's Passion in brass tables inserted in marble, is the work of John di Bologna and Baccio Bandinelli.

To this church joins a convent, whose cloister is painted in *fresco* very rarely. There is also near it an hospital for 1000 persons, with nurse-children, and several other charitable accommodations.

At the Duke's Cavalerizza, the Prince has a stable of the finest horses of all countries, Arabs, Turks, Barbs, Gennets, English, &c., which are continually exercised in the *manège*.

Near this is a place where are kept several wild beasts, as wolves, cats, bears, tigers, and lions. They are loose in a deep walled court, and therefore to be seen with more pleasure than those at the tower of London, in their grates. One of the lions leaped to a surprising height, to catch a joint of mutton which I caused to be hung down.

[1] There are many plain brick towers erected for defence, when this was a free state. The highest is called the Mangio, standing at the foot of the piazza which we went first to see after our arrival. At the entrance of this tower is a chapel open towards the piazza, of marble well-adorned with sculpture.

On the other side is the Signoria, or Court of Justice, well built *a la moderna*, of brick; indeed the bricks of Sienna are so well made, that they look almost as well as porphyry itself, having a kind of natural polish.

In the Senate-House is a very fair Hall where they sometimes entertain the people with public shows and operas, as they call them. Towards the left are the statues of Romulus and Remus with the wolf, all of brass, placed on a column of ophite stone, which they report was brought from the renowned Ephesian Temple. These ensigns being the arms of the town, are set up in divers of the streets and public ways both within and far without the city.

The piazza compasses the *facciata* of the court and chapel, and, being made with descending steps, much resembles the figure of an escalop-shell. The white ranges of pavement, intermixed with the excellent bricks above mentioned, with which the town is generally well paved, render it very clean. About this market-place (for so it is) are many fair palaces, though not built with excess of elegance. There stands an arch, the work of Baltazzar di Sienna, built with wonderful ingenuity, so that it is not easy to conceive how it is supported, yet it has some imperceptible contignations, which do not betray themselves easily to the eye. On the edge of the piazza is a goodly fountain beautified with statues, the water issuing out of the wolves' mouths, being the work of Jacobo Quercei, a famous artist. There are divers other public fountains in the city, of good design.

After this we walked to the Sapienza, which is the University, or rather College, where the high Germans enjoy many particular privileges when they addict themselves to the civil law: and indeed this place has produced many excellent scholars, besides those three Popes, Alexander, Pius II., and III., of that name, the learned Æneas Sylvius; and both were of the ancient house of the Piccolomini.

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[1] There seems to be here an omission in the MS. between their leaving Florence and going to Sienna.

The chief street is called Strada Romana, in which Pius II. has built a most stately Palace of square stone, with an incomparable portico joining near to it. The town is commanded by a castle which hath four bastions and a garrison of soldiers. Near it is a list to ride horses in, much frequented by the gallants in summer.

Not far from hence is the Church and Convent of the Dominicans, where in the chapel of St. Catherine of Sienna they show her head, the rest of her body being translated to Rome. The Duomo, or Cathedral, both without and within, is of large square stones of black and white marble polished, of inexpressible beauty, as is the front adorned with sculpture and rare statues. In the middle is a stately cupola and two columns of sundry streaked coloured marble. About the body of the church, on a cornice within, are inserted the heads of all the Popes. The pulpit is beautified with marble figures, a piece of exquisite work; but what exceeds all description is the pavement, where (besides the various emblems and other figures in the nave) the choir is wrought with the history of the Bible, so artificially expressed in the natural colours of the marbles, that few pictures exceed it. Here stands a Christo, rarely cut in marble, and on the large high altar is a brazen vessel of admirable invention and art. The organs are exceeding sweet and well tuned. On the left side of the altar is the library, where are painted the acts of Æneas Sylvius, and others by Raphael. They showed us an arm of St. John the Baptist, wherewith, they say, he baptized our Saviour in Jordan; it was given by the King of Peloponnesus to one of the Popes, as an inscription testifies. They have also St. Peter's sword, with which he smote off the ear of Malchus.

Just against the cathedral, we went into the Hospital, where they entertain and refresh for three or four days, gratis, such pilgrims as go to Rome. In the chapel belonging to it lies the body of St. Susorius, their founder, as yet uncorrupted, though dead many hundreds of years.

They show one of the nails which pierced our Saviour, and Saint Chrysostom's Comment on the Gospel, written by his own hand. Below the hill stands the pool called Fonte Brande, where fish are fed for pleasure more than food.

St. Francis's Church is a large pile, near which, yet a little without the city, grows a tree which they report in their legend grew from the Saint's staff, which, on going to sleep, he fixed in the ground, and at his waking found it had grown a large tree. They affirm that the wood of it in decoction cures sundry diseases.

2nd November. We went from Sienna, desirous of being present at the cavalcade of the new Pope, Innocent X.,[1] who had not yet made the grand procession to St. John di Laterano. We set out by Porto Romano, the country all about the town being rare for hunting and game. Wild boar and venison are frequently sold in the shops in many of the towns about it. We passed near Monte Oliveto, where the monastery of that Order is pleasantly situated, and worth seeing. Passing over a bridge, which, by the inscription, appears to have been built by Prince Matthias, we went through Buon-Convento, famous for the death of the Emperor, Henry VII., who was here poisoned with the holy Eucharist. Thence, we came to Torrinieri, where we dined. This village is in a sweet valley, in view of Montalcino, famous for the rare Muscatello.[2] After three miles more, we go by St. Quirico, and lay at a private osteria near it, where, after we were provided of lodging, came in Cardinal Donghi, a Genoese by birth, now come from Rome; he was so civil as to entertain us with great respect, hearing we were English, for that, he told us he had been once in our country. Amongst other discourse, he related how a dove had been seen to sit on the chair in the Conclave at the election of Pope Innocent, which he magnified as a great good omen, with other particulars which we inquired of him, till our suppers parted us. He came in great state with his own bedstead and all the furniture, yet would by no means suffer us to resign the room we had taken up in the lodging before his arrival. Next morning, we rode by Monte Pientio, or, as vulgarly called, Monte Mantumiato, which is of an excessive height, ever and anon peeping above any clouds with its snowy head, till we had climbed to the inn at Radicofani, built by Ferdinand, the great Duke, for the necessary refreshment of travellers in so inhospitable a place. As we ascended, we entered a very thick, solid, and dark body of clouds, looking like rocks at a little distance, which lasted near a mile in going up; they were dry misty vapours, hanging undissolved for a vast thickness, and obscuring both the sun and earth, so that we seemed to be in the sea rather than in the clouds, till, having pierced through it, we came into a most serene heaven, as if we had been above all human conversation, the mountain appearing more like a great island than joined to any other hills; for we could perceive nothing but a sea of thick clouds rolling under our feet like huge waves, every now and then suffering the top of some other mountain to peep through, which we could discover many miles off: and between some breaches of the clouds we could see landscapes and villages of the subjacent country. This was one of the most pleasant, new, and altogether surprising objects that I had ever beheld.

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[1] John Baptista Pamphili, chosen Pope in October, 1644, died in 1655.

[2] The wine so called.

On the summit of this horrid rock (for so it is) is built a very strong fort, garrisoned, and somewhat beneath it is a small town; the provisions are drawn up with ropes and engines, the precipice being otherwise inaccessible. At one end of the town lie heaps of rocks so strangely broken off from the ragged mountain, as would affright one with their horror and menacing postures. Just opposite to the inn gushed out a plentiful and most useful fountain which falls into a great trough of stone, bearing the Duke of Tuscany's arms. Here we dined, and I with my black lead pen took the prospect.[1] It is one of the utmost confines of the Etrurian State towards St. Peter's Patrimony, since the gift of Matilda to Gregory VII., as is pretended.

Here we pass a stone bridge, built by Pope Gregory XIV., and thence immediately to Acquapendente,[2] a town situated on a very ragged rock, down which precipitates an entire river (which gives it the denomination), with a most horrid roaring noise. We lay at the post-house, on which is this inscription:

L'Insegna della Posta, é posta a posta,
In questa posta, fin che habbia à sua posta
Ogn' un Cavallo a Vetturi in Posta.

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[1] An etching of it, with others, is in the library at Wotton.

[2] Twelve miles from the Duke's inn, according to Lassells.

Before it was dark, we went to see the Monastery of the Franciscans, famous for six learned Popes, and sundry other great scholars, especially the renowned physician and anatomist, Fabricius de Acquapendente, who was bred and born there.

4th November. After a little riding, we descended towards the Lake of Bolsena, which being above twenty miles in circuit, yields from hence a most incomparable prospect. Near the middle of it are two small islands, in one of which is a convent of melancholy Capuchins, where those of the Farnesian family are interred. Pliny calls it *Tarquiniensis Lacus*, and talks of divers floating islands about it, but they did not appear to us. The lake is environed with mountains, at one of whose sides we passed towards the town Bolsena, anciently Volsinium, famous in those times, as is testified by divers rare sculptures in the court of St. Christiana's church, the urn, altar, and jasper columns.

After seven miles' riding, passing through a wood heretofore sacred to Juno, we came to Montefiascone, the head of the Falisci, a famous people in old time, and heretofore Falernum, as renowned for its excellent wine, as now for the story of the Dutch Bishop, who lies buried in St. Flavian's church with this epitaph:

Propter Est, Est, dominus meus mortuus est.

Because, having ordered his servant to ride before, and enquire where the best wine was, and there write *Est*, the man found some so good that he wrote *Est*, *Est*, upon the vessels, and the Bishop drinking too much of it, died.

From Montefiascone, we travel a plain and pleasant champain to Viterbo, which presents itself with much state afar off, in regard of her many lofty pinnacles and towers; neither does it deceive our expectation; for it is exceedingly beautified with public fountains, especially that at the entrance, which is all of brass and adorned with many rare figures, and salutes the passenger with a most agreeable object and refreshing waters. There are many Popes buried in this city, and in the palace is this odd inscription:

"Osiridis victoriam in Gigantas litteris historiographicis in hoc antiquissimo marmore inscriptam, ex Herculis olim, nunc Divi Laurentij Templo translatam, ad conversanda: vetustiss: patriæ monumenta atq' decora hic locandum statuit S.P.Q.V."

Under it:

Sum Osiris Rex Jupiter universo in terrarum orbe.

Sum Osiris Rex qui ab Itala in Gigantes exercitus veni, vidi, et vici.

Sum Osiris Rex qu terrarum pacata Italiam decem a'nos quorum inventor fui.

Near the town is a sulphureous fountain, which continually boils. After dinner we took horse by the new way of Capranica, and so passing near Mount Ciminus and the Lake, we began to enter the plains of Rome; at which sight my thoughts were strangely elevated, but soon allayed by so violent a shower, which fell just as we were contemplating that proud Mistress of the world, and descending by the Vatican (for at that gate we entered), that before we got into the city I was wet to the skin.

I came to Rome on the 4th November, 1644, about five at night; and being perplexed for a convenient lodging, wandered up and down on horseback, till at last one conducted us to Monsieur Petit's, a Frenchman, near the Piazza Spagnola. Here I alighted, and, having bargained with my host for twenty crowns a month, I caused a good fire to be made in my chamber and went to bed, being so very wet. The next morning (for I was resolved to spend no time idly here) I got acquainted with several persons who had long lived at Rome. I was especially recommended to Father John, a Benedictine monk and Superior of his Order for the English College of Douay, a person of singular learning, religion, and humanity; also to Mr. Patrick Cary, an Abbot, brother to our learned Lord Falkland, a witty young priest, who afterwards came over to our church; Dr. Bacon and Dr. Gibbs,[1] physicians who had dependence on Cardinal Caponi, the latter being an excellent poet; Father Courtney, the chief of the Jesuits in the English College; my Lord of Somerset, brother to the Marquis of Worcester;[2] and some others, from whom I received instructions how to behave in town, with directions to masters and books to take in search of the antiquities, churches, collections, &c. Accordingly, the next day, November 6, I began to be very pragmatical.[1]

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[1] James Alban Gibbs, a Scotchman, bred at Oxford, and resident many years at Rome, where he died 1677, and was buried in the Pantheon there, with an epitaph to his memory under a marble bust. He was an extraordinary character. In Wood's *Athenæ* is a long account of him, and some curious additional particulars will be found in Warton's *Life of Dr. Bathurst.* He was a writer of Latin poetry, a small collection of which he published at Rome, with his portrait prefixed.

[2] Thomas, third son of Edward fourth Earl of Worcester, made a Knight of the Bath by King James, and in 1626 created Viscount Somerset, of Cashel, in Ireland. He died in 1651.

In the first place, our sights-man[2] (for so they name certain persons here who get their living by leading strangers about to see the city) went to the Palace Farnese, a magnificent square structure, built by Michael Angelo, of the three orders of columns after the ancient manner, and when architecture was but newly recovered from the Gothic barbarity. The court is square and terraced, having two pair of stairs which lead to the upper rooms, and conducted us to that famous gallery painted by Augustine Caracci, than which nothing is more rare of that art; so deep and well-studied are all the figures, that it would require more judgment than I confess I had, to determine whether they were flat, or embossed. Thence, we passed into another, painted in chiaroscúro, representing the fabulous history of Hercules. We went out on a terrace, where was a pretty garden on the leads, for it is built in a place that has no extent of ground backwards. The great hall is wrought by Salviati and Zuccharo, furnished with statues, one of which being modern is the figure of a Farnese, in a triumphant posture, of white marble, worthy of admiration. Here we were showed the Museum of Fulvius Ursinos, replete with innumerable collections; but the Major-Dômo being absent, we could not at this time see all we wished. Descending into the court, we with astonishment contemplated those two incomparable statues of Hercules and Flora, so much celebrated by Pliny, and indeed by all antiquity, as two of the most rare pieces in the world: there likewise stands a modern statue of Hercules and two Gladiators, not to be despised. In a second court was a temporary shelter of boards over the most stupendous and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired Torso of Amphion and Dirce, represented in five figures, exceeding the life in magnitude, of the purest white marble, the contending work of those famous statuaries, Apollonius and Taurisco, in the time of Augustus, hewed out of one entire stone, and remaining unblemished, to be valued beyond all the marbles of the world for its antiquity and workmanship. There are divers other heads and busts. At the entrance of this stately palace stand two rare and vast fountains of garnito stone, brought into this piazza out of Titus's Baths. Here, in summer, the gentlemen of Rome take the *fresco* in their coaches and on foot. At the sides of this court, we visited the Palace of Signor Pichini, who has a good collection of antiquities, especially the Adonis of Parian marble, which my Lord Arundel would once have purchased, if a great price would have been taken for it.

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[1] The sense in which Evelyn uses this word is that of its old signification, as being very active and full of business,—setting to work systematically with what he came upon, namely, to view the antiquities and beauties of Rome.

[2] The name for these gentlemen since universal with Italians is cicerone, but they affect universally the title of antiquaries.

We went into the *Campo Vaccino*, by the ruins of the Temple of Peace, built by Titus Vespasianus, and thought to be the largest as well as the most richly furnished of all the Roman dedicated places: it is now a heap rather than a temple, yet the roof and *volto* continue firm, showing it to have been formerly of incomparable workmanship. This goodly structure was, none knows how, consumed by fire the very night, by all computation, that our blessed Saviour was born.

From hence, we passed by the place into which Curtius precipitated himself for the love of his country, now without any sign of a lake, or vorago. Near this stand some columns of white marble, of exquisite work, supposed to be part of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, built by Augustus; the work of the capitals (being Corinthian) and architrave is excellent, full of sacrificing utensils. There are three other of Jupiter Stator. Opposite to these are the oratories, or churches, of St. Cosmo and Damiano, heretofore the Temples of Romulus; a pretty old fabric, with a tribunal, or tholus within, wrought all of Mosaic. The gates before it are brass, and the whole much obliged to Pope Urban VIII. In this sacred place lie the bodies of those two martyrs; and in a chapel on the right hand is a rare painting of Cavaliere Baglioni.

We next entered St. Lorenzo in Miranda. The portico is supported by a range of most stately columns; the inscription cut in the architrave shows it to have been the Temple of Faustina. It is now made a fair church, and has an hospital which joins it. On the same side is St. Adriano, heretofore dedicated to Saturn. Before this was once placed a military column, supposed to be set in the centre of the city, from whence they used to compute the distance of all the cities and places of note under the dominion of those universal monarchs. To this church are likewise brazen gates and a noble front; just opposite we saw the heaps and ruins of Cicero's Palace. Hence we went towards Mons Capitolinus, at the foot of which stands the arch of Septimus Severus, full and entire, save where the pedestal and some of the lower members are choked up with ruins and earth. This arch is exceedingly enriched with sculpture and trophies, with a large inscription. In the terrestrial and naval battles here graven, is seen the Roman Aries [the battering-ram]; and this was the first triumphal arch set up in Rome. The Capitol, to which we climbed by very broad steps, is built about a square court, at the right hand of which, going up from Campo Vaccino, gushes a plentiful stream from the statue of Tyber, in porphyry, very antique, and another representing Rome; but, above all, is the admirable figure of Marforius, casting water into a most ample concha. The front of this court is crowned with an excellent fabric containing the Courts of Justice, and where the Criminal Notary sits, and others. In one of the halls they show the statues of Gregory XIII. and Paul III., with several others. To this joins a handsome tower, the whole facciáta adorned with noble statues, both on the outside and on the battlements, ascended by a double pair of stairs, and a stately Posario.

In the centre of the court stands that incomparable horse bearing the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, as big as the life, of Corinthian metal, placed on a pedestal of marble, esteemed one of the noblest pieces of work now extant, antique and very rare. There is also a vast head of a colossean magnitude, of white marble, fixed in the wall. At the descending stairs are set two horses of white marble governed by two naked slaves, taken to be Castor and Pollux, brought from Pompey's Theatre. On the balustrade, the trophies of Marius against the Cimbrians, very ancient and instructive. At the foot of the steps towards the left hand is that Colonna Miliaria, with the globe of brass on it, mentioned to have been formerly set up in Campo Vaccino. On the same hand, is the Palace of the Segniori Conservatori, or three Consuls, now the civil governors of the city, containing the fraternities, or halls and guilds, (as we call them) of sundry companies, and other offices of state. Under the portico within, are the statues of Augustus Cæsar, a Bacchus, and the so renowned Colonna Rostrata of Duillius, with the excellent bassi relievi. In a smaller court, the statue of Constantine, on a fountain, a Minerva's head of brass, and that of Commodus, to which belongs a hand, the thumb whereof is at least an ell long, and yet proportionable; but the rest of the Colosse is lost. In the corner of this court stand a horse and lion fighting, as big as life, in white marble, exceedingly valued; likewise the Rape of the Sabines; two cumbent figures of Alexander and Mammea; two monstrous feet of a colosse of Apollo; the Sepulchre of Agrippina; and the standard, or antique measure, of the Roman foot. Ascending by the steps of the other corner, are inserted four basso-relievos, viz. the triumph and sacrifice of Marcus Aurelius, which last, for the antiquity and rareness of the work, I caused my painter, Carlo Neapolitano, to copy. There are also two statues of the Muses, and one of Adrian, the Emperor: above stands the figure of Marius, and by the wall Marsyas bound to a tree; all of them excellent and antique. Above in the lobby, are inserted into the walls those ancient laws, on brass, called the Twelve Tables; a fair Madonna of Pietro Perugino, painted on the wall; near which are the archives, full of ancient records.

In the great hall are divers excellent paintings of Cavaliero Giuseppe d'Arpino, a statue in brass of Sextus V. and of Leo X., of marble. In another hall, are many modern statues of their late Consuls and Governors, set about with fine antique heads; others are painted by excellent masters, representing the actions of M. Scævola, Horatius Cocles, &c.—The room where the Conservatori now feast upon solemn days, is tapestried with crimson damask, embroidered with gold, having a state or *balduquino* of crimson velvet, very rich; the frieze above rarely painted. Here are in brass, Romulus and Remus sucking the wolf, of brass, with the Shepherd, Faustulus, by them; also the boy plucking the thorn out of his foot, of brass, so much admired by artists. There are also holy statues and heads of Saints. In a gallery near adjoining are the names of the ancient Consuls, Prætors, and Fasti Romani, so celebrated by the learned: also the figure of an old woman; two others representing Poverty; and more in fragments. In another large room, furnished with velvet, are the statue of Adonis, very rare, and divers antique heads. In the next chamber, is an old statue of Cicero, one of another Consul, a Hercules in brass, two women's heads of incomparable work, six other statues; and, over the chimney, a very rare basso-relievo, and other figures. In a little lobby before the chapel, is the statue of Hannibal, a Bacchus very antique, bustos of Pan and Mercury, with other old heads.—All these noble statues, &c., belong to the city, and cannot be disposed of to any private person, or removed hence, but are preserved for the honour of the place, though great sums have been offered for them by divers Princes, lovers of art and antiquity. We now left the Capitol, certainly one of the most renowned places in the world, even as now built by the design of the famous M. Angelo.

Returning home by Ara Cœli, we mounted to it by more than 100 marble steps, not in devotion, as I observed some to do on their bare knees, but to see those two famous statues of Constantine, in white marble, placed there out of his baths. In this church is a Madonna, reported to be painted by St. Luke, and a column, on which we saw the print of a foot, which they affirm to have been that of the Angel, seen on the Castle of St. Angelo. Here the feast of our Blessed Saviour's nativity being yearly celebrated with divers pageants, they began to make the preparation. Having viewed the Palace and fountain, at the other side of the stairs, we returned weary to our lodgings.

On the 7th November, we went again near the Capitol, towards the Tarpeian rock, where it has a goodly prospect of the Tyber. Thence, descending by the Tullianum, where they told us St. Peter was imprisoned, they showed us a chapel (S. Pietro de Vincoli) in which a rocky side of it bears the impression of his face. In the nave of the church gushes a fountain, which they say was caused by the Apostle's prayers, when having converted some of his fellow-captives he wanted water to make them Christians. The painting of the Ascension is by Rapha I. We then walked about Mount Palatinus and the Aventine, and thence to the Circus Maximus, capable of holding 40,000 spectators, now a heap of ruins, converted into gardens. Then by the *Forum Boarium*, where they have a tradition that Hercules slew Cacus, some ruins of his temple remaining. The Temple of Janus Quadrifrons, having four arches, importing the four Seasons, and on each side niches for the months, is still a substantial and pretty entire antiquity. Near to this is the Arcus Argentariorum. Bending now towards the Tyber, we went into the Theatre of Marcellus, which would hold 80,000 persons, built by Augustus, and dedicated to his nephew; the architecture, from what remains, appears to be inferior to none. It is now wholly converted into the house of the Savelli, one of the old Roman families. The people were now generally busy in erecting temporary triumphs and arches with statues and flattering inscriptions against his Holiness's grand procession to St. John di Laterani, amongst which the Jews also began one in testimony of gratitude for their protection under the Papal State. The Palazzo Barberini, designed by the present Pope's architect, Cavaliero Bernini, seems from the size to be as princely an object, as any modern building in Europe. It has a double portico, at the end of which we ascended by two pair of oval stairs, all of stone, and void in the well. One of these led us into a stately hall, the *volto* whereof was newly painted *à fresco*, by the rare hand of Pietro Berretini il Cortone. To this is annexed a gallery completely furnished with whatever art can call rare and singular, and a library full of worthy collections, medals, marbles, and manuscripts; but, above all, an Egyptian Osyris, remarkable for its unknown material and antiquity. In one of the rooms near this hangs the Sposaliccio of St. Sebastian, the original of Annibal Caracci, of which I procured a copy, little inferior to the prototype; a table, in my judgment, superior to anything I had seen in Rome. In the court is a vast broken guglia, or obelisk, having divers hieroglyphics cut on it.

8th November. We visited the Jesuits' Church, the front whereof is esteemed a noble piece of architecture, the design of Jacomo della Porta and the famous Vignola. In this church lies the body of their renowned Ignatius Loyola, an arm of Xaverius, their other Apostle; and, at the right end of their high altar, their champion, Cardinal Bellarmine. Here Father Kircher[1] (professor of Mathematics and the oriental tongues) showed us many singular courtesies, leading us into their refectory, dispensatory, laboratory, gardens, and finally (through a hall hung round with pictures of such of their order as had been executed for their pragmatical and busy adventures) into his own study, where, with Dutch patience, he showed us his perpetual motions, catoptrics, magnetical experiments, models, and a thousand other crotchets and devices, most of them since published by himself, or his industrious scholar, Schotti.[1]

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[1] Athanasius Kircher was born at Fulda, in Germany, early in the seventeenth century. He received his education at Wurtzburg, and in 1635 entered the College of Jesuits, at Avignon. He became a good scholar in Oriental literature, and an admirable mathematician; but he directed his attention particularly to the study of hieroglyphics.

Returning home, we had time to view the Palazzo de Medicis, which was an house of the Duke of Florence near our lodging, upon the brow of Mons Pincius, having a fine prospect towards the Campo Marzo. It is a magnificent, strong building, with a substruction very remarkable, and a portico supported with columns towards the gardens, with two huge lions, of marble, at the end of the balustrade. The whole outside of the *facciata* is incrusted with antique and rare basso-relievos and statues. Descending into the garden is a noble fountain governed by a Mercury of brass. At a little distance, on the left, is a lodge full of fine statues, amongst which the Sabines, antique and singularly rare. In the arcade near this stand twenty-four statues of great price, and hard by is a mount planted with cypresses, representing a fortress, with a goodly fountain in the middle. Here is also a row balustred with white marble, covered over with the natural shrubs, ivy, and other perennial greens, divers statues and heads being placed as in niches. At a little distance are those famed statues of Niobe and her family, in all fifteen, as large as the life, of which we have ample mention in Pliny, esteemed among the best pieces of work in the world for the passions they express, and all other perfections of that stupendous

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Father Kircher's works on various abstruse subjects amount to twenty folio volumes, for which he acquired great renown in his day. On Evelyn's visit to Rome, he was considered one of the greatest mathematicians and Hebrew scholars of which the metropolis of Christianity—then the head-quarters of learning—could boast. He died in 1680. He is mentioned in other passages of the *Diary*.

[1] Caspar Schott, a native of Wurtzburg, where he was born in 1608, who had the advantage of being the favourite pupil of Father Kircher. He taught philosophy and mathematics at Rome and Palermo, and published several curious and erudite works in philosophy and natural history; but they have long since ceased to possess any authority. He died in 1666.

art. There is likewise in this garden a fair obelisk, full of hieroglyphics. In going out, the fountain before the front casts water nearly fifty feet in height, when it is received in a most ample marble basin. Here they usually rode the great horse every morning; which gave me much diversion from the terrace of my own chamber, where I could see all their motions. This evening, I was invited to hear rare music at the Chiésa Nova; the black marble pillars within led us to that most precious oratory of Philippus Nerius, their founder; they being of the oratory of secular priests, under no vow. There are in it divers good pictures, as the Assumption of Girolamo Mutiano; the Crucifix; the Visitation of Elizabeth; the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin; Christo Sepolto, of Guido Rheno, Caravaggio, Arpino, and others. This fair church consists of fourteen altars, and as many chapels. In it is buried (besides their Saint) Cæsar Baronius, the great annalist. Through this, we went into the *sacristia*, where, the tapers being lighted, one of the Order preached; after him stepped up a child of eight or nine years old, who pronounced an oration with so much grace, that I never was better pleased than to hear Italian so well and so intelligently spoken. This course it seems they frequently use, to bring their scholars to a habit of speaking distinctly, and forming their action and assurance, which none so much want as ours in England. This being finished, began their *motettos*, which in a lofty cupola richly painted, were sung by eunuchs, and other rare voices, accompanied by theorboes, harpsichords, and viols, so that we were even ravished with the entertainment of the evening. This room is painted by Cortona, and has in it two figures in the niches, and the church stands in one of the most stately streets of Rome.

10*th November*. We went to see Prince Ludovisio's villa, where was formerly the *Viridarium* of the poet, Sallust. The house is very magnificent, and the extent of the ground exceedingly large, considering that it is in a city; in every quarter of the garden are antique statues, and walks planted with cypress. To this garden belongs a house of retirement, built in the figure of a cross, after a particular ordonnance, especially the staircase. The whiteness and smoothness of the excellent pargeting was a thing I much observed, being almost as even and polished, as if it had been of marble. Above, is a fair prospect of the city. In one of the chambers hang two famous pieces of Bassano, the one a Vulcan, the other a Nativity; there is a German clock full of rare and extraordinary motions; and, in a little room below are many precious marbles, columns, urns, vases, and noble statues of porphyry, oriental alabaster, and other rare materials. About this fabric is an ample area, environed with sixteen vast jars of red earth, wherein the Romans used to preserve their oil, or wine rather, which they buried, and such as are properly called *testæ*. In the Palace I must never forget the famous statue of the Gladiator, spoken of by Pliny, so much followed by all the rare artists as the many copies testify, dispersed through almost all Europe, both in stone and metal. There is also a Hercules, a head of porphyry, and one of Marcus Aurelius. In the villa-house is a man's body flesh and all, petrified, and even converted to marble, as it was found in the Alps, and sent by the Emperor to one of the Popes; it lay in a chest, or coffin, lined with black velvet, and one of the arms being broken, you may see the perfect bone from the flesh which remains entire. The Rape of Proserpine, in marble, is of the purest white, the work of Bernini. In the cabinet near it are innumerable small brass figures, and other curiosities. But what some look upon as exceeding all the rest, is a very rich bedstead (which sort of gross furniture the Italians much glory in, as formerly did our grandfathers in England in their inlaid wooden ones) inlaid with all sorts of precious stones and antique heads, onyxes, agates, and cornelians, esteemed to be worth 80 or 90,000 crowns. Here are also divers cabinets and tables of the Florence work, besides pictures in the gallery, especially the Apollo—a conceited chair to sleep in with the legs stretched out, with hooks, and pieces of wood to draw out longer or shorter.

From this villa, we went to see Signor Angeloni's study, who very courteously showed us such a collection of rare medals as is hardly to be paralleled; divers good pictures, and many outlandish and Indian curiosities, and things of nature.

From him, we walked to Monte Cavallo, heretofore called Mons Quirinalis, where we saw those two rare horses, the work of the rivals Phidias and Praxiteles, as they were sent to Nero [by Tiridates King] out of Armenia. They were placed on pedestals of white marble by Sextus V., by whom I suppose their injuries were repaired, and are governed by four naked slaves, like those at the foot of the Capitol. Here runs a most noble fountain, regarding four of the most stately streets for building and beauty to be seen in any city of Europe. Opposite to these statues is the Pope's summer palace, built by Gregory XIII.; and, in my opinion, it is, for largeness and the architecture, one of the most conspicuous in Rome, having a stately portico which leads round the court under columns, in the centre of which there runs a beautiful fountain. The chapel is incrusted with such precious materials, that nothing can be more rich, or glorious, nor are the other ornaments and moveables about it at all inferior. The hall is painted by Lanfranci, and others. The garden, which is called the Belvedere di Monte Cavallo, in emulation to that of the Vatican, is most excellent for air and prospect; its exquisite fountains, close walks, grots, piscinas, or stews for fish, planted about with venerable cypresses, and refreshed with water-music, aviaries, and other rarities.

12th November. We saw Dioclesian's Baths, whose ruins testify the vastness of the original foundation and magnificence; by what M. Angelo took from the ornaments about it, 'tis said he restored the then almost lost art of architecture. This monstrous pile was built by the labour of the primitive Christians, then under one of the ten great persecutions. The Church of St. Bernardo is made out of one only of these ruinous cupolas, and is in the form of an urn with a cover.

Opposite to this, is the Fontana delle Therme, otherwise called *Fons Felix;* in it is a basso-relievo of white marble, representing Moses striking the rock, which is adorned with camels, men, women, and children drinking, as large as life; a work for the design and vastness truly magnificent. The water is conveyed no less than twenty-two miles in an aqueduct by Sextus V., *ex agro Columna*, by way of Præneste, as the inscription testifies. It gushes into three ample lavers raised about with stone, before which are placed two lions of a strange black stone, very rare and antique. Near this are the store-houses for the city's corn, and over-against it the Church of St. Susanna, where were the gardens of Sallust. The *facciata* of this church is noble, the *soffito* within gilded and full of pictures; especially famous is that of Susanna, by Baldassa di Bologna.

The tribunal of the high altar is of exquisite work, from whose marble steps you descend under-ground to the repository of divers Saints. The picture over this altar is the work of Jacomo Siciliano. The foundation is for Bernadine Nuns.

Santa Maria della Vittoria presents us with the most ravishing front. In this church was sung the Te Deum by Gregory XV., after the signal victory of the Emperor at Prague; the standards then taken still hang up, and the impress waving this motto over the Pope's arms, *Extirpentur*. I observed that the high altar was much frequented for an image of the Virgin. It has some rare statues, as Paul ravished into the third heaven, by Fiamingo, and some good pictures. From this, we bent towards Dioclesian's Baths, never satisfied with contemplating that immense pile, in building which 150,000 Christians were destined to labour fourteen years, and were then all murdered. Here is a monastery of Carthusians, called Santa Maria degli Angeli, the architecture of M. Angelo, and the cloister encompassing walls in an ample garden.

Mont Alto's villa is entered by a stately gate of stone built on the Viminalis, and is no other than a spacious park full of fountains, especially that which salutes us at the front; stews for fish; the cypress walks are so beset with statues, inscriptions, relievos, and other ancient marbles, that nothing can be more stately and solemn. The citron trees are uncommonly large. In the Palace joining to it are innumerable collections of value. Returning, we stepped into St. Agnes church, where there is a tribunal of antique mosaic, and on the altar a most rich ciborio of brass, with a statue of St. Agnes in oriental alabaster. The church of Santa Constanza has a noble cupola. Here they showed us a stone ship borne on a column heretofore sacred to Bacchus, as the relievo intimates by the drunken emblems and instruments wrought upon it. The altar is of rich porphyry, as I remember. Looking back, we had the entire view of the Via Pia down to the two horses before the Monte Cavallo, before mentioned, one of the most glorious sights for state and magnificence that any city can show a traveller. We returned by Porta Pia, and the Via Salaria, near Campo Scelerato, in whose gloomy caves the wanton Vestals were heretofore immured alive.

Thence to Via Felix, a straight and noble street, but very precipitous, till we came to the four fountains of Lepidus, built at the abutments of four stately ways, making an exact cross of right angles; and, at the fountains, are as many cumbent figures of marble, under very large niches of stone, the water pouring into huge basins. The church of St. Carlo is a singular fabric for neatness, of an oval design, built of a new white stone; the columns are worth notice. Under it is another church of a structure nothing less admirable.

Next, we came to Santa Maria Maggiore, built upon the Esqueline Mountain, which gives it a most conspicuous face to the street at a great distance. The design is mixed, partly antique, partly modern. Here they affirm that the Blessed Virgin appearing, showed where it should be built 300 years since. The first pavement is rare and antique; so is the portico built by P. P. Eugenius II. The ciborio is the work of Paris Romano, and the tribunal of Mosaic.

We were showed in the church a concha of porphyry, wherein they say Patricius, the founder, lies. This is one of the most famous of the seven Roman Churches, and is, in my opinion at least, after St. Peter's, the most magnificent. Above all, for incomparable glory and materials, are the two chapels of Sextus V. and Paulus V. That of Sextus was designed by Dom. Fontana, in which are two rare great statues, and some good pieces of painting; and here they pretended to show some of the Holy Innocents' bodies slain by Herod: as also that renowned tabernacle of metal, gilt, sustained by four angels, holding as many tapers, placed on the altar. In this chapel is the statue of Sextus, in copper, with basso-relievos of most of his famous acts, in Parian marble; but that of P. Paulus, which we next entered, opposite to this, is beyond all imagination glorious, and above description. It is so encircled with agates, and other most precious materials, as to dazzle and confound the beholders. The basso-relievos are for the most part of pure snowy marble, intermixed with figures of molten brass, double gilt, on *lapis lazuli.* The altar is a most stupendous piece; but most incomparable is the cupola painted by Giuseppe Rheni, and the present Baglioni, full of exquisite sculptures. There is a most sumptuous *sacristia;* and the piece over the altar was by the hand of St. Luke; if you will believe it. Paulus V. hath here likewise built two other altars;

under the one lie the bones of the Apostle, St. Matthias. In another oratory, is the statue of this Pope, and the head of the Congo Ambassador, who was converted at Rome, and died here. In a third chapel, designed by Michael Angelo, lie the bodies of Platina, and the Cardinal of Toledo, Honorius III., Nicephorus IV., the ashes of St. Hierom, and many others. In that of Sextus V., before mentioned, was showed us part of the crib in which Christ was swaddled at Bethlehem; there is also the statue of Pius V.; and going out at the further end, is the resurrection of Lazarus, by a very rare hand. In the portico, is this late inscription: "Cardinal Antonio Barberino Archypresbytero, aream marmoream quam Christianorum pietas exsculpsit, laborante sub Tyrannis ecclesiâ, ut esset loci sanctitate venerabilior, Francis Gualdus Arm. Eques S. Stephani è suis ædibus huc transtulit et ornavit, 1632." Just before this portico, stands a very sublimè and stately Corinthian column, of white marble, translated hither for an ornament from the old Temple of Peace, built by Vespasian, having on the plinth of the capital the image of our Lady, gilt on metal; at the pedestal runs a fountain. Going down the hill, we saw the obelisk taken from the Mausoleum of Augustus, and erected in this place by Domenico Fontana, with this epigraph: "Sextus V. Pont. Max. Obeliscum ex Egypto advectum, Augusti in Mausoleo dicatum, eversum, deinde et in plures confractum partes, in via ad S. Rochum jacentem, in pristinam faciem restitutum Salutiferæ Cruci feliciùs hìc erigi jussit, anno MDLXXXVIII, Pont. III.":—and so we came weary to our lodgings.

At the foot of this hill, is the Church of St. Prudentia, in which is a well, filled with the blood and bones of several martyrs, but grated over with iron, and visited by many devotees. Near this stands the church of her sister, S. Praxedeis, much frequented for the same reason. In a little obscure place, cancelled in with iron work, is the pillar, or stump, at which they relate our Blessed Saviour was scourged, being full of bloody spots, at which the devout sex are always rubbing their chaplets, and convey their kisses by a stick having a tassel on it. Here, besides a noble statue of St. Peter, is the tomb of the famous Cardinal Cajetan, an excellent piece: and here they hold that St. Peter said his first mass at Rome, with the same altar and the stone he kneeled on, he having been first lodged in this house, as they compute about the forty-fourth year of the Incarnation. They also show many relics, or rather rags, of his mantle. St. Laurence in Panisperna did next invite us, where that martyr was cruelly broiled on the gridiron, there yet remaining. St. Bridget is buried in this church under a stately monument. In the front of the pile is the suffering of St. Laurence painted *à fresco* on the wall. The fabric is nothing but Gothic. On the left is the Therma Novatii; and, on the right, Agrippina's Lavacrum.

14*th November.* We passed again through the stately Capitol and Campo Vaccino towards the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, but first stayed to look at Titus's Triumphal Arch, erected by the people of Rome, in honour of his victory at Jerusalem; on the left hand whereof he is represented drawn in a chariot with four horses abreast; on the right-hand, or side of the arch within, is sculptured in figures, or basso-relievo as big as the life (and in one entire marble) the Ark of the Covenant, on which stands the seven-branched candlestick described in Leviticus, as also the two Tables of the Law, all borne on men's shoulders by the bars, as they are described in some of St. Hierom's bibles; before this, go many crowned and laureated figures, and twelve Roman fasces, with other sacred vessels. This much confirmed the idea I before had; and therefore, for the light it gave to the Holy History, I caused my painter, Carlo, to copy it exactly. The rest of the work of the Arch is of the noblest, best understood composita; and the inscription is this, in capital letters;

S. P. Q. R.
D. TITO, D. VESPASIANI, F. VESPASIANI AVGVSTO.

Santa Maria Nova is on the place where they told us Simon Magus fell out of the air at St. Peter's prayer, and burst himself to pieces on a flint. Near this is a marble monument, erected by the people of Rome in memory of the Pope's return from Avignon.

Being now passed the ruins of Meta-Sudante (which stood before the Colosseum, so called, because there once stood here the statue of Commodus provided to refresh the gladiators), we enter the mighty ruins of the Vespasian Amphitheatre, begun by Vespasian, and finished by that excellent prince, Titus. It is 830 Roman palms in length, (*i. e.* 130 paces), 90 in breadth at the area, with caves for the wild beasts which used to be baited by men instead of dogs; the whole oval periphery $2888\frac{4}{7}$ palms, and capable of containing 87,000 spectators with ease and all accommodation: the three rows of circles are yet entire; the first was for the senators, the middle for the nobility, the third for the people. At the dedication of this place were 5000 wild beasts slain in three months during which the feast lasted, to the expense of ten millions of gold. It was built of Tiburtine stone, a vast height, with the five orders of architecture, by 30,000 captive Jews. It is without, of a perfect circle, and was once adorned thick with statues, and remained entire, till of late that some of the stones were carried away to repair the city-walls and build the Farnesian Palace. That which still appears most admirable is, the contrivance of the porticos, vaults, and stairs, with the excessive altitude, which well deserves this distich of the poet:

> Omnis Cæsareo cedat labor Amphitheatro;
> Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus.

Near it is a small chapel called Santa Maria della Pieta nel Colisseo, which is erected on the steps, or stages, very lofty at one of its sides, or ranges, within, and where there lives only a melancholy hermit. I ascended to the very top of it with wonderful admiration.

The Arch of Constantine the Great is close by the Meta-Sudante, before mentioned, at the beginning of the Via Appia, on one side Monte Celio, and is perfectly entire, erected by the people in memory of his victory over Maxentius, at the Pons Milvius, now Ponte Mole. In the front is this inscription:

IMP. CAES. FL. CONSTANTINO MAXIMO
P. F. AVGVSTO S. P. Q. R.
QVOD INSTINCTV DIVINITATIS MENTIS
MAGNITVDINE CVM EXERCITV SVO
TAM DE TYRANNO QVAM DE OMNI EIVS
FACTIONE VNO TEMPORE IVSTIS
REMPVBLICAM VLTVS EST ARMIS
ARCVM TRIVMPHIS INSIGNEM DICAVIT.

Hence, we went to St. Gregorio, in Monte Celio, where are many privileged altars, and there they showed us an arm of that saint, and other relics. Before this church stands a very noble portico.

15th November. Was very wet, and I stirred not out, and the 16th I went to visit Father John, Provincial of the Benedictines.

17th. I walked to Villa Borghese, a house and ample garden on Mons Pincius, yet somewhat without the city-walls, circumscribed by another wall full of small turrets and banqueting-houses; which makes it appear at a distance like a little town. Within it is an elysium of delight, having in the centre of it a noble palace; but the entrance of the garden presents us with a very glorious fabric, or rather door-case, adorned with divers excellent marble statues. This garden abounded with all sorts of delicious fruit and exotic simples, fountains of sundry inventions, groves, and small rivulets. There is also adjoining to it a vivarium for ostriches, peacocks, swans, cranes, &c., and divers strange beasts, deer, and hares. The grotto is very rare, and represents, among other devices, artificial rain, and sundry shapes of vessels, flowers, &c.; which is effected by changing the heads of the fountains. The groves are of cypress, laurel, pine, myrtle, and olive. The four sphinxes are very antique, and worthy observation. To this is a volary, full of curious birds. The house is square with turrets, from which the prospect is excellent towards Rome, and the environing hills, covered as they now are with snow, which indeed commonly continues even a great part of the summer, affording sweet refreshment. Round the house is a baluster of white marble, with frequent jettos of water, and adorned with a multitude of statues. The walls of the house are covered with antique incrustations of history, as that of Curtius, the Rape of Europa, Leda, &c. The cornices above consist of fruitages and festoons, between which are niches furnished with statues, which order is observed to the very roof. In the lodge, at the entry, are divers good statues of Consuls, &c., with two pieces of field-artillery upon carriages, (a mode much practised in Italy before the great men's houses) which they look on as a piece of state more than defence. In the first hall within, are the twelve Roman Emperors, of excellent marble; betwixt them stand porphyry columns, and other precious stones of vast height and magnitude, with urns of oriental alabaster. Tables of pietra-commessa: and here is that renowned Diana which Pompey worshipped, of eastern marble: the most incomparable Seneca of touch, bleeding in an huge vase of porphyry, resembling the drops of his blood; the so famous Gladiator, and the Hermaphrodite upon a quilt of stone. The new piece of Daphne, and David, of Cavaliero Bernini, is observable for the pure whiteness of the stone, and the art of the statuary plainly stupendous. There is a multitude of rare pictures of infinite value, by the best masters; huge tables of porphyry, and two exquisitely wrought vases of the same. In another chamber, are divers sorts of instruments of music: amongst other toys that of a satyr, which so artificially expressed a human voice, with the motion of eyes and head, that it might easily affright one who was not prepared for that most extravagant sight. They showed us also a chair that catches fast any who sits down in it, so as not to be able to stir out, by certain springs concealed in the arms and back thereof, which at sitting down surprises a man on the sudden, locking him in by the arms and thighs, after a true treacherous Italian guise. The perspective is also considerable, composed by the position of looking-glasses, which render a strange multiplication of things resembling divers most richly furnished rooms. Here stands a rare clock of German work; in a word, nothing but what is magnificent is to be seen in this Paradise.

The next day, I went to the Vatican, where, in the morning, I saw the ceremony of Pamfilio, the Pope's nephew, receiving a Cardinal's hat; this was the first time I had seen his Holiness *in pontificalibus*. After the Cardinals and Princes had met in the consistory, the ceremony was in the Pope's chapel, where he was at the altar invested with most pompous rites.

19*th November*. I visited St. Peter's, that most stupendous and incomparable Basilica, far surpassing any now extant in the world, and perhaps, Solomon's Temple excepted, any that was ever built. The largeness of the piazza before the portico is worth observing, because it affords a noble prospect of the church, not crowded up, as for the most part is the case in other places where great churches are erected. In this is a fountain, out of which gushes a river rather than a stream which, ascending a good height, breaks upon a round emboss of marble into millions of pearls that fall into the subjacent basins with great noise; I esteem this one of the goodliest fountains I ever saw.

Next is the obelisk transported out of Egypt, and dedicated by Octavius Augustus to Julius Cæsar, whose ashes it formerly bore on the summit; but, being since overturned by the barbarians, was re-erected with vast cost and a most stupendous invention by Domenico Fontana, architect to Sextus V. The obelisk consists of one entire square stone without hieroglyphics, in height seventy-two feet, but comprehending the base and all it is 108 feet high, and rests on four Lions of gilded copper, so as you may see through the base of the obelisk and plinth of the pedestal.

Upon two faces of the obelisk is engraven

DIVO CAES. DIVI
IVLII F. AVGVSTO
TI. CAES. DIVI AVG.
F. AVGVS. SACRVM.

It now bears on the top a cross in which it is said that Sextus V. inclosed some of the holy wood; and under it is to be read by good eyes:

SANCTISSIMAE CRVCI
SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX.
CONSECRAVIT.
E. PRIORE SEDE AVVLSVM
ET CAESS. AVG. AC TIB.
I. L. ABLATUM M.D.LXXXVI.

On the four faces of the base below:

1. CHRISTVS VINCIT.
CHRISTVS REGNAT.
CHRISTVS IMPERAT.
CHRISTVS AB OMNI MALO
PLEBEM SVAM DEFENDAT.

2. SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX..
OBELISCVM VATICANVM DIIS GENTIVM
IMPIO CVLTV DICATVM
AD APOSTOLORVM LIMINA
OPEROSO LABORE TRANSTVLIT
AN. M.D.LXXXVI. PONT. II.

3. ECCE CRVX DOMINI
FVGITE PARTES
ADVERSAE
VINCIT LEO
DE TRIBV IVDA.

4. SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX.
CRVCI INVICTAE
OBELISCVM VATICANVM
AB IMPIA SVPERSTITIONE
EXPIATVM IVSTIVS
ET FELICITVS CONSECRAVIT
AN. M.D.L.XXXVI. PONT. II.

A little lower:

DOMINICVS FONTANA EX PAGO MILIAGRI NOVOCOMENSIS TRANSTVLIT ET EREXIT.[1]

It is reported to have taken a year in erecting, to have cost 37,975 crowns, the labour of 907 men, and 75 horses: this being the first of the four Egyptian obelisks set up at Rome, and one of the forty-two brought to the city out of Egypt, set up in several places, but thrown down by the Goths, Barbarians, and earthquakes.[2] Some coaches stood before the steps of the ascent, whereof one, belonging to Cardinal Medici, had all the metal work of massy silver, viz. the bow behind and other places. The coaches at Rome, as well as covered waggons also much in use, are generally the richest and largest I ever saw. Before the facciáta of the church is an ample pavement. The church was first begun by St. Anacletus, when rather a chapel, on a foundation, as they give out, of Constantine the Great, who, in honour of the Apostles, carried twelve baskets full of sand to the work. After him, Julius II. took it in hand, to which all his successors have contributed more or less.

The front is supposed to be the largest and best-studied piece of architecture in the world; to this we went up by four steps of marble. The first entrance is supported by huge pilasters; the *volto* within is the richest possible, and overlaid with gold. Between the five large anti-ports are columns of enormous height and compass, with as many gates of brass, the work and sculpture of Pollaivola, the Florentine, full of cast figures and histories in a deep relievo. Over this runs a terrace of like amplitude and ornament, where the Pope, at solemn times, bestows his Benediction on the vulgar. On each side of this portico are two campaniles, or towers, whereof there was but one perfected, of admirable art. On the top of all, runs a balustrade which edges it quite round, and upon this at equal distances are Christ and the twelve Disciples, of gigantic size and stature, yet below showing no greater than the life. Entering the church, admirable is the breadth of the *volto*, or roof, which is all carved with foliage and roses overlaid with gold in nature of a deep basso-relievo, *à l'antique*. The nave, or body, is in form of a cross, whereof the foot-part is the longest; and, at the *internodium* of the transept, rises the cupola, which being all of stone and of prodigious height is more in compass than that of the Pantheon (which was the largest amongst the old Romans, and is yet entire) or any other known. The inside, or concave, is covered with most exquisite Mosaic, representing the Celestial Hierarchy, by Giuseppe d'Arpino, full of stars of gold; the convex, or outside, exposed to the air, is covered with lead, with great ribs of metal double gilt (as are also the ten other lesser cupolas, for no fewer adorn this glorious structure), which gives a great and admirable splendour in all parts of the city. On the summit of this is fixed a brazen globe gilt, capable of receiving thirty-five persons. This I entered, and engraved my name amongst other travellers. Lastly, is the Cross, the access to which is between the leaden covering and the stone convex, or arch-work; a most truly astonishing piece of art! On the battlements of the church, also all overlaid with lead and marble, you would imagine yourself in a town, so many are the cupolas, pinnacles, towers, juttings, and not a few houses inhabited by men who dwell there, and have enough to do to look after the vast reparations which continually employ them.

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[1] In 1589, this distinguished architect published a folio volume, with engravings, descriptive of the manner of removing and re-erecting this famous monument of antiquity, entitled *Del modo tenuto nel trasportare l' Obelisco Vaticano;* with his portrait in the title-page, holding a model of this column.

[2] See Platina in Vita Pontiff, p. 315.

Having seen this, we descended into the body of the church, full of collateral chapels and large oratories, most of them exceeding the size of ordinary churches; but the principal are four incrusted with most precious marbles and stones of various colours, adorned with an infinity of statues, pictures, stately altars, and innumerable relics. The altar-piece of St. Michael being of Mosaic, I could not pass without particular note, as one of the best of that kind. The chapel of Gregory XIII., where he is buried, is most splendid. Under the cupola, and in the centre of the church, stands the high altar, consecrated first by

Clement VIII., adorned by Paul V., and lately covered by Pope Urban VIII.; with that stupendous canopy of Corinthian brass, which heretofore was brought from the Pantheon; it consists of four wreathed columns, partly channelled and encircled with vines, on which hang little *puti* birds and bees (the arms of the *Barberini*), sustaining a *baldacchino* of the same metal. The four columns weigh an hundred and ten thousand pounds, all over richly gilt; this, with the pedestals, crown, and statues about it, form a thing of that art, vastness, and magnificence, as is beyond all that man's industry has produced of the kind; it is the work of Bernini, a Florentine sculptor, architect, painter, and poet, who, a little before my coming to the city, gave a public opera (for so they call shows of that kind), wherein he painted the scenes, cut the statues, invented the engines, composed the music, writ the comedy, and built the theatre. Opposite to either of these pillars, under those niches which, with their columns, support the weighty cupola, are placed four exquisite statues of Parian marble, to which are four altars; that of St. Veronica, made by Fra. Mochi, has over it the reliquary, where they showed us the miraculous *Sudarium* indued with the picture of our Saviour's face, with this inscription: "Salvatoris imaginem Veronicæ Sudario exceptam ut loci majestas decentèr custodiret, Urbanus VIII. Pont. Max. Marmoreum signum et Altare addidit, Conditorium extruxit et ornavit."

Right against this is that of Longinus, of a Colossean magnitude, also by Bernini, and over him the conservatory of the iron lance inserted in a most precious crystal, with this epigraph: "Longini Lanceam quam Innocentius VIII. à Bajazete Turcarum Tyranno accepit, Urbanus VIII. statuâ appositâ, et Sacello substructo, in exornatum Conditorium transtulit."

The third chapel has over the altar the statue of our countrywoman, St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great; the work of Boggi, an excellent sculptor; and here is preserved a great piece of the pretended wood of the holy cross, which she is said to have first detected miraculously in the Holy Land. It was placed here by the late Pope with this inscription: "Partem Crucis quam Helena Imperatrix è Calvario in Urbem adduxit, Urbanus VIII. Pont. Max. è Sissorianâ Basilicâ desumptam, additis arâ et statuâ, hìc in Vaticano collocavit."

The fourth hath over the altar, and opposite to that of St. Veronica, the statue of St. Andrew, the work of Fiamingo, admirable above all the other; above is preserved the head of that Apostle, richly enchased. It is said that this excellent sculptor died mad to see his statue placed in a disadvantageous light by Bernini, the chief architect, who found himself outdone by this artist. The inscription over it is this:

> St. Andreæ caput quod Pius II. ex Achaiâ in Vaticanum asportandum curavit, Urbanus VIII. novis hic ornamentis decoratum sacrisque statuæ ac Sacelli honoribus coli voluit.

The relics showed and kept in this church are without number, as are also the precious vessels of gold, silver, and gems, with the vests and services to be seen in the Sacristy, which they showed us. Under the high altar is an ample grot inlaid with *pietra-commessa,* wherein half of the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul are preserved; before hang divers great lamps of the richest plate, burning continually. About this and contiguous to the altar, runs a balustrade, in form of a theatre, of black marble. Towards the left, as you go out of the church by the portico, a little beneath the high altar, is an old brass statue of St. Peter sitting, under the soles of whose feet many devout persons rub their heads, and touch their chaplets. This was formerly cast from a statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. In another place, stands a column grated about with iron, whereon they report that our Blessed Saviour was often wont to lean as he preached in the Temple. In the work of the reliquary under the cupola there are eight wreathed columns brought from the Temple of Solomon. In another chapel, they showed us the chair of St. Peter, or, as they name it, the Apostolical Throne. But amongst all the chapels the one most glorious has for an altar-piece a Madonna bearing a dead Christ on her knees, in white marble, the work of Michael Angelo. At the upper end of the Cathedral, are several stately monuments, especially that of Urban VIII. Round the Cupola, and in many other places in the church, are confession-seats, for all languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, Irish, Welsh, Sclavonian, Dutch, &c., as it is written on their friezes in golden capitals, and there are still at confessions some of all nations. Towards the lower end of the church, and on the side of a vast pillar sustaining a weighty roof, is the *depositum* and statue of the Countess Matilda, a rare piece, with basso-relievos about it of white marble, the work of Bernini. Here are also those of Sextus IV. and Paulus III., &c. Amongst the exquisite pieces in this sumptuous fabric is that of the ship with St. Peter held up from sinking by our Saviour; the emblems about it are the Mosaic of the famous Giotto, who restored and made it perfect after it had been defaced by the Barbarians. Nor is the pavement under the cupola to be passed over without observation, which with the rest of the body and walls of the whole church, are all inlaid with the richest of *pietra-commessa,* in the most splendid colours of polished marbles, agates, serpentine, porphyry, calcedon, &c., wholly incrusted to the very roof. Coming out by the portico at which we entered, we were showed the Porta Santa, never opened but at the year of jubilee. This glorious foundation hath belonging to it thirty canons, thirty-six beneficiates, twenty-eight clerks beneficed, with innumerable chaplains, &c., a Cardinal being always arch-priest; the present Cardinal was Francisco Barberini, who also styled himself Protector of the English, to whom he was indeed very courteous.

20th November. I went to visit that ancient See and Cathedral of St. John di Laterano, and the holy places thereabout. This is a church of extraordinary devotion, though, for outward form, not comparable to St. Peter's, being of Gothic ordonnance. Before we went into the cathedral, the Baptistery of St. John Baptist presented itself being formerly part of the Great Constantine's Palace, and, as it is said, his chamber where by St. Silvester he was made a Christian. It is of an octagonal shape, having before the entrance eight fair pillars of rich porphyry, each of one entire piece, their capitals of divers orders, supporting lesser columns of white marble, and these supporting a noble cupola, the moulding whereof is excellently wrought. In the chapel which they affirm to have been the lodging place of this Emperor, all women are prohibited from entering, for the malice of Herodias who caused him to lose his head. Here are deposited several sacred relics of St. James, Mary Magdalen, St. Matthew, &c., and two goodly pictures. Another chapel, or oratory near it, is called St. John the Evangelist, well adorned with marbles and tables, especially those of Cavaliére Giuseppe, and of Tempesta, in fresco. We went hence into another called St. Venantius, in which is a tribunal all of Mosaic in figures of Popes. Here is also an altar of the Madonna, much visited, and divers Sclavonish saints, companions of Pope John IV. The portico of the church is built of materials brought from Pontius Pilate's house in Jerusalem.

The next sight which attracted our attention, was a wonderful concourse of people at their devotions before a place called *Scala Sancta,* to which is built a noble front. Entering the portico, we saw those large marble stairs, twenty-eight in number, which are never ascended but on the knees, some lip-devotion being used on every step; on which you may perceive divers red specks of blood under a grate, which they affirm to have been drops of our Blessed Saviour, at the time he was so barbarously misused by Herod's soldiers; for these stairs are reported to have been translated hither from his palace in Jerusalem. At the top of them is a chapel, whereat they enter (but we could not be permitted) by gates of marble, being the same our Saviour passed when he went out of Herod's house. This they name the *Sanctum Sanctorum,* and over it we read this epigraph:

> Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus.

Here, through a grate, we saw that picture of Christ painted (as they say) by the hand of St. Luke, to the life. Descending again, we saw before the church the obelisk, which is indeed most worthy of admiration. It formerly lay in the Circo Maximo, and was erected here by Sextus V., in 1587, being 112 feet in height without the base or pedestal; at the foot nine and a half one way, and eight the other. This pillar was first brought from Thebes at the utmost confines of Egypt, to Alexandria, from thence to Constantinople, thence to Rome, and is said by Ammianus Marcellinus to have been dedicated to Rameses, King of Egypt. It was transferred to this city by Constantine the son of the Great, and is full of hieroglyphics, serpents, men, owls, falcons, oxen, instruments, &c., containing (as Father Kircher the Jesuit will shortly tell us in a book which he is ready to publish) all the recondite and abstruse learning of that people. The vessel, galley, or float, that brought it to Rome so many hundred leagues, must needs have been of wonderful bigness and strange fabric. The stone is one and entire, and [having been thrown down] was erected by the famous Dom. Fontana, for that magnificent Pope, Sextus V., as the rest were; it is now cracked in many places, but solidly joined. The obelisk is thus inscribed at the several facciátas:

Fl. Constantinus Augustus, Constantini Augusti F. Obeliscum à patre suo motum diuq; Alexandriæ jacentem, trecentorum remigum impositum navi mirandæ vastitatis per mare Tyberimq; magnis molibus Romam convectum in Circo Max. ponendum S.P.Q.R.D.D.

On the second square:

Fl. Constantinus Max: Aug: Christianæ fidei Vindex & Assertor, Obeliscum ab Ægyptio Rege impuro voto Soli dicatum, sedibus avulsum suis per Nilum transfer. Alexandriam, ut Novam Romam ab se tunc conditam eo decoraret monumento.

On the third:

Sextus V. Pontifex Max: Obeliscum hunc specie eximiâ temporum calamitate fractum, Circi Maximi ruinis humo, limoq; altè demersum, multâ impensâ extraxit, hunc in locum magno labore transtulit, formàq; pristinâ accuratè vestitum, Cruci invictissimæ dicavit anno M.D.LXXXVIII. Pont. IIII.

On the fourth:

Constantinus per Crucem Victor à Silvestro hìc Baptizatus Crucis gloriam propagavit.

Leaving this wonderful monument (before which is a stately public fountain, with a statue of St. John in the middle of it), we visited his Holiness's Palace, being a little on the left hand, the design of Fontana, architect to Sextus V. This I take to be one of the best Palaces in Rome; but not staying, we entered the church of St. John di Laterano, which is properly the Cathedral of the Roman See, as I learned by these verses engraven upon the architrave of the portico:

Dogmate Papali datur, et simul Imperiali
Quòd sim cunctarum mater caput Ecclesiarũ
Hinc Salvatoris cœlestia regna datoris
Nomine Sanxerunt, cum cuncta peracta fuerunt;
Sic vos ex toto conversi supplice voto
Nostra quòd hæc ædes; tibi Christe sit inclyta sedes.

It is called Lateran, from a noble family formerly dwelling it seems hereabouts, on Mons Cælius. The church is Gothic, and hath a stately tribunal; the paintings are of Pietro Pisano. It was the first church that was consecrated with the ceremonies now introduced, and where altars of stone supplied those of wood heretofore in use, and made like large chests for the easier removal in times of persecution; such an altar is still the great one here preserved, as being that on which (they hold) St. Peter celebrated mass at Rome; for which reason none but the Pope may now presume to make that use of it. The pavement is of all sorts of precious marbles, and so are the walls to a great height, over which it is painted *à fresco* with the life and acts of Constantine the Great, by most excellent masters. The organs are rare, supported by four columns. The *soffito* is all richly gilded, and full of pictures. Opposite to the porta is an altar of exquisite architecture, with a tabernacle on it all of precious stones, the work of Targoni; on this is a cœna of plate, the invention of Curtius Vanni, of exceeding value; the tables hanging over it are of Giuseppe d'Arpino. About this are four excellent columns transported out of Asia by the Emperor Titus, of brass, double gilt, about twelve feet in height; the walls between them are incrusted with marble and set with statues in niches, the vacuum reported to be filled with holy earth, which St. Helena sent from Jerusalem to her son, Constantine, who set these pillars where they now stand. At one side of this is an oratory full of rare paintings and monuments, especially those of the great Connestábile Colonna. Out of this we came into the Sacristía, full of good pictures of Albert and others. At the end of the church is a flat stone supported by four pillars which they affirm to have been the exact height of our Blessed Saviour, and say they never fitted any mortal man that tried it, but he was either taller or shorter; two columns of the veil of the Temple which rent at his passion; the stone on which they threw lots for his seamless vesture; and the pillar on which the cock crowed, after Peter's denial; and, to omit no fine thing, the just length of the Virgin Mary's foot as it seems her shoemaker affirmed! Here is a sumptuous cross, beset with precious stones, containing some of the *very* wood of the holy cross itself; with many other things of this sort: also numerous most magnificent monuments, especially those of St. Helena, of porphyry; Cardinal Farneze; Martin I., of copper; the pictures of Mary Magdalen, Martin V., Laurentius Valla, &c., are of Gaetano; the Nunciata, designed by M. Angelo; and the great crucifix of Sermoneta.

In a chapel at one end of the porch is a statue of Henry IV. of France, in brass, standing in a dark hole, and so has done many years; perhaps from not believing him a thorough proselyte. The two famous Œcumenical Councils were celebrated in this Church by Pope Simachus, Martin I., Stephen, &c.

Leaving this venerable church (for in truth it has a certain majesty in it), we passed through a fair and large hospital of good architecture, having some inscriptions put up by Barberini, the late Pope's nephew. We then went by St. Sylvia, where is a noble statue of St. Gregory P., begun by M. Angelo; a St. Andrew, and the bath of St. Cecilia. In this church are some rare paintings, especially that story on the wall of Guido Rheni. Thence to St. Giovanni e Paula, where the friars are reputed to be great chymists. The choir, roof, and paintings in the tribuna are excellent.

Descending the Mons Cælius, we came against the vestiges of the Palazzo Maggiore, heretofore the Golden House of Nero; now nothing but a heap of vast and confused ruins, to show what time and the vicissitude of human things does change from the most glorious and magnificent to the most deformed and confused. We next went into St. Sebastian's Church, which has a handsome front: then we passed by the place where Romulus and Remus were taken up by Faustulus, the Forum Romanum, and so by the edge of the Mons Palatinus; where we saw the ruins of Pompey's house, and the Church of St. Anacletus; and so into the Circus Maximus, heretofore capable of containing a hundred and sixty thousand spectators, but now all one entire heap of rubbish, part of it converted into a garden of pot-herbs. We concluded this evening with hearing the rare voices and music at the Chiesa Nova.

21st November. I was carried to see a great virtuoso, Cavaliéro Pozzo, who showed us a rare collection of all kind of antiquities, and a choice library, over which are the effigies of most of our late men of polite literature. He had a great collection of the antique basso-relievos about Rome, which this curious man had caused to be designed in several folios: many fine medals; the stone which Pliny calls Enhydros; it had plainly in it the quantity of half a spoonful of water, of a yellow pebble colour, of the bigness of a walnut. A stone paler than an amethyst, which yet he affirmed to be the true carbuncle, and harder than a diamond; it was set in a ring, without foil, or anything at the bottom, so as it was transparent, of a greenish yellow, more lustrous than a diamond. He had very pretty things painted on crimson velvet, designed in black, and shaded and heightened with white, set in frames; also a number of choice designs and drawings.

Hence we walked to the Suburra and Ærarium Saturni, where yet remain some ruins and an inscription. From thence to St. Pietro in vinculis, one of the seven churches on the Esquiline, an old and much-frequented place of great devotion for the relics there, especially the bodies of the seven Maccabean brethren, which lie under the altar. On the wall is a St. Sebastian, of mosaic, after the Greek manner: but what I chiefly regarded was, that noble sepulchre of Pope Julius II., the work of M. Angelo; with that never-sufficiently-to-be-admired statue of Moses, in white marble, and those of Vita Contemplativa and Activa, by the same incomparable hand. To this church belongs a monastery, in the court of whose cloisters grow two tall and very stately palm-trees. Behind these, we walked a turn amongst the Baths of Titus, admiring the strange and prodigious receptacles for water, which the vulgar call the Setti Sali, now all in heaps.

22nd November. Was the solemn and greatest ceremony of all the State Ecclesiastical, viz., the procession of the Pope (Innocent X.) to St. John di Laterano, which, standing on the steps of Ara Celi, near the Capitol, I saw pass in this manner:—First went a guard of Switzers to make way, and divers of the avant guard of horse carrying lances. Next followed those who carried the robes of the Cardinals, two and two; then the Cardinal's macebearers; the caudatari, on mules; the masters of their horse; the Pope's barber, tailor, baker, gardener, and other domestic officers, all on horseback, in rich liveries; the squires belonging to the Guard; five men in rich liveries led five noble Neapolitan horses, white as snow, covered to the ground with trappings richly embroidered; which is a service paid by the King of Spain for the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, pretended feudatories to the Pope; three mules of exquisite beauty and price, trapped in crimson velvet; next followed three rich litters with mules, the litters empty; the master of the horse alone, with his squires; five trumpeters; the armerieri estra muros; the fiscal and consistorial advocates; capellani, camerieri de honore, cubiculari and chamberlains, called secreti.

Then followed four other camerieri, with four caps of the dignity-pontifical, which were Cardinals' hats carried on staves; four trumpets; after them, a number of noble Romans and gentlemen of quality, very rich, and followed by innumerable staffiéri and pages; the secretaries of the chancellaria, abbreviatori-accoliti in their long robes, and on mules; auditori di rota; the dean of the roti and master of the sacred palace, on mules, with grave, but rich footclothes, and in flat episcopal hats; then went more of the Roman and other nobility and courtiers, with divers pages in most rich liveries on horseback; fourteen drums belonging to the Capitol; the marshals with their staves; the two syndics; the conservators of the city, in robes of crimson damask; the knight-confalionier and prior of the R. R., in velvet toques; six of his Holiness's mace-bearers; then the captain, or governor, of the Castle of St. Angelo, upon a brave prancer; the governor of the city; on both sides of these two long ranks of Switzers; the masters of the ceremonies; the cross-bearer on horseback, with two priests at each hand on foot; pages, footmen, and guards, in abundance. Then came the Pope himself, carried in a litter, or rather open chair, of crimson velvet, richly embroidered, and borne by two stately mules; as he went, he held up two fingers, blessing the multitude who were on their knees, or looking out of their windows and houses, with loud *vivas* and acclamations of felicity to their new Prince. This chair was followed by the master of his chamber, cup-bearer, secretary, and physician; then came the Cardinal-Bishops, Cardinal-Priests, Cardinal-Deacons, Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops, all in their several and distinct habits, some in red, others in green flat hats with tassels, all on gallant mules richly-trapped with velvet, and led by their servants in great state and multitudes; after them, the apostolical protonotari, auditor, treasurer, and referendaries; lastly, the trumpets of the rear-guard, two pages of arms in helmets with feathers, and carrying lances; two captains; the pontifical standard of the Church; the two alfieri, or cornets, of the Pope's light horse, who all followed in armour and carrying lances; which, with innumerable rich coaches, litters, and people, made up the procession. What they did at St. John di Laterano, I could not see, by reason of the prodigious crowd; so I spent most of the day in viewing the two triumphal arches which had been purposely erected a few days before, and till now covered; the one by the Duke of Parma, in the Foro Romano, the other by the Jews in the Capitol, with flattering inscriptions. They were of excellent architecture, decorated with statues and abundance of ornaments proper for the occasion, since they were but temporary, and made up of boards, cloth, &c., painted and framed on the sudden, but as to outward appearance, solid and very stately. The night ended with fire-works. What I saw was that which was built before the Spanish Ambassador's house, in the Piazza del Trinita, and another, before that of the French. The first appeared to be a mighty rock, bearing the Pope's Arms, a dragon, and divers figures, which being set on fire by one who flung a rocket at it, kindled immediately, yet preserving the figure both of the rock and statues a very long time; insomuch as it was deemed ten thousand reports of squibs and crackers spent themselves in order. That before the French Ambassador's Palace was a Diana drawn in a chariot by her dogs, with abundance of other figures as large as the life, which played with fire in the same manner. In the mean time, the windows of the whole city were set with tapers put into lanterns, or sconces, of several coloured oiled paper, that the wind might not annoy them; this rendered a most glorious show. Besides these, there were at least twenty other fire-works of vast charge and rare art for their invention before divers Ambassadors, Princes, and Cardinals' Palaces, especially that on the Castle of St. Angelo, being a pyramid of lights, of great height, fastened to the ropes and cables which support the standard-pole. The streets were this night as light as day, full of bonfires, cannon roaring, music playing, fountains running wine, in all excess of joy and triumph.

23rd November. I went to the Jesuits' College again, the front whereof gives place to few for its architecture, most of its ornaments being of rich marble. It has within a noble portico and court, sustained by stately columns, as is the corridor over the portico, at the sides of which are the schools for arts and sciences, which are here taught as at the University. Here I heard Father Athanasius

Kircher upon a part of Euclid, which he expounded. To this joins a glorious and ample church for the students; a second is not fully finished; and there are two noble libraries, where I was showed that famous wit and historian, Famianus Strada.[1] Hence we went to the house of Hippolito Vitellesco (afterwards bibliothecary of the Vatican library), who showed us one of the best collections of statues in Rome, to which he frequently talks as if they were living, pronouncing now and then orations, sentences, and verses, sometimes kissing and embracing them. He has a head of Brutus scarred in the face by order of the Senate for killing Julius; this is much esteemed. Also a Minerva, and others of great value. This gentleman not long since purchased land in the kingdom of Naples, in hope, by digging the ground, to find more statues; which it seems so far succeeded, as to be much more worth than the purchase. We spent the evening at the Chiesa Nova, where was excellent music; but, before that began, the courteous fathers led me into a nobly furnished library, contiguous to their most beautiful convent.

28th. I went to see the garden and house of the Aldobrandini, now Cardinal Borghese's. This Palace is, for architecture, magnificence, pomp, and state, one of the most considerable about the city. It has four fronts, and a noble piazza before it. Within the courts, under arches supported by marble columns, are many excellent statues. Ascending the stairs, there is a rare figure of Diana, of white marble. The St. Sebastian and Hermaphrodite are of stupendous art. For paintings, our Saviour's Head, by Correggio; several pieces of Raphael, some of which are small; some of Bassano Veronese; the Leda, and two admirable Venuses, are of Titian's pencil; so is the Psyche and Cupid; the Head of St. John, borne by Herodias; two heads of Albert Durer, very exquisite. We were shown here a fine cabinet and tables of Florence-work in stone. In the gardens are many fine fountains, the walls covered with citron-trees, which, being rarely spread, invest the stone-work entirely; and, towards the street, at a back gate, the port is so handsomely clothed with ivy as much pleased me. About this palace are many noble antique bassi-relievi: two especially are placed on the ground, representing armour, and other military furniture of the Romans; beside these, stand about the garden numerous rare statues, altars, and urns. Above all for antiquity and curiosity (as being the only rarity of that nature now known to remain) is that piece of old Roman painting representing the Roman *Sponsalia,* or celebration of their marriage, judged to be 1400 years old, yet are the colours very lively, and the design very entire, though found deep in the ground. For this morsel of painting's sake only, it is said the Borghesi purchased the house, because this being on a wall in a kind of banqueting-house in the garden, could not be removed, but passes with the inheritance.

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[1] Born at Rome, in 1572; after joining the Society of Jesus, in 1592, appointed professor of rhetoric in their college in Rome; and known to the English reader by his "Prolusiones Academicæ," in which he introduced clever imitations of the Latin poets, translations of several of which Addison published in the "Guardian." He died at Rome in 1649.

29th November. I a second time visited the Medicean Palace, being near my lodging, the more exactly to have a view of the noble collections that adorn it, especially the bassi-relievi and antique friezes inserted about the stone-work of the house. The Saturn, of metal, standing in the portico, is a rare piece; so is the Jupiter and Apollo, in the hall. We were now led into those rooms above we could not see before, full of incomparable statues and antiquities; above all, and haply preferable to any in the world, are the Two Wrestlers, for the inextricable mixture with each other's arms and legs is stupendous. In the great chamber is the Gladiator, whetting a knife; but the Venus is without parallel, being the masterpiece of one whose name you see graven under it in old Greek characters; nothing in sculpture ever approached this miracle of art. To this add Marcius, Ganymede, a little Apollo playing on a pipe; some relievi incrusted on the palace-walls; and an antique vasa of marble, near six feet high. Among the pictures may be mentioned the Magdalen and St. Peter, weeping. I pass over the cabinets and tables of pietra commessa, being the proper invention of the Florentines. In one of the chambers is a whimsical chair, which folded into so many varieties, as to turn into a bed, a bolster, a table, or a couch. I had another walk in the garden, where are two huge vases, or baths of stone.

I went further up the hill to the Pope's Palaces at Monte

Cavallo, where I now saw the garden more exactly, and found it to be one of the most magnificent and pleasant in Rome. I am told the gardener is annually allowed 2000 scudi for the keeping of it. Here I observed hedges of myrtle above a man's height; others of laurel, oranges, nay, of ivy and juniper; the close walks, and rustic grotto; a cryptall, of which the laver, or basin, is of one vast, entire, antique porphyry, and below this flows a plentiful cascade; the steps of the grotto and the roofs being of rich mosaic. Here are hydraulic organs, a fish-pond, and an ample bath. From hence, we went to taste some rare Greco; and so home.

Being now pretty weary of continual walking, I kept within, for the most part, till the 6th December; and, during this time, I entertained one Signor Alessandro, who gave me some lessons on the theorbo.

The next excursion was over the Tiber, which I crossed in a ferry-boat, to see the Palazzo di Ghisi, standing in Transtevere, fairly built, but famous only for the painting *à fresco* on the *volto* of the portico towards the garden; the story is the Amours of Cupid and Psyche, by the hand of the celebrated Raphael d'Urbino. Here you always see painters designing and copying after it, being esteemed one of the rarest pieces of that art in the world; and with great reason. I must not omit that incomparable table of Galatea (as I remember), so carefully preserved in the cupboard at one of the ends of this walk, to protect it from the air, being a most lively painting. There are likewise excellent things of Baldassare, and others.

Thence we went to the noble house of the Duke of Bracciano, fairly built, with a stately court and fountain.

Next, we walked to St. Mary's Church, where was the *Taberna Meritoria,* where the old Roman soldiers received their triumphal garland, which they ever after wore. The high altar is very fair, adorned with columns of porphyry: here is also some mosaic work about the choir, and the Assumption is an esteemed piece. It is said that this church was the first that was dedicated to the Virgin at Rome. In the opposite piazza is a very sumptuous fountain.

12th December. I went again to St. Peter's, to see the chapels, churches, and grots under the whole church (like our St. Faith's under Paul's), in which lie interred a multitude of Saints, Martyrs, and Popes; amongst them our countryman, Adrian IV., (Nicholas Brekespere) in a chest of porphyry; Sir J. Chrysostom; Petronella; the heads of St. James Minor, St. Luke, St. Sebastian, and our Thomas à Becket; a shoulder of St. Christopher; an arm of Joseph of Arimathea; Longinus; besides 134 more Bishops, Soldiers, Princes, Scholars, Cardinals, Kings, Emperors, their wives; too long to particularize.

Hence we walked into the cemetery, called Campo Santo, the earth consisting of several ship-loads of mould, transported from Jerusalem, which consumes a carcase in twenty-four hours. To this joins that rare hospital, where once was Nero's Circus; the next to this is the Inquisition-house and prison, the inside whereof, I thank God, I was not curious to see. To this joins his Holiness's Horse-guards.

On Christmas-eve, I went not to bed, being desirous of seeing the many extraordinary ceremonies performed then in their churches, as midnight masses and sermons. I walked from church to church the whole night in admiration at the multitude of scenes and pageantry which the friars had with much industry and craft set out, to catch the devout women and superstitious sort of people, who never parted without dropping some money into a vessel set on purpose; but especially observable was the puppetry in the Church of the Minerva, representing the Nativity. I thence went and heard a sermon at the Apollinare; by which time it was morning. On Christmas-day, his Holiness sang mass, the artillery of St. Angelo went off, and all this day was exposed the cradle of our Lord.

29th December. We were invited by the English Jesuits to dinner, being their great feast of Thomas [à Becket] of Canterbury. We dined in their common refectory, and afterwards saw an Italian comedy acted by their alumni before the Cardinals.

1645. *January.* We saw pass the new officers of the people of Rome; especially, for their noble habits were most conspicuous, the three Consuls, now called Conservators, who take their places in the Capitol, having been sworn the day before between the hands of the Pope. We ended the day with the rare music at the Chiesa Nova.

6th. Was the ceremony of our Saviour's baptism in the Church of St. Athanasius, and at Ara Celi was a great procession, del Bambino, as they call it, where were all the magistrates, and a wonderful concourse of people.

7th. A sermon was preached to the Jews, at Ponte Sisto, who are constrained to sit till the hour is done; but it is with so much malice in their countenances, spitting, humming, coughing, and motion, that it is almost impossible they should hear a word from the preacher. A conversion is very rare.

14*th.* The heads of St. Peter and St. Paul are exposed at St. John Laterano.

15*th.* The zitelle, or young wenches, which are to have portions given them by the Pope, being poor, and to marry them, walked in procession to St. Peter's, where the Veronica was showed.

I went to the Ghetto, where the Jews dwell as in a suburb by themselves; being invited by a Jew of my acquaintance to see a circumcision. I passed by the Piazza Judea, where their seraglio begins; for, being environed with walls, they are looked up every night. In this place remains yet part of a stately fabric, which my Jew told me had been a palace of theirs for the ambassador of their nation, when their country was subject to the Romans. Being led through the Synagogue into a private house, I found a world of people in a chamber: by and bye came an old man, who prepared and laid in order divers instruments brought by a little child of about seven years old in a box. These the man laid in a silver basin; the knife was much like a short razor to shut into the half. Then they burnt some incense in a censer, which perfumed the room all the while the ceremony was performing. In the basin was a little cap made of white paper like a capuchin's hood, not bigger than the finger: also a paper of a red astringent powder, I suppose of bole; a small instrument of silver, cleft in the middle at one end, to take up the prepuce withal; a fine linen cloth wrapped up. These being all in order, the women brought the infant swaddled, out of another chamber, and delivered it to the Rabbi, who carried and presented it before an altar, or cupboard, dressed up, on which lay the five Books of Moses, and the Commandments, a little unrolled. Before this, with profound reverence, and mumbling a few words, he waved the child to and fro awhile; then he delivered it to another Rabbi, who sate all this time upon a table. Whilst the ceremony was performing, all the company fell singing a Hebrew hymn, in a barbarous tone, waving themselves to and fro; a ceremony they observe in all their devotions.—The Jews in Rome all wear yellow hats, live only upon brokage and usury, very poor and despicable, beyond what they are in other territories of Princes where they are permitted.

18th January. I went to see the Pope's Palace, the Vatican, where he for the most part keeps his Court. It was first built by Pope Simachus, and since augmented to a vast pile of building by his successors. That part of it added by Sextus V. is most magnificent. This leads us into divers terraces arched *sub dio,* painted by Raphael with the histories of the Bible, so esteemed, that artists come from all parts of Europe to make their studies from these designs. The foliage and grotesque about some of the compartments are admirable.[1] In another room are represented at large, maps and plots of most countries in the world, in vast tables, with brief descriptions. The stairs which ascend out of St. Peter's portico into the first hall, are rarely contrived for ease; these lead into the hall of Gregory XIII., the walls whereof, half way to the roof, are incrusted with most precious marbles of various colours and works. So is also the pavement inlaid work; but what exceeds description is, the volta, or roof itself, which is so exquisitely painted, that it is almost impossible for the skilfullest eye to discern whether it be the work of the pencil upon a flat, or of a tool cut deep in stone. The Rota dentata, in this admirable perspective, on the left hand as one goes out, the Stella, &c., are things of art incomparable. Certainly this is one of the most superb and royal apartments in the world, much too beautiful for a guard of gigantic Switzers, who do nothing but drink and play at cards in it. Going up these stairs is a painting of St. Peter, walking on the sea towards our Saviour.

Out of this I went into another hall, just before the chapel, called the Sàla del Conclave, full of admirable paintings; amongst others is the Assassination of Coligni, the great [Protestant] French Admiral, murdered by the Duke of Guise, in the Parisian massacre at the nuptials of Henry IV. with Queen Margaret; under it is written, "Coligni et sociorum cædes:" on the other side, "Rex Coligi necem probat."

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[1] Painted from the designs of Raphael, by John of Udine, his scholar.

There is another very large picture, under which is inscribed:

Alexander Papa III., Frederici Primi Imperatoris iram et impetum fugiens, abdidit se Venetijs; cognitum et à senatu perhonorificè susceptum, Othone Imperatoris filio navali prælio victo captoq; Fredericus, pace facta, supplex adorat; fidem et obedientiam pollicitus. Ita Pontifici sua dignitas Venet. Reip. beneficio restituta MCLXXVIII.[1]

This inscription I the rather took notice of, because Urban VIII. had caused it to be blotted out during the difference between him and that State; but it was now restored and refreshed by his successor, to the great honour of the Venetians. The Battle of Lepanto is another fair piece here.

Now we came into the Pope's chapel, so much celebrated for the Last Judgment painted by M. Angelo Buonarotti. It is a painting in fresco, upon a dead wall at the upper end of the chapel, just over the high altar, of a vast design and miraculous fancy, considering the multitude of naked figures and variety of posture. The roof also is full of rare work. Hence, we went into the sacristía, where were showed all the most precious vestments, copes, and furniture of the chapel. One priestly cope, with the whole suite, had been sent from one of our English Henrys, and is shown for a great rarity. There were divers of the Pope's pantoufles that are kissed on his foot, having rich jewels embroidered on the instep, covered with crimson velvet; also his tiara, or triple crown, divers mitres, crosiers, &c., all bestudded with precious stones, gold, and pearl, to a very great value; a very large cross, carved (as they affirm) out of the holy wood itself; numerous utensils of crystal, gold, agate, amber, and other costly materials for the altar.

We then went into those chambers painted with the Histories of the burning of Rome, quenched by the procession of a Crucifix; the victory of Constantine over Maxentius; St. Peter's delivery out of Prison; all by Julio

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[1] Pope Alexander III., flying from the wrath and violence of the Emperor Frederick I., took shelter at Venice, where he was acknowledged, and most honourably received by the Senate. The Emperor's son, Otho, being conquered and taken in a naval battle, the Emperor, having made peace, became a suppliant to the Pope, promising fealty and obedience. Thus his dignity was restored to the Pontiff, by the aid of the Republic of Venice, MCLXXVIII.

Romano, and are therefore called the Painters' Academy, because you always find some young men or other designing from them: a civility which is not refused in Italy, where any rare pieces of the old and best masters are extant, and which is the occasion of breeding up many excellent men in that profession.

The Sala Clementina's Suffito is painted by Cherubin Alberti, with an ample landscape of Paul Bril's.

We were then conducted into a new gallery whose sides were painted with views of the most famous places, towns, and territories in Italy, rarely done, and upon the roof the chief Acts of the Roman Church since St. Peter's pretended See there. It is doubtless one of the most magnificent galleries in Europe.—Out of this we came into the Consistory, a noble room, the volto painted in grotesque, as I remember. At the upper end, is an elevated throne and a baldacchino, or canopy of state, for his Holiness, over it.

From thence, through a very long gallery (longer, I think, than the French Kings at the Louvre), but only of bare walls, we were brought into the Vatican Library. This passage was now full of poor people, to each of whom, in his passage to St. Peter's, the Pope gave a mezzo grosse. I believe they were in number near 1500 or 2000 persons.

This library is the most nobly built, furnished, and beautified of any in the world; ample, stately, light, and cheerful, looking into a most pleasant garden. The walls and roof are painted, not with antiques and grotesques, like our Bodleian at Oxford, but emblems, figures, diagrams, and the like learned inventions, found out by the wit and industry of famous men, of which there are now whole volumes extant. There were likewise the effigies of the most illustrious men of letters and fathers of the church, with divers noble statues, in white marble, at the entrance, viz., Hippolytus and Aristides. The General Councils are painted on the side-walls. As to the ranging of the books, they are all shut up in presses of wainscot, and not exposed on shelves to the open air, nor are the most precious mixed amongst the more ordinary, which are showed to the curious only; such are those two Virgils written on parchment, of more than a thousand years old; the like, a Terence; the Acts of the Apostles in golden capital letters; Petrarch's Epigrams, written with his own hand; also a Hebrew parchment, made up in the ancient manner, from whence they were first called *Volumina*, with the Cornua; but what we English do much inquire after, the book which our Henry VIII. writ against Luther.[1]

The largest room is 100 paces long; at the end is the gallery of printed books; then the gallery of the Duke of Urban's library, in which are MSS. of remarkable miniature, and divers China, Mexican, Samaritan, Abyssinian, and other oriental books.

In another wing of the edifice, 200 paces long, were all the books taken from Heidelberg, of which the learned Gruter, and other great scholars, had been keepers. These walls and volta are painted with representations of the machines invented by Domenico Fontana for erection of the obelisks; and the true design of Mahomet's sepulchre at Mecca.

Out of this we went to see the Conclave, where, during a vacancy, the Cardinals are shut up till they are agreed upon a new election; the whole manner whereof was described to us.

Hence we went into the Pope's Armoury, under the Library. Over the door is this inscription:

URBANUS VIII. LITTERIS ARMA, ARMA LITTERIS.

I hardly believe any Prince in Europe is able to show a more completely furnished library of Mars, for the quality and quantity, which is 40,000 complete for horse and foot, and neatly kept. Out of this we passed again by the long gallery, and at the lower end of it down a very large pair of stairs, round, without any steps as usually, but descending with an evenness so ample and easy, that a horse-litter, or coach, may with ease be drawn up; the sides of the vacuity are set with columns: those at Amboise, on the Loire, in France, are something of this invention, but nothing so spruce. By these, we descended into the Vatican gardens, called Belvedere, where entering first into a kind of court, we were showed those incomparable statues (so famed by Pliny and others) of Laocoon with his three sons embraced by a huge serpent, all of one entire Parian stone, very white and perfect, somewhat bigger than the life, the work of those three celebrated sculptors, Agesandrus, Polydorus, and Artemidorus, Rhodians; it was found amongst the ruins of Titus's Baths, and placed here. Pliny says this statue is to be esteemed before all pictures and statues in the world; and I am of his opinion, for I never beheld anything of art approach it. Here are also those two famous images of Nilus with the Children playing about him, and that of Tyber; Romulus and Remus with the Wolf; the dying Cleopatra; the Venus and Cupid, rare pieces; the Mercury; Cybel; Hercules; Apollo; Antinous: most of which are, for defence against the weather, shut up in niches with wainscot doors. We were likewise showed the relics of the Hadrian Moles, viz., the Pine, a vast piece of metal which stood on the summit of that mausoleum; also a peacock of copper, supposed to have been part of Scipio's monument.

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[1] This very book, by one of those curious chances that occasionally happen, found its way into England some forty years ago, and was seen by the Editor of the early edition of this Diary. It may be worth remarking that wherever, in the course of it, the title of *Defender of the Faith* was subjoined to the name of Henry, the Pope had drawn his pen through the title. The name of the King occurred in his own handwriting both at the beginning and end; and on the binding were the Royal Arms. Its possessor had purchased it in Italy for a few shillings from an old book-stall.

In the garden without this (which contains a vast circuit of ground) are many stately fountains, especially two casting water into antique lavers, brought from Titus's Baths; some fair grots and water-works, that noble cascade where the ship dances, with divers other pleasant inventions, walks, terraces, meanders, fruit-trees, and a most goodly prospect over the greatest part of the city. One fountain under the gate I must not omit, consisting of three jettos of water gushing out of the mouths or probosces of bees (the arms of the late Pope), because of the inscription:

> Quid miraris Apem, quæ mel de floribus haurit?
> Si tibi mellitam gutture fundit aquam.

23rd January. We went without the walls of the city to visit St. Paul's, to which place it is said the Apostle bore his own head after Nero had caused it to be cut off. The church was founded by the great Constantine; the main roof is supported by 100 vast columns of marble, and the mosaic work of the great arch is wrought with a very ancient story A° 440; as is likewise that of the facciáta. The gates are brass, made at Constantinople in 1070, as you may read by those Greek verses engraven on them. The church is near 500 feet long and 258 in breadth, and has five great aisles joined to it, on the basis of one of whose columns is this odd title: "Fl. Eugenius Asellus C. C. Præf. Urbis V. S. I. reparavit." Here they showed us that miraculous Crucifix which they say spake to St. Bridget: and, just before the Ciborio, stand two excellent statues. Here are buried part of the bodies of St. Paul and St. Peter. The pavement is richly interwoven with precious oriental marbles about the high altar, where are also four excellent paintings, whereof one, representing the stoning of St. Stephen, is by the hand of a Bolognian lady, named Lavinia. The tabernacle on this altar is of excellent architecture, and the pictures in the Chapel del Sacramento are of Lanfranco. Divers other relics there be also in this venerable church, as a part of St. Anna; the head of the Woman of Samaria; the chain which bound St. Paul, and the Eculeus used in tormenting the primitive Christians. The church stands in the Via Ositensis, about a mile from the walls of the city, separated from many buildings near it except the Trie Fontana, to which (leaving our coach) we walked, going over the mountain or little rising, upon which story says a hundred seventy and four thousand Christians had been martyred by Maximianus, Dioclesian, and other bloody tyrants. On this stand St. Vincent's and St. Anastasius; likewise the Church of St. Maria Scala del Cielo, in whose Tribuna is a very fair mosaic work. The Church of the Trie Fontana (as they are called) is perfectly well built, though but small (whereas that of St. Paul is but Gothic), having a noble cupola in the middle; in this they show the pillar to which St. Paul was bound, when his head was cut off, and from whence it made three prodigious leaps, where there immediately broke out the three remaining fountains, which give denomination to this church. The waters are reported to be medicinal; over each is erected an altar and a chained ladle, for better tasting of the waters. That most excellent picture of St. Peter's Crucifixion is of Guido.

25th January. I went again to the Palazzo Farnese, to see some certain statues and antiquities which, by reason of the Major-Domo not being within, I could not formerly obtain. In the hall stands that triumphant Colosse of one of the family, upon three figures, a modern, but rare piece. About it stood some Gladiators; and, at the entrance into one of the first chambers, are two cumbent figures of *Age* and *Youth,* brought hither from St. Peter's to make room for the Longinus under the cupola. Here was the statue of a ram running at a man on horseback, a most incomparable expression of Fury, cut in stone; and a table of pietra-commessa, very curious. The next chamber was all painted *à fresco*, by a rare hand, as was the carving in wood of the ceiling, which, as I remember, was in cedar, as the Italian mode is, and not poor plaster, as ours are; some of them most richly gilt. In a third room, stood the famous Venus, and the child Hercules strangling a serpent, of Corinthian brass, antique, on a very curious basso-relievo; the sacrifice to Priapus; the Egyptian Isis, in the hard, black ophite stone, taken out of the Pantheon, greatly celebrated by the antiquaries: likewise two tables of brass, containing divers old Roman laws. At another side of this chamber, was the statue of a wounded Amazon falling from her horse, worthy the name of the excellent sculptor, whoever the artist was. Near this was a bass-relievo of a Bacchanalia, with a most curious Silenus. The fourth room was totally environed with statues; especially observable was that so renowned piece of a Venus looking backward over her shoulder, and divers other naked figures, by the old Greek masters. Over the doors are two Venuses, one of them looking on her face in a glass, by M. Angelo; the other is painted by Caracci. I never saw finer faces, especially that under the mask, whose beauty and art are not to be described by words. The next chamber is also full of statues; most of them the heads of Philosophers, very antique. One of the Cæsars and another of Hannibal cost 1200 crowns. Now I had a second view of that never-to-be-sufficiently-admired gallery, painted in deep relievo, the work of ten years' study, for a trifling reward. In the wardrobe above they showed us fine wrought plate, porcelain, mazers of beaten and solid gold, set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; a treasure, especially the workmanship considered, of inestimable value. This is all the Duke of Parma's. Nothing seemed to be more curious and rare in its kind than the complete service of the purest crystal, for the altar of the chapel, the very bell, cover of a book, sprinkler, &c., were all of the rock, incomparably sculptured, with the holy story in deep Levati; thus was also wrought the crucifix, chalice, vases, flower-pots, the largest and purest crystal that my eyes ever beheld. Truly

I looked on this as one of the greatest curiosities I had seen in Rome. In another part were presses furnished with antique arms, German clocks, perpetual motions, watches, and curiosities of Indian works. A very ancient picture of Pope Eugenius; a St. Bernard; and a head of marble found long since, supposed to be a true portrait of our Blessed Saviour's face.

Hence, we went to see Dr. Gibbs, a famous poet and countryman of ours, who had some intendency in an Hospital built on the Via Triumphalis, called Christ's Hospital, which he showed us. The Infirmatory, where the sick lay, was paved with various coloured marbles, and the walls hung with noble pieces; the beds are very fair; in the middle is a stately cupola, under which is an altar decked with divers marble statues, all in sight of the sick, who may both see and hear mass, as they lie in their beds. The organs are very fine, and frequently played on to recreate the people in pain. To this joins an apartment destined for the orphans; and there is a school: the children wear blue, like ours in London, at an hospital of the same appellation. Here are forty nurses, who give suck to such children as are accidentally found exposed and abandoned. In another quarter, are children of a bigger growth, 450 in number, who are taught letters. In another, 500 girls, under the tuition of divers religious matrons, in a monastery, as it were, by itself. I was assured there were at least 2000 more maintained in other places. I think one apartment had in it near 1000 beds; these are in a very long room, having an inner passage for those who attend, with as much care, sweetness, and conveniency as can be imagined, the Italians being generally very neat. Under the portico, the sick may walk out and take the air. Opposite to this, are other chambers for such as are sick of maladies of a more rare and difficult cure, and they have rooms apart. At the end of the long corridor is an apothecary's shop, fair and very well stored; near which are chambers for persons of better quality, who are yet necessitous. Whatever the poor bring is, at their coming in, delivered to a treasurer, who makes an inventory, and is accountable to them, or their representatives if they die.

To this building joins the house of the commendator, who, with his officers attending the sick, make up ninety persons; besides a convent and an ample church for the friars and priests who daily attend. The church is extremely neat, and the sacristía is very rich. Indeed it is altogether one of the most pious and worthy foundations I ever saw. Nor is the benefit small which divers young physicians and chirurgeons reap by the experience they learn here amongst the sick, to whom those students have free access. Hence, we ascended a very steep hill, near the Port St. Pancratio, to that stately fountain called Acqua Paula, being the aqueduct which Augustus had brought to Rome, now re-edified by Paulus V.; a rare piece of architecture, and which serves the city after a journey of thirty-five miles, here pouring itself into divers ample lavers, out of the mouths of swans and dragons, the arms of this Pope. Situate on a very high mount, it makes a most glorious show to the city, especially when the sun darts on the water as it gusheth out. The inscriptions on it are:

Paulus V. Romanus Pontifex Opt. Max. Aquæductus ab Augusto Cæsare extructos, ævi longinquâ vetustate collapsos, in ampliorem formam restituit anno salutis M.D.CIX. Pont. V.

And, towards the fields:

Paulus V. Rom. Pontifex Optimus Maximus, priori ductu longissimi temporis injuriâ penè diruto, sublimiorem

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[One or more leaves are here wanting in Evelyn's MS., descriptive of other parts of Rome, and of his leaving the City.]

Thence to Velletri, a town heretofore of the Volsci, where is a public and fair statue of P. Urban VIII., in brass, and a stately fountain in the street. Here we lay, and drank excellent wine.

28th January. We dined at Sermonetta, descending all this morning down a stony mountain, unpleasant, yet full of olive-trees; and, anon, pass a tower built on a rock, kept by a small guard against the banditti who infest these parts, daily robbing and killing passengers, as my Lord Banbury and his company found to their cost a little before. To this guard we gave some money, and so were suffered to pass, which was still on the Appian to the *Tres Tabernæ* (whither the brethren came from Rome to meet St. Paul, Acts, c. 28); the ruins whereof are yet very fair, resembling the remainder of some considerable edifice, as may be judged by the vast stones and fairness of the arched work.

The country environing this passage is hilly, but rich; on the right hand stretches an ample plain, being the *Pomptini Campi.* We reposed this night at Piperno, in the post-house without the town; and here I was extremely troubled with a sore hand, from a mischance at Rome, which now began to fester, upon my base, unlucky, stiff-necked, trotting, carrion mule; which are the most wretched beasts in the world. In this town was the poet Virgil's Camilla born.

The day following, we were fain to hire a strong convoy of about thirty firelocks, to guard us through the cork-woods (much infested with the banditti) as far as Fossa Nuova, where was the Forum Appii, and now stands a church with a great monastery, the place where Thomas Aquinas both studied and lies buried. Here we all alighted, and were most courteously received by the Monks, who showed us many relics of their learned Saint, and at the high altar the print forsooth of the mule's hoof which he caused to kneel before the Host. The church is old, built after the Gothic manner; but the place is very agreeably melancholy. After this, pursuing the same noble [Appian] way (which we had before left a little), we found it to stretch from Capua to Rome itself, and afterwards as far as Brundusium. It was built by that famous Consul, twenty-five feet broad, every twelve feet something ascending for the ease and firmer footing of horse and man; both the sides are also a little raised for those who travel on foot. The whole is paved with a kind of beach-stone, and, as I said, ever and anon adorned with some old ruin, sepulchre, or broken statue. In one of these monuments Pancirollus tells us that, in the time of Paul III., there was found the body of a young lady, swimming in a kind of bath of precious oil, or liquor, fresh and entire as if she had been living, neither her face discoloured, nor her hair disordered; at her feet burnt a lamp, which suddenly expired at the opening of the vault; having flamed, as was computed, now 1500 years, by the conjecture that she was Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero, whose body was thus found, and as the inscription testified. We dined this day at Terracina, heretofore the famous Anxur, which stands upon a very eminent promontory, the Cercean by name. Whilst meat was preparing, I went up into the town, and viewed the fair remainders of Jupiter's Temple, now converted into a church, adorned with most stately columns; its architecture has been excellent, as may be deduced from the goodly cornices, mouldings, and huge white marbles of which it is built. Before the portico stands a pillar thus inscribed:

> Inclyta Gothorum Regis monumenta vetusta
> Anxuri hoc Oculos exposuere loco;

for, it seems, Theodoric drained their marches.

On another more ancient:

> Imp. Cæsar Divi Nervæ Filius Nerva Trojanus Aug. Germanicus Dacicus. Pontif. Max. Trib. Pop. XVIII. Imp. VI. Cos. V. p.p. XVIII. Silices suâ pecuniâ stravit.

Meaning, doubtless, some part of the Via Appia. Then:

> Tit. Upio. Aug. optato Pontano Procuratori et Præfect. Classis.—Ti. Julius. T. Fab. optatus II. vir.

Here is likewise a Columna Milliaria, with something engraven on it, but I could not stay to consider it. Coming down again, I went towards the sea-side to contemplate that stupendous strange rock and promontory, cleft by hand, I suppose, for the better passage. Within this is the Cercean Cave, which I went into a good way; it makes a dreadful noise, by reason of the roaring and impetuous waves continually assaulting the beach, and that in an unusual manner. At the top, at an excessive height, stands an old and very great castle. We arrived this night at Fondi, a most dangerous passage for robbing; and so we passed by Galba's villa, and anon entered the kingdom of Naples, where, at the gate, this epigraph saluted us: "Hospes, hic sunt fines Regni Neapolitani; si amicus advenis, pacatè omnia invenies, et malis moribus pulsis, bonas leges." The Via Appia is here a noble prospect; having before considered how it was carried through vast mountains of rocks for many miles, by most stupendous labour: here it is infinitely pleasant, beset with sepulchres and antiquities, full of sweet shrubs in the environing hedges. At Fondi, we had oranges and citrons for nothing, the trees growing in every corner, charged with fruit.

29th January. We descried Mount Cæcubus, famous for the generous wine it heretofore produced, and so rid onward the Appian Way, beset with myrtles, lentiscuses, bays, pomegranates, and whole groves of orange-trees, and most delicious shrubs, till we came to Formiana [Formiæ], where they showed us Cicero's Tomb, standing in an olive grove, now a rude heap of stones without form or beauty; for here that incomparable orator was murdered. I shall never forget how exceedingly I was delighted with the sweetness of this passage, the sepulchre mixed amongst all sorts of verdure; besides being now come within sight of the noble city, Cajeta [Gaieta], which gives a surprising prospect along the Tyrrhene Sea, in manner of a theatre: and here we beheld that strangely cleft rock, a frightful spectacle, which they say happened upon the passion of our Blessed Saviour; but the haste of our procaccio did not suffer us to dwell so long on these objects and the many antiquities of this town as we desired.

At Formi, we saw Cicero's grot, dining at Mola, and passing Sinuessa, Garigliano (once the city Mintern), and beheld the ruins of that vast amphitheatre and aqueduct yet standing; the river Liris, which bounded the old Latium, Falernus, or Mons Massacus, celebrated for its wine, now named Garo; and this night we lodged at a little village, called St. Agatha, in the Falernian Fields, near to Aurunca and Sessa.

The next day, having passed [the river] Vulturnus, we come by the Torre di Francolisi, where Hannibal, in danger from Fabius Maximus, escaped by debauching his enemies; and so at last we entered the most pleasant plains of Campania, now called Terra di Lavoro; in very truth, I think, the most fertile spot that ever the sun shone upon. Here we saw the slender ruins of the once mighty Capua, contending at once both with Rome and Carthage, for splendour and empire, now nothing but a heap of rubbish, except showing some vestige of its former magnificence in pieces of temples, arches, theatres, columns, ports, vaults, colosses, &c., confounded together by the barbarous Goths and Longobards; there is, however, a new city, nearer to the road by two miles, fairly raised out of these heaps. The passage from this town to Naples (which is about ten or twelve English post miles) is as straight as a line, of great breadth, fuller of travellers than I remember any of our greatest and most frequented roads near London; but, what is extremely pleasing, is the great fertility of the fields, planted with fruit-trees, whose boles are serpented with excellent vines, and they so exuberant, that it is commonly reported one vine will load five mules with its grapes. What adds much to the pleasure of the sight is, that the vines, climbing to the summit of the trees, reach in festoons and fruitages from one tree to another, planted at exact distances, forming a more delightful picture than painting can describe. Here grow rice, canes for sugar, olives, pomegranates, mulberries, citrons, oranges, figs, and other sorts of rare fruits. About the middle of the way is the town Aversa, whither came three or four coaches to meet our lady-travellers, of whom we now took leave, having been very merry by the way with them and the capitáno, their gallant.

31st January. About noon, we entered the city of Naples, alighting at the Three Kings, where we found the most plentiful fare all the time we were in Naples. Provisions are wonderfully cheap; we seldom sat down to fewer than eighteen or twenty dishes of exquisite meat and fruits.

The morrow after our arrival, in the afternoon, we hired a coach to carry us about the town. First, we went to the castle of St. Elmo, built on a very high rock, whence we had an entire prospect of the whole city, which lies in shape of a theatre upon the sea-brink, with all the circumjacent islands, as far as Capreæ, famous for the debauched recesses of Tiberius. This fort is the bridle of the whole city, and was well stored and garrisoned with native Spaniards. The strangeness of the precipice and rareness of the prospect of so many magnificent and stately palaces, churches, and monasteries, with the Arsenal, the Mole, and Mount Vesuvius in the distance, all in full command of the eye, make it one of the richest landscapes in the world.

Hence, we descended to another strong castle, called Il Castello Nuovo, which protects the shore; but they would by no entreaty permit us to go in; the outward defence seems to consist but in four towers, very high, and an exceeding deep graff, with thick walls. Opposite to this is the tower of St. Vincent, which is also very strong.

Then we went to the very noble Palace of the Viceroy, partly old, and part of a newer work; but we did not stay long here. Towards the evening, we took the air upon the Mole, a street on the rampart, or bank, raised in the sea for security of their galleys in port, built as that of Genoa. Here I observed a rich fountain in the middle of the piazza, and adorned with divers rare statues of copper, representing the Sirens, or Deities of the Parthenope, spouting large streams of water into an ample shell, all of cast metal, and of great cost. This stands at the entrance of the Mole, where we met many of the nobility both on horseback and in their coaches to take the fresco from the sea, as the manner is, it being in the most advantageous quarter for good air, delight and prospect. Here we saw divers goodly horses who handsomely become their riders, the Neapolitan gentlemen. This Mole is about 500 paces in length, and paved with a square hewn stone. From the Mole, we ascend to a church of great antiquity, formerly sacred to Castor and Pollux, as the Greek letters carved on the architrave and the busts of their two statues testify. It is now converted into a stately oratory by the Theatines.

The Cathedral is a most magnificent pile, and except St. Peter's in Rome, Naples exceeds all cities for stately churches and monasteries. We were told that this day the blood of St. Januarius and his head should be exposed, and so we found it, but obtained not to see the miracle of the boiling of this blood. The next we went to see was St. Peter's, richly adorned, the chapel especially, where that Apostle said mass, as is testified on the wall.

After dinner, we went to St. Dominic, where they showed us the crucifix that is reported to have said these words to St. Thomas, "Benè de me scripsisti, Thoma." Hence, to the Padri Olivetani, famous for the monument of the learned Alexander-ab-Alexandro.

We proceeded, the next day, to visit the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where we spent much time in surveying the chapel of Joh. Jov. Gontanus, and in it the several and excellent sentences and epitaphs on himself, wife, children, and friends, full of rare wit, and worthy of recording, as we find them in several writers. In the same chapel is showed an arm of Titus Livius, with this epigraph: "Titi Livij brachium quod Anton. Panormita a Patavinis impetravit, Jo. Jovianus Pontanus multos post annos hôc in loco ponendum curavit."

Climbing a steep hill, we came to the monastery and Church of the Carthusians, from whence is a most goodly prospect towards the sea and city, the one full of galleys and ships, the other of stately palaces, churches, monasteries, castles, gardens, delicious fields and meadows, Mount Vesuvius smoking, the Promontory of Minerva and

Misenum, Capreæ, Prochyta, Ischia, Pausilipum, Puteoli, and the rest, doubtless one of the most divertissant and considerable vistas in the world. The church is most elegantly built; the very pavements of the common cloister being all laid with variously polished marbles, richly figured. They showed us a massy cross of silver, much celebrated for the workmanship and carving, and said to have been fourteen years in perfecting. The choir also is of rare art; but above all to be admired, is the yet unfinished church of the Jesuits, certainly, if accomplished, not to be equalled in Europe. Hence, we passed by the Palazzo Caraffi, full of ancient and very noble statues: also the Palace of the Orsini. The next day, we did little but visit some friends, English merchants, resident for their negotiation; only this morning at the Viceroy's Cavalerizza I saw the noblest horses that I had ever beheld, one of his sons riding the menage with that address and dexterity as I had never seen anything approach it.

4th February. We were invited to the collection of exotic rarities in the Museum of Ferdinando Imperati, a Neapolitan nobleman, and one of the most observable palaces in the city, the repository of incomparable rarities. Amongst the natural herbals most remarkable was the Byssus marina and Pinna marina; the male and female chamelion; an Onocrotatus; an extraordinary great crocodile; some of the Orcades Anates, held here for a great rarity; likewise a salamander; the male and female Manucordiata, the male having a hollow in the back, in which it is reported the female both lays and hatches her eggs; the mandragoras, of both sexes; Papyrus, made of several reeds, and some of silk; tables of the rinds of trees, written with Japonic characters; another of the branches of palm; many Indian fruits; a crystal that had a quantity of uncongealed water within its cavity; a petrified fisher's net; divers sorts of tarantulas, being a monstrous spider, with lark-like claws, and somewhat bigger.

5th. This day we beheld the Vice-king's procession, which was very splendid for the relics, banners, and music that accompanied the Blessed Sacrament. The ceremony took up most of the morning.

6th. We went by coach to take the air, and see the diversions, or rather madness, of the Carnival; the courtesans (who swarm in this city to the number, as we are told, of

30,000, registered and paying a tax to the State) flinging eggs of sweet water into our coach, as we passed by the houses and windows. Indeed, the town is so pestered with these cattle, that there needs no small mortification to preserve from their enchantment, whilst they display all their natural and artificial beauty, play, sing, feign compliment, and by a thousand studied devices seek to inveigle foolish young men.

7th February. The next day, being Saturday, we went four miles out of town on mules, to see that famous volcano, Mount Vesuvius. Here we pass a fair fountain, called Labulla, which continually boils, supposed to proceed from Vesuvius, and thence over a river and bridge, where on a large upright stone, is engraven a notable inscription relative to the memorable eruption in 1630.[1]

Approaching the hill, as we were able with our mules, we alighted, crawling up the rest of the proclivity with great difficulty, now with our feet, now with our hands, not without many untoward slips which did much bruise us on the various coloured cinders, with which the whole mountain is covered, some like pitch, others full of perfect brimstone, others metallic, interspersed with innumerable pumices (of all which I made a collection), we at the last gained the summit of an extensive altitude. Turning our faces towards Naples, it presents one of the goodliest prospects in the world; all the Baiæ, Cuma, Elysian Fields, Capreæ, Ischia, Prochyta, Misenus, Puteoli, that goodly city, with a great portion of the Tyrrhene Sea, offering themselves to your view at once, and at so agreeable a distance, as nothing can be more delightful. The mountain consists of a double top, the one pointed very sharp, and commonly appearing above any clouds, the other blunt. Here, as we approached, we met many large gaping clefts and chasms, out of which issued such sulphureous blasts and smoke, that we durst not stand long near them. Having gained the very summit, I laid myself down to look over into that most frightful and terrible vorago, a stupendous pit of near three miles in circuit, and half a mile in depth, by a perpendicular hollow cliff (like that from the highest part of Dover Castle), with now and then a craggy prominency jetting out. The area at the bottom is plane, like an even floor, which seems to be made by the wind circling the ashes by its eddy blasts. In the middle and centre is a hill, shaped like a great brown loaf, appearing to consist of sulphureous matter, continually vomiting a foggy exhalation, and ejecting huge stones with an impetuous noise and roaring, like the report of many muskets discharging. This horrid barathrum engaged our attention for some hours, both for the strangeness of the spectacle, and the mention which the old histories make of it, as one of the most stupendous curiosities in nature, and which made the learned and inquisitive Pliny adventure his life to detect the causes, and to lose it in too desperate an approach. It is likewise famous for the stratagem of the rebel, Spartacus, who did so much mischief to the State, lurking amongst and protected by, these horrid caverns, when it was more accessible and less dangerous than it is now; but especially notorious it is for the last conflagration, when, in anno 1630, it burst out beyond what it had ever done in the memory of history; throwing out huge stones and fiery pumices in such quantity, as not only environed the whole mountain, but totally buried and overwhelmed divers towns and their inhabitants, scattering the ashes more than a hundred miles, and utterly devastating all those vineyards, where formerly grew the most incomparable Greco; when, bursting through the bowels of the earth, it absorbed the very sea, and, with its whirling waters, drew in divers galleys and other vessels to their destruction, as is faithfully recorded. We descended with more ease than we climbed up, through a deep valley of pure ashes, which at the late eruption was a flowing river of melted and burning brimstone, and so came to our mules at the foot of the mountain.

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[1] It may be seen at length in Wright's Travels, and in Misson's New Voyage to Italy, i. 431.

On Sunday, we with our guide visited the so much celebrated Baia, and natural rarities of the places adjacent. Here we entered the mountain Pausilypus, at the left hand of which they showed us Virgil's sepulchre erected on a steep rock, in form of a small rotunda or cupolated column, but almost overgrown with bushes and wild bay trees. At the entrance is this inscription:

Stanisi Cencovius.
1589.
Qui cineres? Tumuli hæc vestigia, conditur olim
Ille hôc qui cecinit Pascua, Rura Duces.
Can Ree MDLIII.[1]

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[1] Such is the inscription, as copied by Evelyn; but as its sense is not very clear, and the Diary contains instances of incorrectness in

After we were advanced into this noble and altogether wonderful crypt, consisting of a passage spacious enough for two coaches to go abreast, cut through a rocky mountain near three quarters of a mile (by the ancient Cimmerii as reported, but as others say by L. Cocceius, who employed a hundred thousand men on it), we came to the midway, where there is a well bored through the diameter of this vast mountain, which admits the light into a pretty chapel, hewn out of the natural rock, wherein hang divers lamps, perpetually burning. The way is paved under foot; but it does not hinder the dust, which rises so excessively in this much-frequented passage, that we were forced at mid-day to use a torch. At length, we were delivered from the bowels of the earth into one of the most delicious plains in the world: the oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and other fruits, blushing yet on the perpetually green trees; for the summer is here eternal, caused by the natural and adventitious heat of the earth, warmed through the subterranean fires, as was shown us by our guide, who alighted, and, cutting up a turf with his knife, and delivering it to me, it was so hot, I was hardly able to hold it in my hands. This mountain is exceedingly fruitful in vines, and exotics grow readily.

We now came to a lake of about two miles in circumference, environed with hills; the water of it is fresh and sweet on the surface, but salt at bottom; some mineral salt conjectured to be the cause, and it is reported of that profunditude in the middle that it is bottomless. The people call it Lago d'Agnano, from the multitude of serpents which, involved together about the spring, fall down from the cliffy hills into it. It has no fish, nor will any live in it. We tried the old experiment on a dog in the Grotto del Cane, or Charon's Cave; it is not above three or four paces deep, and about the height of a man, nor very broad. Whatever having life enters it, presently expires. Of this we made trial with two dogs, one of which we bound to a short pole to guide him the more directly into the further part of the den, where he was no sooner entered, but—

transcribing, it may be desirable to subjoin the distich said (by Keysler in his Travels, ii. 433) to be the only one in the whole mausoleum:

Quæ cineris tumulo hæc vestigia? conditur olim
Ille hoc qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces.

without the least noise, or so much as a struggle, except that he panted for breath, lolling out his tongue, his eyes being fixed :—we drew him out dead to all appearance; but immediately plunging him into the adjoining lake, within less than half an hour he recovered, and swimming to shore, ran away from us. We tried the same on another dog, without the application of the water, and left him quite dead. The experiment has been made on men, as on that poor creature whom Peter of Toledo caused to go in; likewise on some Turkish slaves; two soldiers, and other foolhardy persons, who all perished, and could never be recovered by the water of the lake, as are dogs; for which many learned reasons have been offered, as Simon Majolus in his book of the Canicular-days has mentioned, colloq. 15. And certainly the most likely is, the effect of those hot and dry vapours which ascend out of the earth, and are condensed by the ambient cold, as appears by their converting into crystalline drops on the top, whilst at the bottom it is so excessively hot, that a torch being extinguished near it, and lifted a little distance, was suddenly re-lighted.

Near to this cave are the natural stoves of St. Germain, of the nature of sudatories, in certain chambers partitioned with stone for the sick to sweat in, the vapours here being exceedingly hot, and of admirable success in the gout, and other cold distempers of the nerves. Hence, we climbed up a hill, the very highway in several places even smoking with heat like a furnace. The mountains were by the Greeks called Leucogæi, and the fields Phlegræan. Hercules here vanquished the Giants, assisted with lightning. We now came to the Court of Vulcan, consisting of a valley near a quarter of a mile in breadth, the margent environed with steep cliffs, out of whose sides and foot break forth fire and smoke in abundance, making a noise like a tempest of water, and sometimes discharging in loud reports, like so many guns. The heat of this place is wonderful, the earth itself being almost unsufferable, and which the subterranean fires have made so hollow, by having wasted the matter for so many years, that it sounds like a drum to those who walk upon it; and the water thus struggling with those fires, bubbles and spouts aloft into the air. The mouths of these spiracles are bestrewed with variously coloured cinders, which rise with the vapour, as do many coloured stones, according to the quality of the combustible matter, insomuch as it is no little adventure to approach them. They are, however, daily frequented both by sick and well; the former receiving the fumes, have been recovered of diseases esteemed incurable. Here we found a great deal of sulphur made, which they refine in certain houses near the place, casting it into canes, to a very great value. Near this we were showed a hill of alum, where is one of the best mineries, yielding a considerable revenue. Some flowers of brass are found here; but I could not but smile at those who persuade themselves that here are the gates of purgatory (for which it may be they have erected, very near it, a convent, and named it St. Januarius), reporting to have often heard screeches and horrible lamentations proceeding from these caverns and volcanoes; with other legends of birds that are never seen, save on Sundays, which cast themselves into the lake at night, appearing no more all the week after.

We now approached the ruins of a very stately temple, or theatre, of 172 feet in length, and about 80 in breadth, thrown down by an earthquake, not long since; it was consecrated to Vulcan, and under the ground are many strange meanders; from which it is named the *Labyrinth;* this place is so haunted with bats, that their perpetual fluttering endangered the putting-out our links.

Hence, we passed again those boiling and smoking hills, till we came to Pozzolo, formerly the famous Puteoli, the landing-place of St. Paul, when he came into Italy, after the tempest described in the Acts of the Apostles. Here we made a good dinner, and bought divers medals, antiquities, and other curiosities, of the country-people, who daily find such things amongst the very old ruins of those places. This town was formerly a Greek colony, built by the Samians, a reasonable commodious port, and full of observable antiquities. We saw the ruins of Neptune's Temple, to whom this place was sacred, and near it the stately Palace and gardens of Peter de Toledo, formerly mentioned. Afterwards, we visited that admirably built Temple of Augustus, seeming to have been hewn out of an entire rock, though indeed consisting of several square stones. The inscription remains thus: "L. Calphurnius L. F. Templum Augusto cum ornamentis D.D.;" and under it, "L. Coccejus L. C. Postumi L. Auctus Architectus." It is now converted into a church, in which they showed us huge bones, which they affirm to have been of some giant.

We went to see the ruins of the old haven, so compact with that bituminous sand in which the materials are laid, as the like is hardly to be found, though all this has not been sufficient to protect it from the fatal concussions of several earthquakes (frequent here) which have almost demolished it, thirteen vast piles of marble only remaining; a stupendous work in the bosom of Neptune! To this joins the bridge of Caligula, by which (having now embarked ourselves) we sailed to the pleasant Baia, almost four miles in length, all which way that proud Emperor would pass in triumph. Here we rowed along towards a villa of the orator Cicero's, where we were showed the ruins of his Academy; and, at the foot of a rock, his Baths, the waters reciprocating their tides with the neighbouring sea. Hard at hand, rises Mount Gaurus, being, as I conceived, nothing save a heap of pumices, which here float in abundance on the sea, exhausted of all inflammable matter by the fire, which renders them light and porous, so as the beds of nitre, which lie deep under them, having taken fire, do easily eject them. They dig much for fancied treasure said to be concealed about this place. From hence, we coasted near the ruins of Portus Julius, where we might see divers stately palaces that had been swallowed up by the sea after earthquakes. Coming to shore, we pass by the Lucrine Lake, so famous heretofore for its delicious oysters, now producing few or none, being divided from the sea by a bank of incredible labour, the supposed work of Hercules; it is now half choked up with rubbish, and by part of the new mountain, which rose partly out of it, and partly out of the sea, and that in the space of one night and a day, to a very great altitude, on the 29th September, 1538, after many terrible earthquakes, which ruined divers places thereabout, when at midnight the sea retiring near 200 paces, and yawning on the sudden, it continued to vomit forth flames and fiery stones in such quantity, as produced this whole mountain by their fall, making the inhabitants of Pozzolo to leave their habitations, supposing the end of the world had been come.

From the left part of this, we walked to the Lake Avernus, of a round form, and totally environed with mountains. This lake was feigned by the poet for the gates of hell, by which Æneas made his descent, and where he sacrificed to Pluto and the Manes. The waters are of a remarkably black colour; but I tasted of them without danger; hence, they feign that the river Styx has its source. At one side, stand the handsome ruins of a Temple dedicated to Apollo, or rather Pluto, but it is controverted. Opposite to this, having new lighted our torches, we enter a vast cave, in which having gone about two hundred paces, we pass a narrow entry which leads us into a room of about ten paces long, proportionable broad and high; the side walls and roof retain still the golden mosaic, though now exceedingly decayed by time. Here is a short cell or rather niche, cut out of the solid rock, somewhat resembling a couch, in which they report that the Sibylla lay, and uttered her Oracles; but it is supposed by most to have been a bath only. This subterranean grot leads quite through to Cuma, but is in some places obstructed by the earth which has sunk in, so as we were constrained back again, and to creep on our bellies, before we came to the light. It is reported Nero had once resolved to cut a channel for two great galleys that should have extended to Ostia, 150 miles distant. The people now call it Licola.

From hence, we ascended to that most ancient city of Italy, the renowned Cuma, built by the Grecians. It stands on a very eminent promontory, but is now a heap of ruins. A little below, stands the Arco Felice, heretofore part of Apollo's Temple, with the foundations of divers goodly buildings; amongst whose heaps are frequently found statues and other antiquities, by such as dig for them. Near this is the Lake Acherutia, and Acheron. Returning to the shore, we came to the Bagni de Tritoli and Diana, which are only long narrow passages cut through the main rock, where the vapours ascend so hot, that entering with the body erect you will even faint with excessive perspiration; but, stooping lower, as sudden a cold surprises. These sudatories are much in request for many infirmities. Now we entered the haven of the Bahiæ, where once stood that famous town, so called from the companion of Ulysses here buried; not without great reason celebrated for one of the most delicious places that the sun shines on, according to that of Horace:

> Nullus in Orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis.

Though, as to the stately fabrics, there now remain little save the ruins, whereof the most entire is that of Diana's Temple, and another of Venus. Here were those famous poles of lampreys that would come to hand when called by name, as Martial tells us. On the summit of the rock stands a strong castle garrisoned to protect the shore from Turkish pirates. It was once the retiring place of Julius Cæsar.

Passing by the shore again, we entered Bauli, observable from the monstrous murder of Nero committed on his mother Agrippina. Her sepulchre was yet showed us in the rock, which we entered, being covered with sundry heads and figures of beasts. We saw there the roots of a tree turned into stone, and are continually dropping.

Thus having viewed the foundations of the old Cimmeria, the palaces of Marius, Pompey, Nero, Hortensius, and other villas and antiquities, we proceeded towards the promontory of Misenus, renowned for the sepulchre of Æneas's Trumpeter. It was once a great city, now hardly a ruin, said to have been built from this place to the promontory of Minerva, fifty miles distant, now discontinued and demolished by the frequent earthquakes. Here was the villa of Caius Marius, where Tiberius Cæsar died; and here runs the Aqueduct, thought to be dug by Nero, a stupendous passage, heretofore nobly arched with marble, as the ruins testify. Hence, we walked to those receptacles of water called *Piscina Mirabilis*, being a vault of 500 feet long, and twenty-two in breadth, the roof propped up with four ranks of square pillars, twelve in a row; the walls are brick, plastered over with such a composition as for strength and politure resembles white marble. 'Tis conceived to have been built by Nero, as a conservatory for fresh water; as were also the Centi Camerelli, into which we were next led. All these crypta being now almost sunk into the earth, show yet their former amplitude and magnificence.

Returning towards the Baia, we again pass the Elysian Fields, so celebrated by the poets, nor unworthily, for their situation and verdure, being full of myrtles and sweet shrubs, and having a most delightful prospect towards the Tyrrhene Sea. Upon the verge of these remain the ruins of the Mercato di Saboto, formerly a Circus; over the arches stand divers urns, full of Roman ashes.

Having well satisfied our curiosity among these antiquities, we retired to our felucca, which rowed us back again towards Pozzolo, at the very place of St. Paul's landing. Keeping along the shore, they showed us a place where the sea-water and sands did exceedingly boil. Thence, to the island Nesis, once the fabulous Nymph; and thus we leave the Baia, so renowned for the sweet retirements of the most opulent and voluptuous Romans. They certainly were places of uncommon amenity, as their yet tempting site, and other circumstances of natural curiosities, easily invite me to believe, since there is not in the world so many stupendous rarities to be met with, as in the circle of a few miles which environ these blissful abodes.

8th February. Returned to Naples, we went to see the Arsenal, well furnished with galleys and other vessels. The city is crowded with inhabitants, gentlemen and merchants. The government is held of the Pope by an annual tribute of 40,000 ducats and a white jennet; but the Spaniard trusts more to the power of those his natural subjects there; Apulia and Calabria yielding him near four millions of crowns yearly to maintain it. The country is divided into thirteen Provinces, twenty Archbishops, and one hundred and seven Bishops; the estates of the nobility, in default of the male line, reverting to the King. Besides the Vice-Roy, there is amongst the Chief Magistrates a High Constable, Admiral, Chief Justice, Great Chamberlain, and Chancellor, with a Secretary; these being prodigiously avaricious, do wonderfully enrich themselves out of the miserable people's labour, silks, manna, sugar, oil, wine, rice, sulphur, and alum; for with all these riches is this delicious country blest. The manna falls at certain seasons on the adjoining hills in form of a thick dew. The very winter here is a summer, ever fruitful, so that in the middle of February we had melons, cherries, apricots, and many other sorts of fruit.

The building of the city is for the size the most magnificent of any in Europe, the streets exceeding large, well-paved, having many vaults and conveyances under them for the sulliage; which renders them very sweet and clean, even in the midst of winter. To it belongeth more than 3000 churches and monasteries, and these the best built and adorned of any in Italy. They greatly affect the Spanish gravity in their habit; delight in good horses; the streets are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans, from hence brought first into England by Sir Sanders Duncomb. The women are generally well-featured, but excessively libidinous. The country people so jovial and addicted to music, that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and composing songs in praise of their sweethearts, and will commonly go to the field with their fiddle; they are merry, witty, and genial; all which I much attribute to the excellent quality of the air. They have a deadly hatred to the French, so that some of our company were flouted at for wearing red cloaks, as the mode then was.

This I made the *non ultra* of my travels, sufficiently sated with rolling up and down, and resolving within myself to be no longer an *individuum vagum*, if ever I got home again; since, from the report of divers experienced and curious persons, I had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world, after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low Countries, but plain and prodigious barbarism.

Thus, about the 7th of February,[1] we set out on our return to Rome by the same way we came, not daring to adventure by sea, as some of our company were inclined to do, for fear of Turkish pirates hovering on that coast; nor made we any stay save at Albano, to view the celebrated place and sepulchre of the famous duellists who decided the ancient quarrel between their imperious neighbours with the loss of their lives. These brothers, the Horatii and Curiatii, lie buried near the highway, under two ancient pyramids of stone, now somewhat decayed and overgrown with rubbish. We took the opportunity of tasting the wine here, which is famous.

Being arrived at Rome on the 13th February, we were again invited to Signor Angeloni's study,[2] where with greater leisure we surveyed the rarities, as his cabinet and medals especially, esteemed one of the best collections of them in Europe. He also showed us two antique lamps, one of them dedicated to Pallas, the other *Laribus Sacru'*, as appeared by their inscriptions; some old Roman rings and keys; the Egyptian Isis, cast in iron; sundry rare basso-relievos; good pieces of painting, principally the Christ of Correggio, with this painter's own face admirably done by himself; divers of both the Bassanos; a great number of pieces by Titian, particularly the Triumphs; an infinity of natural rarities, dried animals, Indian habits and weapons, shells, &c.; divers very antique statues of brass: some lamps of so fine an earth that they resembled cornelians, for transparency and colour; hinges of Corinthian brass, and one great nail of the same metal found in the ruins of Nero's golden house.

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[1] Evelyn's dates in this portion of his Diary appear to require occasionally that qualification of "about."

[2] *Ante*, p. 110.

In the afternoon, we ferried over to Transtevere, to the Palace of Gichi,[1] to review the works of Raphael: and, returning by St. Angelo, we saw the castle as far as was permitted, and on the other side considered those admirable pilasters supposed to be of the foundation of the Pons Sublicius, over which Horatius Cocles passed; here anchor three or four water-mills, invented by Belizarius: and thence had another sight of the Farnesi's gardens,[2] and of the terrace where is that admirable painting of Raphael, being a Cupid playing with a Dolphin, wrought *à fresco*, preserved in shutters of wainscot, as well it merits, being certainly one of the most wonderful pieces of work in the world.

14*th February*. I went to Santa Cecilia, a church built and endowed by Cardinal Sfrondæti, who has erected a stately altar near the body of this martyr, not long before found in a vesture of silk girt about, a veil on her head, and the bloody scars of three wounds on the neck; the body is now in a silver chest, with her statue over it, in snow-white marble. Other Saints lie here, decorated with splendid ornaments, lamps, and incensories of great cost. A little farther, they show us the Bath of St. Cecilia, to which joins a Convent of Friars, where is the picture of the *Flagellation* by Vanni, and the columns of the portico, taken from the Baths of Septimius Severus.

15*th*. Mr. Henshaw and I walked by the Tyber, and visited the Stola Tybertina (now St. Bartholomew's), formerly cut in the shape of a ship, and wharfed with marble, in which a lofty obelisk represented the mast. In the Church of St. Bartholomew is the body of the Apostle. Here are the ruins of the Temple of Æsculapius, now converted into a stately hospital and a pretty convent. Opposite to it, is the convent and church of St. John Calabita, where I saw nothing remarkable, save an old broken altar. Here was the Temple of Fortuna Virilis. Hence, we went to a cupola, now a church, formerly dedicated to the sun. Opposite to it, Santa Maria Schola Græca, where formerly that tongue was taught; said to be the second church dedicated in Rome to the Blessed Virgin; bearing also the title of a Cardinalate. Behind this stands the great altar of Hercules, much demolished. Near this, being at the foot of Mount Aventine, are the Pope's salt-houses. Ascending the hill, we came to St. Sabina, an ancient fabric, formerly sacred to Diana; there, in a chapel, is an admirable picture, the work of Livia Fontana, set about with columns of alabaster, and in the middle of the church is a stone, cast, as they report, by the Devil at St. Dominic, whilst he was at mass. Hence, we travelled towards a heap of rubbish, called the Marmorata, on the bank of the Tyber, a magazine of stones; and near which formerly stood a triumphal arch, in honour of Horatius vanquishing the Tuscans. The ruins of the bridge yet appear.

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[1] *Ante*, p. 134, where he calls it the Palazzo di Ghisi.

[2] *Ante*, p. 102.

We were now got to Mons Testaceus, a heap of potsherds, almost 200 feet high, thought to have been thrown there and amassed by the subjects of the Commonwealth bringing their tribute in earthen vessels, others (more probably) that it was a quarter of the town where potters lived; at the summit Rome affords a noble prospect. Before it is a spacious green, called the Hippodrome, where Olympic games were celebrated, and the people mustered, as in our London Artillery-Ground. Going hence, to the old wall of the city, we much admired the pyramid, or tomb, of Caius Cestius, of white marble, one of the most ancient entire monuments, inserted in the wall, with this inscription:

> "C. Cestius L. F. Pob. Epulo (an order of priests) Pr. Tr. pl. VII. Vir. Epulonum."

And a little beneath:

> "Opus absolutum ex testamento diebus CCCXXX. arbitratu. Ponti P. F. Cla. Melæ Heredis et Pothi L."

At the left hand, is the Port of St. Paul, once Tergemina, out of which the three Horatii passed to encounter the Curiatii of Albano. Hence, bending homewards by St.

Saba, by Antoninus's Baths (which we entered), is the marble sepulchre of Vespasian. The thickness of the walls and stately ruins show the enormous magnitude of these baths. Passing by a corner of the Circus Maximus, we viewed the place where stood the Septizonium, demolished by Sextus V., for fear of its falling. Going by Mons Cœlius, we beheld the devotions of St. Maria in Naviculâ, so named from a ship carved out in white marble standing on a pedestal before it, supposed to be the vow of one escaped from shipwreck. It has a glorious front to the street. Adjoining to this are the Hortii Mathæi, which only of all the places about the city I omitted visiting, though I was told inferior to no garden in Rome for statues, ancient monuments, aviaries, fountains, groves, and especially a noble obelisk, and maintained in beauty at an expense of 6000 crowns yearly, which, if not expended to keep up its beauty, forfeits the possession of a greater revenue to another family: so curious are they in their villas and places of pleasure, even to excess.

The next day, we went to the once famous Circus Caracalla, in the midst of which there now lay prostrate one of the most stately and ancient obelisks, full of Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was broken into four pieces, when overthrown by the Barbarians, and would have been purchased and transported into England by the magnificent Thomas Earl of Arundel, could it have been well removed to the sea. This is since set together and placed on the stupendous artificial rock made by Innocent X., and serving for a fountain in Piazza Navona, the work of Bernini, the Pope's architect. Near this is the sepulchre of Metellus, of massy stone, pretty entire, now called Capo di Bove. Hence, to a small oratory, named *Domine, quo vadis;* where the tradition is, that our Blessed Saviour met St. Peter as he fled, and turned him back again.

St. Sebastian's was the next, a mean structure (the *facciáta* excepted), but is venerable, especially for the relics and grots, in which lie the ashes of many holy men. Here is kept the pontifical chair sprinkled with the blood of Pope Stephen, to which great devotion is paid; also a well full of martyrs' bones, and the sepulchre of St. Sebastian, with one of the arrows (used in shooting him). These are preserved by the Fulgentine Monks, who have here their monastery, and who led us down into a grotto which they affirmed went divers furlongs under ground; the sides, or walls which we passed were filled with bones and dead bodies, laid (as it were) on shelves, whereof some were shut up with broad stones, and now and then a cross, or a palm, cut in them. At the end of some of these subterranean passages, were square rooms with altars in them, said to have been the receptacles of primitive Christians, in the times of persecution, nor seems it improbable.

17*th February*. I was invited, after dinner, to the Academy of the Humorists, kept in a spacious hall belonging to Signor Mancini, where the wits of the towns meet on certain days to recite poems, and debate on several subjects. The first that speaks is called the Lord, and stands in an eminent place, and then the rest of the Virtuosi recite in order. By these ingenious exercises, besides the learned discourses, is the purity of the Italian tongue daily improved. The room is hung round with devices, or emblems, with mottoes under them. There are several other Academies of this nature, bearing like fantastical titles. In this of the Humorists is the picture of Guarini, the famous author of the Pastor Fido, once of this society. The chief part of the day we spent in hearing the academic exercises.

18*th February*. We walked to St. Nicholas in Carcere; it has a fair front, and within are parts of the bodies of St. Mark and Marcellino; on the Tribuna is a painting of Gentileschi, and the altar of Caval; Baglioni, with some other rare paintings. Coming round from hence, we passed by the Circus Flaminius, formerly very large, now totally in ruins. In the afternoon, we visited the English Jesuits, with whose Superior, P. Stafford, I was well acquainted; who received us courteously. They call their church and college St. Thomasso de gli Inglesi, and is a seminary. Amongst other trifles, they show the relics of Becket, their reputed martyr. Of paintings there is one of Durante, and many representing the sufferings of several of their society executed in England, especially F. Campion.

In the Hospital of the Pelerini della S. Trinita, I had seen the feet of many pilgrims washed by Princes, Cardinals, and noble Romans, and served at table, as the ladies and noble women did to other poor creatures in another room. It was told us that no less than 444,000 men had been thus treated in the Jubilee of 1600, and 25,500 women, as appears by the register, which brings store of money.

Returning homeward, I saw the Palace of Cardinal Spada, where is a most magnificent hall painted by Daniel de Volterra and Giulio Piacentino, who made the fret in the little Court; but the rare perspectives are of Bolognesi. Near this is the Mont Pieta, instituted as a bank for the poor, who, if the sum be not great, may have money upon pawns. To this joins St. Martino, to which belongs a Schola, or Corporation, that do many works of charity. Hence, we came through Campo di Fiori, or herb-market, in the midst of which is a fountain casting out water of a dolphin, in copper; and in this piazza is common execution done.

19*th February*. I went, this afternoon, to visit my Lord John Somerset, brother to the Marquis of Worcester, who had his apartment in Palazzo della Cancellaria, belonging to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, as Vice-chancellor of the Church of Rome, and Protector of the English. The building is of the famous architect, Bramante, of incrusted marble, with four ranks of noble lights; the principal entrance is of Fontana's design, and all marble; the portico within sustained by massy columns; on the second peristyle above, the chambers are rarely painted by Salviati and Vasari; and so ample is this Palace, that six princes with their families have been received in it at one time, without incommoding each other.

20*th*. I went as was my usual custom and spent an afternoon in Piazza Navona, as well as to see what antiquities I could purchase among the people who hold market there for medals, pictures, and such curiosities, as to hear the Mountebanks prate, and distribute their medicines. This was formerly the Circus, or Agonales, dedicated to sports and pastimes, and is now the greatest market of the city, having three most noble fountains, and the stately palaces of the Pamfilii, St. Giacomo de Spagnoli belonging to that nation, to which add two convents for Friars and Nuns, all Spanish. In this Church was erected a most stately Catafalco, or Capella ardente, for the death of the Queen of Spain; the church was hung with black, and here I heard a Spanish sermon, or funebral oration, and observed the statues, devices, and impresses hung about the walls, the church and pyramid stuck with thousands of lights and tapers, which made a glorious show. The statue of St. James is by Sansovino; there are also some good pictures of Caracci. The *facciáta*, too, is fair. Returning home, I passed by the stumps of old Pasquin, at the corner of a street, called Strada Pontificia; here they still paste up their drolling lampoons and scurrilous papers. This had formerly been one of the best statues for workmanship and art in all the city, as the remaining bust does still show.

21st. I walked in the morning up the hill towards the Capuchins, where was then Cardinal Unufrio (brother to the late Pope Urban VIII.) of the same order. He built them a pretty church, full of rare pictures, and there lies the body of St. Felix, that they say still does miracles. The piece at the great altar is by Lanfranc. It is a lofty edifice, with a beautiful avenue of trees, and in a good air. After dinner, passing along the Strada del Corso, I observed the column of Antoninus, passing under Arco Portugallo, which is but a relic, heretofore erected in honour of Domitian, called now Portugallo, from a Cardinal living near it. A little further on the right hand stands the column in a small piazza, heretofore set up in honour of M. Aurelius Antoninus, comprehending in a basso-relievo of white marble his hostile acts against the Parthians, Armenians, Germans, &c.; but it is now somewhat decayed. On the summit has been placed the image of St. Paul, of gilded copper. The pillar is said to be 161 feet high, ascended by 207 steps, receiving light by fifty-six apertures, without defacing the sculpture.

At a little distance, are the relics of the Emperor's Palace, the heads of whose pillars show them to have been Corinthian.

Turning a little down, we came to another piazza, in which stands a sumptuous vase of porphyry, and a fair fountain; but the grace of this market, and indeed the admiration of the whole world, is the Pantheon, now called S. Maria della Rotonda, formerly sacred to all the Gods, and still remaining the most entire antiquity of the city. It was built by Marcus Agrippa, as testifies the architrave of the portico, sustained by thirteen pillars of Theban marble, six feet thick, and fifty-three in height, of one entire stone. In this porch is an old inscription.

Entering the church, we admire the fabric, wholly covered with one cupola, seemingly suspended in the air, and receiving light by a hole in the middle only. The structure is near as high as broad, viz. 144 feet, not counting the thickness of the walls, which is twenty-two more to the top, all of white marble; and, till Urban VIII. converted part of the metal into ordnance of war against the Duke of Parma, and part to make the high altar in St. Peter's, it was all over covered with Corinthian brass, ascending by forty degrees within the roof, or convex, of the cupola, richly carved in octagons in the stone. There are niches in the walls, in which stood heretofore the statues of Jupiter and the other Gods and Goddesses; for here was that Venus which had hung in her ear the other Union [1] that Cleopatra was about to dissolve and drink up, as she had done its fellow. There are several of these niches, one above another, for the celestial, terrestrial, and subterranean deities; but the place is now converted into a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints. The pavement is excellent, and the vast folding-gates, of Corinthian brass. In a word, it is of all the Roman antiquities the most worthy of notice. There lie interred in this Temple the famous Raphael di Urbino, Perino del Vaga, F. Zuccharo, and other painters.

Returning home, we pass by Cardinal Cajetan's Palace, a noble piece of architecture of Vincenzo Ammanatti, which is the grace of the whole Corso.

22nd February. I went to Trinitá del Monte, a monastery of French, a noble church built by Louis XI. and Charles VIII., the chapels well painted, especially that by Zaccara da Volterra, and the cloister with the miracles of their St. Francis de Paulo, and the heads of the French Kings. In the *pergolo* above, the walls are wrought with excellent perspective, especially the St. John; there are the

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[1] And in the cup an *union* shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn.
Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2.

Theobald says, an *union* is the finest sort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns and coronets. Steevens cites from Soliman and Persida—"Ay, were it Cleopatra's *union*"—adding this elucidation of the term from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History:—"And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicates here at Rome, &c., call them *unions*, as a man would say singular and by themselves alone." The Latin word for a single large pearl, it is hardly necessary to add, is *unio*.

Babylonish dials, invented by Kircher, the Jesuit. This convent, so eminently situated on Mons Pincius, has the entire prospect of Campus Martius, and has a fair garden which joins to the Palazzo di Medici.

23rd February. I went to hear a sermon at St. Giacomo de gli Incurabili, a fair church built by F. da Volterra, of good architecture, and so is the hospital, where only desperate patients are brought. I passed the evening at St. Maria del Popolo, heretofore Nero's sepulchre, where his ashes lay many years in a marble chest. To this church joins the monastery of St. Augustine, which has pretty gardens on Mons Pincius, and in the church is the miraculous shrine of the Madonna which Pope Paul III. brought barefooted to the place, supplicating for a victory over the Turks in 1464. In a chapel of the Ghisi, are some rare paintings of Raphael, and noble sculptures. Those two in the choir are by Sansovino, and in the chapel de Cerasii, a piece of Caravaggio. Here lie buried many great scholars and artists, of which I took notice of this inscription:

> Hospes, disce novum mortis genus; improba felis,
> Dum trahitur, digitum mordet, et intereo.

Opposite to the *facciátæ* of the church is a superb obelisk full of hieroglyphics, the same that Sennesertus, King of Egypt, dedicated to the Sun; brought to Rome by Augustus, erected in the Circus Maximus, and since placed here by Pope Sextus V. It is eighty-eight feet high, of one entire stone, and placed with great art and engines by the famous Domenico Fontana.

Hence, turning on the right out of the Porto del Popolo, we came to Justinian's gardens, near the Muro Torto, so prominently built as threatening every moment to fall, yet standing so for these thousand years. Under this is the burying place for the common prostitutes, where they are put into the ground, *sans ceremonie.*

24th. We walked to St. Roche's and Martine's, near the brink of the Tyber, a large hospital for both sexes. Hence, to the Mausoleum Augusti, betwixt the Tyber and the Via Flaminia, now much ruined, which had formerly contended for its sumptuous architecture. It was intended as a cemetery for the Roman Emperors, had twelve ports, and was covered with a cupola of white marble, environed with stately trees and innumerable statues, all of it now converted into a garden. We passed the afternoon at the Sapienza, a very stately building full of good marbles, especially the portico, of admirable architecture. These are properly the University Schools, where lectures are read on Law, Medicine, and Anatomy, and students perform their exercises.

Hence, we walked to the church of St. Andrea della Valle, near the former Theatre of Pompey, and the famous Piccolomini, but given to this church and the Order, who are Theatins. The Barberini have in this place a chapel, of curious incrusted marbles of several sorts, and rare paintings. Under it is the place where St. Sebastian is said to have been beaten with rods before he was shot with darts. The cupola is painted by Lanfranc, an inestimable work, and the whole fabric and monastery adjoining are admirable.

25th February. I was invited by a Dominican Friar, whom we usually heard preach to a number of Jews, to be godfather to a converted Turk and Jew. The ceremony was performed in the Church of Santa Maria sopra la Minerva, near the Capitol. They were clad in white; then exorcised at their entering the church with abundance of ceremonies, and, when led into the choir, were baptised by a Bishop, *in pontificalibus*. The Turk lived afterwards in Rome, sold hot waters, and would bring us presents when he met us, kneeling and kissing the hems of our cloaks; but the Jew was believed to be a counterfeit. This church, situated on a spacious rising, was formerly consecrated to Minerva. It was well built and richly adorned, and the body of St. Catherine di Sienna lies buried here. The paintings of the chapel are by Marcello Venuti; the Madonna over the altar is by Giovanni di Fiesole, called the Angelic Painter, who was of the Order of these Monks. There are many charities dealt publicly here, especially at the procession on the Annunciation, when I saw his Holiness, with all the Cardinals, Prelates, &c., *in pontificalibus*; dowries being given to 300 poor girls all clad in white. The Pope had his tiara on his head, and was carried on men's shoulders in an open arm-chair, blessing the people as he passed. The statue of Christ, at the Columna, is esteemed one of the masterpieces of M. Angelo: innumerable are the paintings by the best artists, and the organ is accounted one of the sweetest in Rome. Cardinal Bembo is interred here. We returned by St. Mark's, a stately church, with an excellent pavement, and a fine piece by Perugino, of the Two Martyrs. Adjoining to this is a noble palace built by the famous Bramante.

26th February. Ascending the hill, we came to the Forum Trajanum, where his column stands yet entire, wrought with admirable basso-relievo recording the Dacian war, the figures at the upper part appearing of the same proportion with those below. It is ascended by 192 steps, enlightened with 44 apertures, or windows, artificially disposed; in height from the pedestal 140 feet.

It had once the ashes of Trajan and his statue, where now stands St. Peter's of gilt brass, erected by Pope Sextus V. The sculpture of this stupendous pillar is thought to be the work of Apollodorus; but what is very observable is, the descent to the plinth of the pedestal, showing how this ancient city lies now buried in her ruins; this monument being at first set up on a rising ground. After dinner, we took the air in Cardinal Bentivoglio's delicious gardens, now but newly deceased. He had a fair palace built by several good masters on part of the ruins of Constantine's Baths; well adorned with columns and paintings, especially those of Guido Reni.

27th. In the morning, Mr. Henshaw and myself walked to the Trophies of Marius, erected in honour of his victory over the Cimbrians, but these now taken out of their niches are placed on the balusters of the Capitol, so that their ancient station is now a ruin. Keeping on our way, we came to St. Croce of Jerusalem, built by Constantine over the demolition of the Temple of Venus and Cupid, which he threw down; and it was here they report he deposited the wood of the true Cross found by his mother, Helena; in honour whereof this church was built, and in memory of his victory over Maxentius when that holy sign appeared to him. The edifice without is Gothic, but very glorious within, especially the roof, and one tribuna (gallery) well painted. Here is a chapel dedicated to St. Helena, the floor whereof is of earth brought from Jerusalem; the walls are of fair mosaic, in which they suffer no women to enter, save once a year. Under the high altar of the Church is buried St. Anastasius, in Lydian marble, and Benedict VII.; and they show a number of relics, exposed at our request; with a phial of our blessed Saviour's blood; two thorns of his crown; three chips of the real cross; one of the nails, wanting a point; St. Thomas's doubting finger; and a fragment of the title (put on the cross), being part of a thin board; some of Judas's pieces of silver; and many more, if one had faith to believe it. To this venerable church joins a Monastery, the gardens taking up the space of an ancient amphitheatre.

Hence, we passed beyond the walls out at the Port of St. Laurence, to that Saint's church, and where his ashes are enshrined. This was also built by the same great Constantine, famous for the Coronation of Pietro Altissiodorensis, Emperor of Constantinople, by Honorius the Second. It is said the corpse of St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, was deposited here by that of St. Sebastian, which it had no sooner touched, but Sebastian gave it place of its own accord. The Church has no less than seven privileged altars, and excellent pictures. About the walls are painted this martyr's sufferings; and, when they built them, the bones of divers saints were translated to other churches. The front is Gothic. In our return, we saw a small ruin of an aqueduct built by Quintus Marcius, the prætor; and so passed through that incomparable straight street leading to Santa Maria Maggiore, to our lodging, sufficiently tired.

We were taken up next morning in seeing the impertinences of the Carnival, when all the world are as mad at Rome as at other places; but the most remarkable were the three races of the Barbary horses, that run in the Strada del Corso without riders, only having spurs so placed on their backs, and hanging down by their sides, as by their motion to stimulate them: then of mares, then of asses, of buffalos, naked men, old and young, and boys, and abundance of idle ridiculous pastime. One thing is remarkable, their acting comedies on a stage placed on a cart, or *plaustrum,* where the scene, or tiring-place, is made of boughs in a rural manner, which they drive from street to street with a yoke or two of oxen, after the ancient guise. The streets swarm with prostitutes, buffoons, and all manner of rabble.

1st *March.* At the Greek Church, we saw the Eastern ceremonies performed by a Bishop, &c., in that tongue. Here the unfortunate Duke and Duchess of Bouillon received their ashes, it being the first day of Lent. There was now as much trudging up and down of devotees, as the day before of licentious people; all saints alike to appearance.

The gardens of Justinian, which we next visited, are very full of statues and antiquities, especially urns; amongst which is that of Minutius Felix; a terminus that formerly stood in the Appian way, and a huge colossé of the Emperor Justinian. There is a delicate aviary on the hill; the whole gardens furnished with rare collections, fresh, shady, and adorned with noble fountains. Continuing our walk a mile farther, we came to Pons Milvius, now Mela, where Constantine overthrew Maxentius, and saw the miraculous sign of the cross, *In hoc signo vinces*. It was a sweet morning, and the bushes were full of nightingales. Hence, to Aqua Claudia again, an aqueduct finished by that Emperor at the expense of eight millions. In the afternoon, to Farnese's gardens, near the Campo Vaccino; and upon the Palatine Mount to survey the ruins of Juno's Temple, in the Piscina, a piazza so called near the famous bridge built by Antoninus Pius, and re-edified by Pope Sextus IV.

The rest of this week, we went to the Vatican, to hear the sermons, at St. Peter's, of the most famous preachers, who discourse on the same subjects and text yearly, full of Italian eloquence and action. On our Lady-day, 25th March, we saw the Pope and Cardinals ride in pomp to the Minerva, the great guns of the Castle of St. Angelo being fired, when he gives portions to 500 *zitelle* (young women), who kiss his feet in procession, some destined to marry, some to be nuns;—the scholars of the college celebrating the blessed Virgin with their compositions. The next day, his Holiness was busied in blessing golden roses, to be sent to several great Princes; the Procurator of the Carmelites preaching on our Saviour's feeding of the multitude with five loaves, the ceremony ends. The sacrament being this day exposed, and the relics of the Holy Cross, the concourse about the streets is extraordinary. On Palm-Sunday, there was a great procession, after a papal mass.

11th April. St. Veronica's handkerchief (with the impression of our Saviour's face) was exposed, and the next day the spear, with a world of ceremony. On Holy Thursday, the Pope said mass, and afterwards carried the Host in procession about the chapel, with an infinity of tapers. This finished, his Holiness was carried in his open chair on men's shoulders to the place where, reading the Bull *In Cœnâ Domini*, he both curses and blesses all in a breath; then the guns are again fired. Hence, he went to the Ducal hall of the Vatican, where he washed the feet of twelve poor men, with almost the same ceremony as it is done at Whitehall; they have clothes, a dinner, and alms, which he gives with his own hands, and serves at their table; they have also gold and silver medals, but their garments are of white woollen long robes, as we paint the Apostles. The same ceremonies are done by the Conservators and other officers of state at St. John di Lateran; and now the table on which they say our blessed Lord celebrated his last supper is set out, and the heads of the Apostles. In every famous church they are busy in dressing up their pageantries to represent the Holy Sepulchre, of which we went to visit divers.

On Good Friday, we went again to St. Peter's, where the handkerchief, lance, and cross were all exposed, and worshipped together. All the confession-seats were filled with devout people, and at night was a procession of several who most lamentably whipped themselves till the blood stained their clothes, for some had shirts, others upon the bare back, having visors and masks on their faces; at every three or four steps dashing the knotted and ravelled whip-cord over their shoulders, as hard as they could lay it on; whilst some of the religious orders and fraternities sung in a dismal tone, the lights and crosses going before, making all together a horrible and indeed heathenish pomp.

The next day, there was much ceremony at St. John di Lateran, so as the whole week was spent in running from church to church, all the town in busy devotion, great silence, and unimaginable superstition.

Easter-day, I was awakened by the guns from St. Angelo: we went to St. Peter's, where the Pope himself celebrated mass, showed the relics before-named, and gave a public Benediction.

Monday, we went to hear music in the Chiesa Nova; and, though there were abundance of ceremonies at the other great churches, and great exposure of relics, yet being wearied with sights of this nature, and the season of the year, summer, at Rome being very dangerous, by reason of the heats minding us of returning northwards, we spent the rest of our time in visiting such places as we had not yet sufficiently seen. Only I do not forget the Pope's benediction of the *Canfalone*, or Standard, and giving the hallowed palms; and, on May-day, the great procession of the University and the muleteers at St. Anthony's, and their setting up a foolish May-pole in the Capitol, very ridiculous. We therefore now took coach a little out of town, to visit the famous Roma Sotteránea, being much like what we had seen at St. Sebastian's. Here, in a corn-field, guided by two torches, we crept on our bellies into a little hole, about twenty paces, which delivered us into a large entry that led us into several streets, or alleys, a good depth in the bowels of the earth, a strange and fearful passage for divers miles, as Bosio has measured and described them in his book.[1] We ever and anon came into pretty square rooms, that seemed to be chapels with altars, and some adorned with very ordinary ancient painting. Many skeletons and bodies are placed on the sides one above the other in degrees like shelves, whereof some are shut up with a coarse flat stone, having engraven on them *Pro Christo,* or a cross and palms, which are supposed to have been martyrs. Here, in all likelihood, were the meetings of the Primitive Christians during the persecutions, as Pliny the younger describes them. As I was prying about, I found a glass phial, filled (as was conjectured) with dried blood, and two lachrymatories. Many of the bodies, or rather bones (for there appeared nothing else) lay so entire, as if placed by the art of the chirurgeon, but being only touched fell all to dust. Thus, after wandering two or three miles in this subterranean meander, we returned almost blind when we came into the daylight, and even choked by the smoke of the torches. It is said that a French bishop and his retinue adventuring too far in these dens, their lights going out, were never heard of more.

We were entertained at night with an English play at the Jesuits', where we before had dined; and the next day at Prince Galicano's, who himself composed the music to a magnificent opera, where were present Cardinal Pamphilio, the Pope's nephew, the Governors of Rome, the cardinals, ambassadors, ladies, and a number of nobility and strangers. There had been in the morning a joust and tournament of several young gentlemen on a formal defy, to which we had been invited; the prizes being distributed by the ladies, after the knight-errantry way. The lancers and swordsmen running at tilt against the barriers, with a great deal of clatter, but without any bloodshed, giving much diversion to the spectators, and was new to us travellers.

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[1] *Roma Sotteránea,* folio, Rom. 1632.

The next day, Mr. Henshaw and I spent the morning in attending the entrance and cavalcade of Cardinal Medici, the ambassador from the Grand Duke of Florence, by the Via Flaminia. After dinner, we went again to the Villa Borghese, about a mile without the city; the garden is rather a park, or a Paradise, contrived and planted with walks and shades of myrtles, cypress, and other trees, and groves, with abundance of fountains, statues, and bass-relievos, and several pretty murmuring rivulets. Here they had hung large nets to catch woodcocks. There was also a vivary, where, amongst other exotic fowls, was an ostrich; besides a most capacious aviary; and, in another inclosed part, a herd of deer. Before the Palace (which might become the court of a great prince) stands a noble fountain, of white marble, enriched with statues. The outer walls of the house are encrusted with excellent antique bass-relievos, of the same marble, incornished with festoons and niches set with statues from the foundation to the roof. A stately portico joins the Palace, full of statues and columns of marble, urns, and other curiosities of sculpture. In the first hall were the Twelve Cæsars, of antique marble, and the whole apartments furnished with pictures of the most celebrated masters, and two rare tables of porphyry, of great value. But of this already;[1] for I often visited this delicious place.

This night were glorious fire-works at the Palace of Cardinal Medici before the gate, and lights of several colours all about the windows through the city, which they contrive by setting the candles in little paper lanterns dyed with various colours, placing hundreds of them from story to story; which renders a gallant show.

4th May. Having seen the entry of the ambassador of Lucca, I went to the Vatican, where, by favour of our Cardinal Protector, Fran. Barberini, I was admitted into the Consistory, heard the ambassador make his oration in Latin to the Pope, sitting on an elevated state, or throne, and changing two pontifical mitres; after which, I was presented to kiss his toe, that is, his embroidered slipper, two Cardinals holding up his vest and surplice; and then, being sufficiently blessed with his thumb and two fingers for that day, I returned home to dinner.

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[1] *Ante*, p. 117.

We went again to see the medals of Signor Gotefredi, which are absolutely the best collection in Rome.

Passing the Ludovisia Villa, where the petrified human figure lies, found on the snowy Alps; I measured the hydra, and found it not a foot long; the three necks and fifteen heads seem to be but patched up with several pieces of serpents' skins.

5th. We took coach, and went fifteen miles out of the city of Frascati, formerly Tusculum, a villa of Cardinal Aldobrandini, built for a country-house; but, surpassing, in my opinion, the most delicious places I ever beheld for its situation, elegance, plentiful water, groves, ascents, and prospects. Just behind the Palace (which is of excellent architecture) in the centre of the enclosure, rises a high hill, or mountain, all over clad with tall wood, and so formed by nature, as if it had been cut out by art, from the summit whereof falls a cascade, seeming rather a great river than a stream precipitating into a large theatre of water, representing an exact and perfect rainbow, when the sun shines out. Under this, is made an artificial grot, wherein are curious rocks, hydraulic organs, and all sorts of singing birds, moving and chirping by force of the water, with several other pageants and surprising inventions. In the centre of one of these rooms, rises a copper ball that continually dances about three feet above the pavement, by virtue of a wind conveyed secretly to a hole beneath it; with many other devices to wet the unwary spectators, so that one can hardly step without wetting to the skin. In one of these theatres of water, is an Atlas spouting up the stream to a very great height; and another monster makes a terrible roaring with a horn; but, above all, the representation of a storm is most natural, with such fury of rain, wind, and thunder, as one would imagine oneself in some extreme tempest. The garden has excellent walks and shady groves, abundance of rare fruit, oranges, lemons, &c., and the goodly prospect of Rome, above all description, so as I do not wonder that Cicero and others have celebrated this place with such encomiums. The Palace is indeed built more like a cabinet than anything composed of stone and mortar; it has in the middle a hall furnished with excellent marbles and rare pictures, especially those of Gioseppino d'Arpino;

the moveables are princely and rich. This was the last piece of architecture finished by Giacomo della Porta, who built it for Pietro Cardinal Aldobrandini, in the time of Clement VIII.[1]

We went hence to another house and garden not far distant, on the side of a hill called Mondragone, finished by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, an ample and kingly edifice. It has a very long gallery, and at the end a theatre for pastimes, spacious courts, rare grots, vineyards, olive-grounds, groves, and solitudes. The air is so fresh and sweet, as few parts of Italy exceed it; nor is it inferior to any palace in the city itself for statues, pictures, and furniture; but, it growing late, we could not take such particular notice of these things as they deserved.

6*th May*. We rested ourselves; and next day, in a coach, took our last farewell of visiting the circumjacent places, going to Tivoli, or the old Tiburtum. At about six miles from Rome, we pass the Teverone, a bridge built by Mammea, the mother of Severus, and so by divers ancient sepulchres, amongst others that of Valerius Volusi; and near it past the stinking sulphureous river over the Ponte Lucano, where we found a heap, or turret, full of inscriptions, now called the Tomb of Plautius. Arrived at Tivoli, we went first to see the Palace d'Este, erected on a plain, but where was formerly an hill. The Palace is very ample and stately. In the garden, on the right hand, are sixteen vast conchas of marble, jetting out waters; in the midst of these stands a Janus quadrifrons, that cast forth four girandolas, called from the resemblance (to a particular exhibition in fire-works so named) the Fontana di Spéccho (looking-glass). Near this is a place for tilting. Before the ascent of the Palace is the famous fountain of Leda, and not far from that, four sweet and delicious gardens. Descending thence are two pyramids of water, and in a grove of trees near it the fountains of Tethys, Esculapius, Arethusa, Pandora, Pomona, and Flora; then the prancing Pegasus, Bacchus, the Grot of Venus, the two Colosses of Melicerta and Sibylla Tiburtina, all of exquisite marble, copper, and other suitable adornments. The Cupids pouring out water are especially most rare, and the urns on which are placed the ten nymphs. The grots are richly paved with pietra-commessa, shells, coral, &c.

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[1] Cardinal Hippolito Aldobrandini was elected Pope in January, 1592, by the name of Clement VIII., and died in March, 1605.

Towards Roma Triumphans, leads a long and spacious walk, full of fountains, under which is historised the whole Ovidian Metamorphosis, in rarely sculptured *mezzo relievo*. At the end of this, next the wall, is the city of Rome as it was in its beauty, of small models, representing that city, with its amphitheatres; naumachi, thermæ, temples, arches, aqueducts, streets, and other magnificences, with a little stream running through it for the Tiber, gushing out of an urn next the statue of the river. In another garden, is a noble aviary, the birds artificial, and singing till an owl appears, on which they suddenly change their notes. Near this is the fountain of dragons, casting out large streams of water with great noise. In another grotto, called Grotto di Natura, is an hydraulic organ; and, below this, are divers stews and fish-ponds, in one of which is the statue of Neptune in his chariot on a sea-horse, in another a Triton; and, lastly, a garden of simples. There are besides in the palace many rare statues and pictures, bedsteads richly inlaid, and sundry other precious moveables: the whole is said to have cost the best part of a million.

Having gratified our curiosity with these artificial miracles, and dined, we went to see the so famous natural precipice and cascade of the river Anio, rushing down from the mountains of Tivoli with that fury that, what with the mist it perpetually casts up by the breaking of the water against the rocks, and what with the sun shining on it and forming a natural Iris, and the prodigious depth of the gulf below, it is enough to astonish one that looks on it. Upon the summit of this rock stands the ruins and some pillars and cornices of the Temple of Sibylla Tyburtina, or Albunea, a round fabric, still discovering some of its pristine beauty. Here was a great deal of gunpowder drying in the sun, and a little beneath, mills belonging to the Pope.

And now we returned to Rome. By the way, we were showed, at some distance, the city Præneste, and the Hadrian villa, now only a heap of ruins; and so came late to our lodging.

We now determined to desist from visiting any more curiosities, except what should happen to come in our way, when my companion, Mr. Henshaw, or myself should go to take the air: only I may not omit that one afternoon, diverting ourselves in the Piazza Navona, a mountebank there to allure curious strangers, taking off a ring from his finger, which seemed set with a dull, dark stone a little swelling out, like what we call (though untruly) a toadstone, and wetting his finger a little in his mouth, and then touching it, it emitted a luculent flame as bright and large as a small wax candle; then, blowing it out, repeated this several times. I have much regretted that I did not purchase the receipt of him for making that composition at what price soever; for though there is a process in Jo. Baptista Porta and others how to do it, yet on several trials they none of them have succeeded.

Amongst other observations I made in Rome are these; as to coins and medals, ten *asses* make the Roman *denarius*, five the *quinarius*, ten *denarii* an *aureus;* which accompt runs almost exactly with what is now in use of *quatrini*, *baiocs*, *julios*, and *scudi*, each exceeding the other in the proportion of ten. The *sestertius* was a small silver coin, marked H. S. or rather LLs, valued two pounds and a half of silver, viz. 250 *denarii*, about twenty-five golden *ducati*. The stamp of the Roman *denarius* varied, having sometimes a Janus bifrons, the head of Roma armed, or with a chariot and two horses, which were called *bigi;* if with four, *quadrigi:* if with a Victoria, so named. The mark of the *denarius* was distinguished > | < thus, or X; the *quinarius* of half value, had, on one side, the head of Rome and V; the reverse, Castor and Pollux on horseback, inscribed *Roma*, &c.

I observed that in the Greek church they made the sign of the cross from the right hand to the left; contrary to the Latins and the schismatic Greeks; gave the benediction with the first, second, and little finger stretched out, retaining the third bent down, expressing a distance of the third Person of the Holy Trinity from the first two.

For sculptors and architects, we found Bernini and Algardi were in the greatest esteem; Fiamingo, as a statuary; who made the Andrea in St. Peter's, and is said to have died mad because it was placed in an ill light. Amongst the painters, Antonio de la Cornea, who has such an address of counterfeiting the hands of the ancient masters so well as to make his copies pass for originals; Pietro de Cortone, Monsieur Poussin, a Frenchman, and innumerable more. Fioravanti, for armour, plate, dead life, tapestry, &c. The chief masters of music, after Marc

Antonio, the best treble, is Cavalier Lauretto, an eunuch; the next Cardinal Bichi's eunuch, Bianchi, tenor, and Nicholai, base. The Jews in Rome wore red hats, till the Cardinal of Lyons, being short-sighted, lately saluted one of them, thinking him to be a Cardinal as he passed by his coach; on which an order was made, that they should use only the yellow colour. There was now at Rome one Mrs. Ward, an English devotée, who much solicited for an order of Jesuitesses.

At executions I saw one, a gentleman, hanged in his cloak and hat for murder. They struck the malefactor with a club that first stunned him, and then cut his throat. At Naples they use a frame, like ours at Halifax.[1]

It is reported that Rome has been once no less than fifty miles in compass, now not thirteen, containing in it 3000 churches and chapels, monasteries, &c. It is divided into fourteen regions or wards; has seven mountains, and as many campi or valleys; in these are fair parks, or gardens, called villas, being only places of recess and pleasure, at some distance from the streets, yet within the walls.

The bills of exchange I took up from my first entering Italy till I went from Rome, amounting but to 616 *ducati di banco*, though I purchased many books, pictures, and curiosities.

18*th May*. I intended to have seen Loretto, but, being disappointed of monies long expected, I was forced to return by the same way I came, desiring, if possible, to be at Venice by the Ascension, and therefore I diverted to take Leghorn in the way, as well to furnish me with credit by a merchant there, as to take order for transporting such collections as I had made at Rome. When on my way, turning about to behold this once and yet glorious city, from an eminence, I did not, without some regret, give it my last farewell.

Having taken leave of our friends at Rome, where I had sojourned now about seven months, autumn, winter, and spring, I took coach, in company with two courteous Italian gentlemen. In the afternoon, we arrived at a house, or rather castle, belonging to the Duke of Parma, called Caprarola,[2] situate on the brow of a hill, that overlooks a little town, or rather a natural and stupendous rock; witness those vast caves serving now for cellarage, where we were entertained with most generous wine of several sorts, being just under the foundation. The Palace was built by the famous architect, Vignola, at the cost of Cardinal Alex. Farnese, in form of an octagon, the court in the middle being exactly round, so as rather to resemble a fort, or castle; yet the chambers within are all of them square, which makes the walls exceedingly thick. One of these rooms is so artificially contrived, that from the two opposite angles may be heard the least whisper; they say any perfect square does it. Most of the paintings are by Zuccari. It has a stately entry, on which spouts an artificial fountain within the porch. The hall, chapel, and a great number of lodging chambers are remarkable; but most of all the pictures and witty inventions of Hannibal Caracci; the Dead Christ is incomparable. Behind are the gardens full of statues and noble fountains, especially that of the Shepherds. After dinner, we took horse, and lay that night at Monte Rossi, twenty miles from Rome.

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[1] A guillotine, see *post* 200.

[2] There is a large descriptive account published of this Palace, with magnificent plates of the buildings, pictures, and statues.

19th. We dined at Viterbo, and lay at St. Laurenzo. Next day, at Radicofani, and slept at Turnera.

21st May. We dined at Sienna, where we could not pass admiring the great church[1] built entirely both within and without with white and black marble in polished squares, by Macarino, showing so beautiful after a shower has fallen. The floor within is of various coloured marbles, representing the story of both Testaments, admirably wrought. Here lies Pius the Second. The bibliotéca is painted by P. Perrugino and Raphael. The life of Æneas Sylvius is in *fresco;* in the middle are the Three Graces, in antique marble, very curious, and the front of this building, though Gothic, is yet very fine. Amongst other things, they show St. Catharine's disciplining cell, the door whereof is half cut out into chips by the pilgrims and devotees, being of deal wood.

Setting out hence for Pisa, we went again to see the Duomo in which the Emperor Henry VII. lies buried, poisoned by a monk in the Eucharist. The bending tower was built by Busqueto Delichio, a Grecian architect, and is a stupendous piece of art. In the gallery of curiosities is a fair mummy: the tail of a sea-horse; coral growing on a man's skull; a chariot automaton; two pieces of rock crystal, in one of which is a drop of water, in the other three or four small worms; two embalmed children; divers petrifactions, &c. The garden of simples is well furnished, and has in it the deadly yew, or *taxus*, of the ancients; which Dr. Belluccio, the superintendant, affirms that his workmen cannot endure to clip for above the space of half an hour at a time, from the pain of the head which surprises them.

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[1] *Ante*, p. 97.

We went hence from Leghorn, by coach, where I took up ninety crowns for the rest of my journey, with letters of credit for Venice, after I had sufficiently complained of my defeat of correspondence at Rome.

The next day, I came to Lucca, a small but pretty territory and state of itself. The city is neat and well fortified, with noble and pleasant walks of trees on the works, where the gentry and ladies used to take the air. It is situate on an ample plain by the river Serchio, yet the country about it is hilly. The Senate-house is magnificent. The church of St. Michael is a noble piece, as is also St. Fredian, more remarkable to us for the corpse of St. Richard, an English king,[1] who died here on his pilgrimage towards Rome. This epitaph is on his tomb:

> Hic rex Richardus requiescit, sceptifer, almus:
> Rex fuit Anglorum; regnum tenet iste Polorum.
> Regnum demisit; pro Christo cuncta reliquit.
> Ergo, Richardum nobis dedit Anglia sanctum.
> Hic genitor Sanctæ Wulburgæ Virginis almæ
> Est Vrillebaldi sancti simul et Vinebaldi,
> Suffragium quorum nobis det regna Polorum.

Next this, we visited St. Croce, an excellent structure all of marble both without and within, and so adorned as may vie with many of the fairest even in Rome: witness the huge cross, valued at £15,000, above all venerable for that sacred *volto* which (as tradition goes) was miraculously put on the image of Christ, and made by Nicodemus, whilst the artist, finishing the rest of the body, was meditating what face to set on it. The inhabitants are exceedingly civil to strangers, above all places in Italy, and they speak the purest Italian. It is also cheap living, which causes travellers to set up their rest here more than in Florence, though a more celebrated city; besides, the ladies here are very conversable, and the religious women not at all reserved; of these we bought gloves and embroidered stomachers, generally worn by gentlemen in these countries. The circuit of this state is but two easy days' journey, and lies mixed with the Duke of Tuscany's, but having Spain for a protector (though the least bigoted of all Roman Catholics), and being one of the fortified cities in Italy, is remains in peace. The whole country abounds in excellent olives, &c.

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[1] What particular Richard King of England this was, it is impossible to say; the tomb still exists, and has long been *a crux* to antiquaries and travellers.

Going hence for Florence, we dined at Pistoia, where, besides one church, there was little observable: only in the highway we crossed a rivulet of salt water, though many miles from the sea. The country is extremely pleasant, full of gardens, and the roads straight as a line for the best part of that whole day, the hedges planted with trees at equal distances, watered with clear and plentiful streams.

Rising early the next morning, we arrived at Poggio Imperiale, being a Palace of the Great Duke, not far from the city, having omitted it in my passage to Rome. The ascent to the house is by a stately gallery as it were of tall and overgrown cypress trees for near half a mile. At the entrance of these ranges, are placed statues of the Tyber and Arno, of marble; those also of Virgil, Ovid, Petrarch, and Dante. The building is sumptuous, and curiously furnished within with cabinets of pietra-commessa in tables, pavements, &c., which is a magnificence, or work, particularly affected at Florence. The pictures are, Adam and Eve by Albert Durer, very excellent; as is that piece of carving in wood by the same hand standing in a cupboard. Here is painted the whole Austrian line; the Duke's mother, sister to the Emperor, the foundress of this palace, than which there is none in Italy that I had seen more magnificently adorned, or furnished.

We could not omit in our passage to re-visit the same, and other curiosities which we had neglected on our first being at Florence. We went, therefore, to see the famous piece of Andrea del Sarto, in the Annunciata. The story is, that the painter in a time of dearth borrowed a sack of corn of the religious of that convent, and re-payment being demanded, he wrought it out in this picture, which represents Joseph sitting on a sack of corn, and reading to the Blessed Virgin; a piece infinitely valued. There fell down in the cloister an old man's face painted on the wall in *fresco*, greatly esteemed, and brake into crumbs; the Duke sent his best painters to make another instead of it, but none of them would presume to touch a pencil where Andrea had wrought, like another Apelles; but one of them was so industrious and patient, that, picking up the fragments, he laid and fastened them so artificially together, that the injury it had received was hardly discernible. Andrea del Sarto lies buried in the same place. Here is also that picture of Bartolomeo, who having spent his utmost skill in the face of the angel Gabriel, and being troubled that he could not exceed it in the Virgin, he began the body and to finish the clothes, and so left it, minding in the morning to work on the face; but, when he came, no sooner had he drawn away the cloth that was hung before it to preserve it from the dust, than an admirable and ravishing face was found ready painted; at which miracle all the city came in to worship. It is now kept in the chapel of the Salutation, a place so enriched by the devotees, that none in Italy, save Loretto, is said to exceed it. This picture is always covered with three shutters, one of which is of massy silver; methinks it is very brown, the forehead and cheeks whiter, as if it had been scraped. They report that those who have the honour of seeing it never lose their sight—happy then we! Belonging to this church is a world of plate, some whole statues of it, and lamps innumerable, besides the costly vows hung up, some of gold, and a cabinet of precious stones.

Visiting the Duke's repòsitory again, we told at least forty ranks of porphyry and other statues, and twenty-eight whole figures, many rare paintings and relievos, two square columns with trophies. In one of the galleries, twenty-four figures, and fifty antique heads; a Bacchus of M. Angelo, and one of Bandinelli; a head of Bernini, and a most lovely Cupid, of Parian marble; at the further end, two admirable women sitting, and a man fighting with a centaur; three figures in little of Andrea; a huge candlestick of amber; a table of Titian's painting, and another representing God the Father sitting in the air on the Four Evangelists; animals; divers smaller pieces of Raphael; a piece of pure virgin gold, as big as an egg. In the third chamber of rarities is the square cabinet, valued at 80,000 crowns, showing, on every front, a variety of curious work; one of birds and flowers, of pietra-commessa; one, a descent from the cross, of M. Angelo; on the third, our Blessed Saviour and the Apostles, of amber; and, on the fourth, a crucifix of the same. Betwixt the pictures, two naked Venuses, by Titian; Adam and Eve, by Durer; and several pieces of Portdenone, and del Frate. There is a globe of six feet diameter. In the Armoury, were an entire elk, a crocodile, and amongst the harness, several targets and antique horse-arms, as that of Charles V.; two set with turquoises, and other precious stones; a horse's tail, of a wonderful length. Then, passing the Old Palace, which has a very great hall for feasts and comedies, the roof rarely painted, and the side-walls with six very large pictures representing battles, the work of Gio. Vassari. Here is a magazine full of plate; a harness of emeralds; the furnitures of an altar four feet high, and six in length, of massy gold; in the middle is placed the statue of Cosmo II.; the bass-relievo is of precious stones, his breeches covered with diamonds; the mouldings of this statue, and other ornaments, festoons, &c., are garnished with jewels and great pearls, dedicated to St. Charles, with this inscription, in rubies:

> Cosimus Secundus Dei gratiâ Magnus Dux Etruriæ ex voto.

There is also a King on horseback, of massy gold, two feet high, and an infinity of such like rarities. Looking at the Justice, in copper, set up on a column by Cosmo, in 1555, after the victory over Sienna, we were told that the Duke, asking a gentleman how he liked the piece, he answered, that he liked it very well, but that it stood too high for poor men to come at it.

Prince Leopold has, in this city, a very excellent collection of paintings, especially a St. Catherine of P. Veronese; a Venus of marble, veiled from the middle to the feet, esteemed to be of that Greek workman who made the Venus at the Medicis' Palace in Rome, altogether as good, and better preserved, an inestimable statue, not long since found about Bologna.

Signor Gaddi is a lettered person, and has divers rarities, statues, and pictures of the best masters, and one bust of marble as much esteemed as the most antique in Italy, and many curious manuscripts; his best paintings are, a Virgin of del Sarto, mentioned by Vassari, a St. John by Raphael, and an Ecce Homo by Titian.

The hall of the Academy de la Crusca is hung about with impresses and devices painted, all of them relating to corn sifted from the bran; the seats are made like bread-baskets and other rustic instruments used about wheat, and the cushions of satin, like sacks.

We took our farewell of St. Laurence, more particularly noticing that piece of the Resurrection, which consists of a prodigious number of naked figures, the work of Pontormo. On the left hand, is the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, by Bronzino, rarely painted indeed. In a chapel is the tomb of Pietro di Medici, and his brother John, of copper, excellently designed, standing on two lions' feet, which end in foliage, the work of M. Angelo. Over against this, are sepulchres of all the ducal family. The altar has a statue of the Virgin giving suck, and two Apostles. Paulus Jovius has the honour to be buried in the cloister. Behind the choir is the superb chapel of Ferdinand I., consisting of eight faces, four plain, four a little hollowed; in the other are to be the sepulchres, and a niche of paragon, for the statue of the prince now living, all of copper gilt; above, is a large table of porphyry, for an inscription for the Duke, in letters of jasper. The whole chapel, walls, pavement, and roof, are full of precious stones united with the mouldings, which are also of gilded copper, and so are the bases and capitals of the columns. The tabernacle, with the whole altar, is inlaid with cornelians, lazuli, serpentine, agates, onyxes, &c. On the other side, are six very large columns of rock crystal, eight figures of precious stones of several colours, inlaid in natural figures, not inferior to the best paintings, amongst which are many pearls, diamonds, amethysts, topazes, sumptuous and sparkling beyond description. The windows without side are of white marble. The library is the architecture of Raphael; before the port is a square vestibule of excellent art, of all the orders, without confusion; the ascent to it from the library is excellent. We numbered eighty-eight shelves, all MSS. and bound in red, chained; in all about 3500 volumes, as they told us.

The Arsenal has sufficient to arm 70,000 men, accurately preserved and kept, with divers lusty pieces of ordnance, whereof one is for a ball of 300 pounds weight, and another for 160, which weighs 72,500 pounds.

When I was at Florence, the celebrated masters were; for pietra-commessa (a kind of mosaic, or inlaying, of various coloured marble, and other more precious stones), Dominico Benetti and Mazotti; the best statuary Vincentio Brochi. This statuary makes those small figures in plaster and pasteboard, which so resemble copper that, till one handles them, they cannot be distinguished, he has so rare an art of bronzing them; I bought four of him. The best painter, Pietro Beretino di Cortona.

This Duke has a daily tribute for every courtezan, or prostitute, allowed to practise that infamous trade in his dominions, and so has his Holiness the Pope, but not so much in value.

Taking leave of our two jolly companions, Signor Giovanni and his fellow, we took horses for Bologna; and, by the way, alighted at a villa of the Grand Duke's, called Pratolino. The house is a square of four pavilions, with a fair platform about it, balustred with stone, situate in a large meadow, ascending like an amphitheatre, having at the bottom a huge rock, with water running in a small channel, like a cascade; on the other side, are the gardens. The whole place seems consecrated to pleasure and summer retirement. The inside of the Palace may compare with any in Italy for furniture of tapestry, beds, &c., and the gardens are delicious, and full of fountains. In the grove sits Pan feeding his flock, the water making a melodious sound through his pipe; and a Hercules, whose club yields a shower of water, which, falling into a great shell, has a naked woman riding on the backs of dolphins. In another grotto is Vulcan and his family, the walls richly composed of corals, shells, copper, and marble figures, with the hunting of several beasts, moving by the force of water. Here, having been well washed for our curiosity, we went down a large walk, at the sides whereof several slender streams of water gush out of pipes concealed underneath, that interchangeably fall into each other's channels, making a lofty and perfect arch, so that a man on horseback may ride under it, and not receive one drop of wet. This canopy, or arch of water, I thought one of the most surprising magnificences I had ever seen, and very refreshing in the heat of the summer. At the end of this very long walk, stands a woman in white marble, in posture of a laundress wringing water out of a piece of linen, very naturally formed, into a vast laver, the work and invention of M. Angelo Buonarotti. Hence, we ascended Mount Parnassus, where the Muses played to us on hydraulic organs. Near this is a great aviary. All these waters came from the rock in the garden, on which is the statue of a giant representing the Apennines, at the foot of which stands this villa. Last of all, we came to the labyrinth, in which a huge colosse of Jupiter throws out a stream over the garden. This is fifty feet in height, having in his body a square chamber, his eyes and mouth serving for windows and door.

We took horse and supped that night at Il Ponte, passing a dreadful ridge of the Apennines, in many places capped with snow, which covers them the whole summer. We then descended into a luxurious and rich plain. The next day we passed through Scarperia, mounting the hills again, where the passage is so straight and precipitous towards the right hand, that we climbed them with much care and danger; lodging at Firenzuolo, which is a fort built amongst the rocks, and defending the confines of the Great Duke's territories.

The next day, we passed by the Pietramala, a burning mountain. At the summit of this prodigious mass of hills, we had an unpleasant way to Pianura, where we slept that night and were entertained with excellent wine. Hence to Scargalasino, and to bed at Loiano. This plain begins about six miles from Bologna.

Bologna belongs to the Pope, and is a famous University, situate in one of the richest spots of Europe for all sorts of provisions. It is built like a ship, whereof the Torre d'Asinelli may go for the mainmast. The city is of no great strength, having a trifling wall about it, in circuit near five miles, and two in length. This Torre d'Asinelli, ascended by 447 steps of a foot rise, seems exceedingly high, is very narrow, and the more conspicuous from another tower called Garisendi, so artificially built of brick (which increases the wonder), that it seems ready to fall. It is not now so high as the other; but they say the upper part was formerly taken down, for fear it should really fall, and do mischief.

Next, we went to see an imperfect church, called St. Petronius, showing the intent of the founder, had he gone on. From this, our guide led us to the schools, which indeed are very magnificent. Thence to St. Dominic's, where that saint's body lies richly enshrined. The stalls, or seats, of this goodly church have the history of the Bible inlaid with several woods, very curiously done, the work of one Fr. Damiano di Bergamo, and a friar of that order. Amongst other relics, they show the two books of Esdras, written with his own hand. Here lie buried Jac. Andreas, and divers other learned persons. To the church joins the convent, in the quadrangle whereof are old cypresses, said to have been planted by their saint.

Then we went to the Palace of the Legate; a fair brick building, as are most of the houses and buildings, full of excellent carving and mouldings, so as nothing in stone seems to be better finished or more ornamental; witness those excellent columns to be seen in many of their churches, convents, and public buildings; for the whole town is so cloistered, that one may pass from house to house through the streets without being exposed either to rain, or sun.

Before the stately hall of this Palace stands the statue of Paul IV. and divers others; also the monument of the coronation of Charles V. The piazza before it is the most stately in Italy, St. Mark's at Venice only excepted. In the centre of it is a fountain of Neptune, a noble figure in copper. Here I saw a Persian walking about in a rich vest of cloth of tissue, and several other ornaments, according to the fashion of his country, which much pleased me; he was a young handsome person, of the most stately mien.

I would fain have seen the library of St. Saviour, famous for the number of rare manuscripts; but could not, so we went to St. Francis, a glorious pile, and exceedingly adorned within.

After dinner, I enquired out a priest and Dr. Montalbano, to whom I brought recommendations from Rome; this learned person invented, or found out, the composition of the *lapis illuminabilis*, or phosphorus. He showed me their property (for he had several), being to retain the light of the sun for some competent time, by a kind of imbibition, by a particular way of calcination. Some of these presented a blue colour, like the flame of brimstone, others like coals of a kitchen fire. The rest of the afternoon was taken up in St. Michael in Bosco, built on a steep hill on the edge of the city, for its fabric, pleasant shade and groves, cellars, dormitory, and prospects, one of the most delicious retirements I ever saw; art and nature contending which shall exceed; so as till now I never envied the life of a friar. The whole town and country to a vast extent are under command of their eyes, almost as far as Venice itself. In this convent there are many excellent paintings of Guido Reni; above all, the little cloister of eight faces, painted by Caracci in *fresco*. The carvings in wood, in the sacristy, are admirable, as is the inlaid work about the chapel, which even emulates the best paintings; the work is so delicate and tender. The paintings of the Saviour are of Caracci and Leonardo, and there are excellent things of Raphael which we could not see.

In the Church of St. John is a fine piece of St. Cecilia, by Raphael. As to other paintings, there is in the Church of St. Gregory an excellent picture of a Bishop giving the habit of St. Bernard to an armed soldier, with several other figures in the piece, the work of Guerchino. Indeed, this city is full of rare pieces, especially [1] of Guido Domenico, and a virgin named Isabella Sirani, now living, who has painted many excellent pieces, and imitates Guido so well, that many skilful artists have been deceived.

At the Mendicants are the Miracles of St. Eloy, by Reni, after the manner of Caravaggio, but better; and here they showed us that famous piece of Christ calling St. Matthew, by Annibal Caracci. The Marquis Magniani has the whole frieze of his hall painted in *fresco* by the same hand.

Many of the religious men nourish those lap-dogs which the ladies are so fond of, and which they here sell. They are a pigmy sort of spaniels, whose noses they break when puppies; which, in my opinion, deforms them.

At the end of the turning in one of the wings of the dormitory of St. Michael, I found a paper pasted near the window, containing the dimensions of most of the famous churches in Italy compared with their towers here, and the length of this gallery, a copy whereof I took.

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[1] Giovanni Andrea Sirani, a Bolognese artist, had three daughters. The most celebrated, Elizabetta, born 1638, and died August 1657, is the lady alluded to by Evelyn as having been so famous a copyist of Guido, of whom her father was a pupil and imitator. Her sisters, Anna and Barbara, were also artists, but never reached the excellence of Elizabetta.

	Braccia[1]	Piedi di Bolognia	Canna di Roma
St. Pietro di Roma, longo	284	473	84
Cupalo del muro, alta .	210	350	60
Torre d' Asinello, alto .	208⅘	348	59 pr.^{ml} 6
Dormitorio de St. Mich. a Bologn. longo . . .	254	423	72½

From hence, being brought to a subterranean territory of cellars, the courteous friars made us taste a variety of excellent wines; and so we departed to our inn.

The city is famous also for sausages; and here is sold great quantities of Parmegiano cheese, with Botargo, Caviare, &c., which makes some of their shops perfume the streets with no agreeable smell. We furnished ourselves with wash-balls, the best being made here, and being a considerable commodity. This place has also been celebrated for lutes made by the old masters, Mollen, Hans Frey, and Nicholas Sconvelt, which were of extraordinary price; the workmen were chiefly Germans. The cattle used for draught in this country (which is very rich and fertile, especially in pasturage) are covered with housings of linen fringed at the bottom, that dangle about them, preserving them from flies, which in summer are very troublesome.

From this pleasant city, we proceeded towards Ferrara, carrying with us a bulletino, or bill of health (customary in all these parts of Italy, especially in the State of Venice) and so put ourselves into a boat that was towed with horses, often interrupted by the sluices (inventions there to raise the water for the use of mills, and to fill the artificial canals) at every of which we stayed till passage was made. We went by the Castle Bentivoglio, and, about night, arrived at an ugly inn called *Mal Albergo*, agreeable to its name, whence, after we had supped, we embarked and passed that night through the Fens, where we were so pestered with those flying glow-worms, called *Luccioli*, that one who had never heard of them, would think the country full of sparks of fire. Beating some of them down, and applying them to a book, I could read in the dark by the light they afforded.

Quitting our boat, we took coach, and by morning got to

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[1] A measure of half an ell.

Ferrara, where, before we could gain entrance, our guns and arms were taken from us of custom, the lock being taken off before, as we were advised. The city is in a low marshy country, and therefore well fortified. The houses and streets have nothing of beauty, except the palace and church of St. Benedict, where Ariosto lies buried, and there are some good statues, the palazzo del Diamante, citadel, church of St. Dominico. The market-place is very spacious, having in its centre the figure of Nicholao Oläo once Duke of Ferrara, on horseback, in copper. It is, in a word, a dirty town, and, though the streets be large, they remain ill paved; yet it is a University, and now belongs to the Pope. Though there are not many fine houses in the city, the inn where we lodged was a very noble palace, having an Angel for its sign.

We parted from hence about three in the afternoon, and went some of our way on the canal, and then embarked on the Po, or Padus, by the poets called Eridanus, where they feign Phæton to have fallen after his rash attempt, and where Io was metamorphosed into a cow. There was in our company, amongst others, a Polonian Bishop, who was exceeding civil to me in this passage, and afterwards did me many kindnesses at Venice. We supped this night at a place called Corbua, near the ruins of the ancient city, Adria, which gives name to the Gulf, or Sea. After three miles, having passed thirty on the Po, we embarked in a stout vessel, and through an artificial canal, very straight, we entered the Adige, which carried us by break of day into the Adriatic, and so sailing prosperously by Chioza (a town upon an island in this sea), and Palestina, we came over against Malamocco (the chief port and anchorage where our English merchantmen lie that trade to Venice) about seven at night, after we had stayed at least two hours for permission to land, our bill of health being delivered, according to custom. So soon as we came on shore, we were conducted to the Dogana, where our portmanteaus were visited, and then we got to our lodging, which was at honest Signor Paulo Rhodomante's at the Black Eagle, near the Rialto, one of the best quarters of the town. This journey from Rome to Venice cost me seven pistoles, and thirteen julios.

June. The next morning, finding myself extremely weary and beaten with my journey, I went to one of their bagnios, where you are treated after the eastern manner, washing with hot and cold water, with oils, and being rubbed with a kind of strigil of seal's-skin, put on the operator's hand like a glove. This bath did so open my pores, that it cost me one of the greatest colds I ever had in my life, for want of necessary caution in keeping myself warm for some time after; for, coming out, I immediately began to visit the famous places of the city; and travellers who come into Italy do nothing but run up and down to see sights, and this city well deserved our admiration, being the most wonderfully placed of any in the world, built on so many hundred islands, in the very sea, and at good distance from the continent. It has no fresh water, except what is reserved in cisterns from rain, and such as is daily brought from *terra firma* in boats, yet there was no want of it, and all sorts of excellent provisions were very cheap.

It is said that when the Huns over-ran Italy, some mean fishermen and others left the main land, and fled for shelter to these despicable and muddy islands, which, in process of time, by industry, are grown to the greatness of one of the most considerable States, considered as a Republic, and having now subsisted longer than any of the four ancient Monarchies, flourishing in great state, wealth, and glory, by the conquest of great territories in Italy, Dacia, Greece, Candia, Rhodes, and Sclavonia, and at present challenging the empire of all the Adriatic Sea, which they yearly espouse by casting a gold ring into it with great pomp and ceremony, on Ascension-day; the desire of seeing this was one of the reasons that hastened us from Rome.

The Doge, having heard mass in his robes of state (which are very particular, after the eastern fashion), together with the Senate in their gowns, embarked in their gloriously painted, carved, and gilded Bucentora, environed and followed by innumerable galleys, gondolas, and boats, filled with spectators, some dressed in masquerade, trumpets, music, and cannons. Having rowed about a league into the Gulf, the Duke, at the prow, casts a gold ring and cup into the sea, at which a loud acclamation is echoed from the great guns of the Arsenal, and at the Liddo. We then returned.

Two days after, taking a gondola, which is their water-coach (for land ones, there are many old men in this city who never saw one, or rarely a horse), we rode up and down the channels, which answer to our streets. These vessels are built very long and narrow, having necks and tails of steel, somewhat spreading at the beak like a fish's tail, and kept so exceedingly polished as to give a great lustre; some are adorned with carving, others lined with velvet, (commonly black), with curtains and tassels, and the seats like couches, to lie stretched on, while he who rows, stands upright on the very edge of the boat, and, with one oar bending forward as if he would fall into the sea, rows and turns with incredible dexterity; thus passing from channel to channel, landing his fare, or patron, at what house he pleases. The beaks of these vessels are not unlike the ancient Roman rostrums.

The first public building I went to see was the Rialto, a bridge of one arch over the grand canal, so large as to admit a galley to row under it, built of good marble, and having on it, besides many pretty shops, three ample and stately passages for people without any inconvenience, the two outmost nobly balustred with the same stone; a piece of architecture much to be admired. It was evening, and the canal where the Noblesse go to take the air, as in our Hyde-park, was full of ladies and gentlemen. There are many times dangerous stops, by reason of the multitude of gondolas ready to sink one another; and indeed they affect to lean them on one side, that one who is not accustomed to it, would be afraid of over-setting. Here they were singing, playing on harpsichords, and other music, and serenading their mistresses; in another place, racing, and other pastimes on the water, it being now exceeding hot.

Next day, I went to their exchange, a place like ours, frequented by merchants, but nothing so magnificent: from thence, my guide led me to the Fondigo di Todeschi, which is their magazine, and here many of the merchants, especially Germans, have their lodging and diet, as in a college. The outside of this stately fabric is painted by Giorgione da Castelfranco, and Titian himself.

Hence, I passed through the Mercera, one of the most delicious streets in the world for the sweetness of it, and is all the way on both sides tapestried as it were with cloth of gold, rich damasks and other silks, which the shops expose and hang before their houses from the first floor, and with that variety that for near half the year spent chiefly in this city, I hardly remember to have seen the same piece twice exposed; to this add the perfumes, apothecaries' shops, and the innumerable cages of nightingales which they keep, that entertain you with their melody from shop to shop, so that shutting your eyes, you would imagine yourself in the country, when indeed you are in the middle of the sea. It is almost as silent as the middle of a field, there being neither rattling of coaches nor trampling of horses. This street, paved with brick, and exceedingly clean, brought us through an arch into the famous piazza of St. Mark.

Over this porch stands that admirable clock, celebrated next to that of Strasburg for its many movements; amongst which, about twelve and six, which are their hours of Ave Maria, when all the town are on their knees, come forth the three Kings led by a star, and passing by the image of Christ in his Mother's arms, do their reverence, and enter into the clock by another door. At the top of this turret, another automaton strikes the quarters. An honest merchant told me that one day walking in the piazza, he saw the fellow who kept the clock struck with this hammer so forcibly, as he was stooping his head near the bell, to mend something amiss at the instant of striking, that being stunned, he reeled over the battlements, and broke his neck. The buildings in this piazza are all arched, on pillars, paved within with black and white polished marble, even to the shops, the rest of the fabric as stately as any in Europe, being not only marble, but the architecture is of the famous Sansovini, who lies buried in St. Jacomo, at the end of the piazza. The battlements of this noble range of building are railed with stone, and thick-set with excellent statues, which add a great ornament. One of the sides is yet much more Roman-like than the other which regards the sea, and where the church is placed. The other range is plainly Gothic: and so we entered into St. Mark's Church, before which stand two brass pedestals exquisitely cast and figured, which bear as many tall masts painted red, on which, upon great festivals, they hang flags and streamers. The church is also Gothic; yet for the preciousness of the materials, being of several rich marbles, abundance of porphyry, serpentine, &c., far exceeding any in Rome, St. Peter's hardly excepted. I much admired the splendid history of our blessed Saviour, composed all of mosaic over the *facciata*, below which and over the chief gates are cast four horses in copper as big as the life, the same that formerly were transported from Rome by Constantine to Byzantium, and thence by the Venetians hither.[1] They are supported by eight porphyry columns, of very great size and value. Being come into the Church, you see nothing, and tread on nothing, but what is precious. The floor is all inlaid with agates, lazulis, chalcedons, jaspers, porphyries, and other rich marbles, admirable also for the work; the walls sumptuously incrusted, and presenting to the imagination the shapes of men, birds, houses, flowers, and a thousand varieties. The roof is of most excellent mosaic; but what most persons admire is the new work of the emblematic tree at the other passage out of the church. In the midst of this rich *volto* rise five cupolas, the middle very large and sustained by thirty-six marble columns, eight of which are of precious marbles: under these cupolas is the high altar, on which is a reliquary of several sorts of jewels, engraven with figures, after the Greek manner, and set together with plates of pure gold. The altar is covered with a canopy of ophite, on which is sculptured the story of the Bible, and so on the pillars, which are of Parian marble, that support it. Behind these, are four other columns of transparent and true oriental alabaster, brought hither out of the mines of Solomon's Temple, as they report. There are many chapels and notable monuments of illustrious persons, dukes, cardinals, &c., as Zeno, J. Soranzi, and others: there is likewise a vast baptistery, of copper. Among other venerable relics is a stone, on which they say our blessed Lord stood preaching to those of Tyre and Sidon, and near the door is an image of Christ, much adorned, esteeming it very sacred, for that a rude fellow striking it, they say, there gushed out a torrent of blood. In one of the corners lies the body of St. Isidore, brought hither 500 years since from the island of Chios. A little farther, they show the picture of St. Dominic and Francis, affirmed to have been made by the Abbot Joachim (many years before any of them were born). Going out of the Church, they showed us the stone where Alexander III. trod on the neck of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, pronouncing that verse of the psalm, "*super basiliscum*," &c. The doors of the church are of massy copper. There are near 500 pillars in this building, most of them porphyry and serpentine, and brought chiefly from Athens, and other parts of Greece, formerly in their power. At the corner of the Church, are inserted into the main wall four figures, as big as life, cut in porphyry; which they say are the images of four brothers who poisoned one another, by which means were escheated to the Republic that vast treasury of relics now belonging to the Church. At the other entrance that looks towards the sea, stands in a small chapel that statue of our Lady, made (as they affirm) of the same stone, or rock, out of which Moses brought water to the murmuring Israelites at Horeb, or Meriba.

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[1] They were taken away by Buonaparte to Paris; but in 1815, were sent back to Venice.

After all that is said, this church is, in my opinion, much too dark and dismal, and of heavy work; the fabric,—as is much of Venice, both for buildings and other fashions and circumstances,—after the Greeks, their next neighbours.

The next day, by favour of the French ambassador, I had admittance with him to view the Reliquary, called here Tesoro di San Marco, which very few, even of travellers, are admitted to see. It is a large chamber full of presses. There are twelve breast-plates or pieces of pure golden armour, studded with precious stones, and as many crowns dedicated to St. Mark, by so many noble Venetians, who had recovered their wives taken at sea by the Saracens; many curious vases of agates; the cap, or coronet, of the Dukes of Venice, one of which had a ruby set on it, esteemed worth 200,000 crowns; two unicorns' horns; numerous vases and dishes of agate, set thick with precious stones and vast pearls; divers heads of Saints, enchased in gold; a small ampulla, or glass, with our Saviour's blood; a great morsel of the real cross; one of the nails; a thorn; a fragment of the column to which our Lord was bound, when scourged; the standard, or ensign, of Constantine; a piece of St. Luke's arm; a rib of St. Stephen; a finger of Mary Magdalen; numerous other things, which I could not remember. But a priest, first vesting himself in his sacerdotals, with the stole about his neck, showed us the gospel of St. Mark (their tutelar patron) written by his own hand, and whose body they show buried in the church, brought hither from Alexandria many years ago.

The Religious de li Servi have fine paintings of Paolo Veronese, especially the Magdalen.

A French gentleman and myself went to the Courts of Justice, the Senate-house, and Ducal Palace. The first court near this church is almost wholly built of several coloured sorts of marble, like chequer-work on the outside; this is sustained by vast pillars, not very shapely, but observable for their capitals, and that out of thirty-three no two are alike. Under this fabric is the cloister where merchants meet morning and evening, as also the grave senators and gentlemen, to confer of state-affairs, in their gowns and caps, like so many philosophers; it is a very noble and solemn spectacle. In another quadrangle, stood two square columns of white marble, carved, which they said had been erected to hang one of their Dukes on, who designed to make himself Sovereign. Going through a stately arch, there were standing in niches divers statues of great value, amongst which is the so celebrated Eve, esteemed worth its weight in gold; it is just opposite to the stairs where are two Colossuses of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino. We went up into a Corridor built with several Tribunals and Courts of Justice; and by a well-contrived staircase were landed in the Senate-hall, which appears to be one of the most noble and spacious rooms in Europe, being seventy-six paces long, and thirty-two in breadth. At the upper end, are the Tribunals of the Doge, Council of Ten, and Assistants: in the body of the hall, are lower ranks of seats, capable of containing 1500 Senators; for they consist of no fewer on grand debates. Over the Duke's throne are the paintings of the "Final Judgment," by Tinoret, esteemed amòng the best pieces in Europe. On the roof are the famous Acts of the Republic, painted by several excellent masters, especially Bassano; next them, are the effigies of the several Dukes, with their Elogies. Then, we turned into a great Court painted with the Battle of Lepanto, an excellent piece; afterwards, into the Chamber of the Council of Ten, painted by the most celebrated masters. From hence, by the special favour of an Illustrissimo, we were carried to see the private Armoury of the Palace, and so to the same court we first entered, nobly built of polished white marble, part of which is the Duke's Court, *pro tempore*; there are two wells adorned with excellent work, in copper. This led us to the seaside, where stand those columns of ophite-stone in the entire piece, of a great height, one bearing St. Mark's Lion, the other St. Theodorus: these pillars were brought from Greece, and set up by Nicholas Baraterius, the architect; between them public executions are performed.

Having fed our eyes with the noble prospect of the Island of St. George, the galleys, gondolas, and other vessels passing to and fro, we walked under the cloister on the other side of this goodly piazza, being a most magnificent building, the design of Sansovino. Here we went into the *Zecca*, or Mint; at the entrance, stand two prodigious giants, or Hercules, of white marble: we saw them melt, beat, and coin silver, gold, and copper. We then went up into the Procuratory, and a library of excellent MSS. and books belonging to it and the public. After this, we climbed up the tower of St. Mark, which we might have done on horseback, as it is said one of the French Kings did; there being no stairs, or steps, but returns that take up an entire square on the arches forty feet, broad enough for a coach. This steeple stands by itself, without any church near it, and is rather a watch tower in the corner of the great piazza, 230 feet in height, the foundation exceeding deep; on the top, is an angel, that turns with the wind; and from hence is a prospect down the Adriatic, as far as Istria and the Dalmatian side, with the surprising sight of this miraculous city, lying in the bosom of the sea, in the shape of a lute, the numberless Islands tacked together by no fewer than 450 bridges. At the foot of this tower, is a public tribunal of excellent work, in white marble polished, adorned with several brass statues and figures of stone and mezzo-relievo, the performance of some rare artist.

It was now Ascension-week, and the great mart, or fair, of the whole year was kept, every body at liberty and jolly; the noblemen stalking with their ladies on *choppines*. These are high-heeled shoes, particularly affected by these proud dames, or, as some say, invented to keep them at home, it being very difficult to walk with them; whence, one being asked how he liked the Venetian dames, replied, they were *mezzo carne*, *mezzo legno*, half flesh, half wood, and he would have none of them. The truth is, their garb is very odd, as seeming always in masquerade; their other habits also totally different from all nations. They wear very long crisp hair, of several streaks and colours, which they make so by a wash, dishevelling it on the brims of a broad hat that has no crown, but a hole to put out their heads by; they dry them in the sun, as one may see them at their windows. In their tire, they set silk flowers and sparkling stones, their petticoats coming from their very arm-pits, so that they are near three quarters and a half apron; their sleeves are made exceeding wide, under which their shift-sleeves as wide, and commonly tucked up to the shoulder, showing their naked arms, through false sleeves of tiffany, girt with a bracelet or two, with knots of point richly tagged about their shoulders and other places of their body, which they usually cover with a kind of yellow veil, of lawn, very transparent. Thus attired, they set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants, or old women, to support them, who are mumbling their beads. It is ridiculous to see how these ladies crawl in and out of their gondolas, by reason of their *choppines;* and what dwarfs they appear, when taken down from their wooden scaffolds; of these I saw near thirty together, stalking half as high again as the rest of the world. For courtezans, or the citizens, may not wear *choppines*, but cover their bodies and faces with a veil of a certain glittering taffeta, or lustrée, out of which they now and then dart a glance of their eye, the whole face being otherwise entirely hid with it: nor may the common misses take this habit; but go abroad barefaced. To the corner of these virgin-veils hang broad but flat tassels of curious Point de Venice. The married women go in black veils. The nobility wear the same colour, but a fine cloth lined with taffeta, in summer, with fur of the bellies of squirrels, in the winter, which all put on at a certain day, girt with a girdle embossed with silver; the vest not much different from what our Bachelors of Arts wear in Oxford, and a hood of cloth, made like a sack, cast over their left shoulder, and a round cloth black cap fringed with wool, which is not so comely; they also wear their collar open, to shew the diamond button of the stock of their shirt. I have never seen pearl for colour and bigness comparable to what the ladies wear, most of the noble families being very rich in jewels, especially pearls, which are always left to the son, or brother who is destined to marry; which the eldest seldom do. The Doge's vest is of crimson velvet, the Procurator's, &c. of damask, very stately. Nor was I less surprised with the strange variety of the several nations seen every day in the streets and piazzas; Jews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Moors, Greeks, Sclavonians, some with their targets and bucklers, and all in their native fashions, negotiating in this famous Emporium, which is always crowded with strangers.

This night, having with my Lord Bruce[1] taken our places before, we went to the Opera, where comedies and other plays are represented in recitative music, by the most excellent musicians, vocal and instrumental, with variety of scenes painted and contrived with no less art of perspective, and machines for flying in the air, and other wonderful notions; taken together, it is one of the most magnificent and expensive diversions the wit of man can invent. The history was, Hercules in Lydia; the scenes changed thirteen times. The famous voices, Anna Rencia, a Roman, and reputed the best treble of women; but there was an eunuch who, in my opinion, surpassed her; also a Genoese that sung an incomparable bass. This held us by the eyes and ears till two in the morning, when we went to the Chetto de san Felice, to see the noblemen and their ladies at basset, a game at cards which is much used; but they play not in public, and all that have inclination to it are in masquerade, without speaking one word, and so they come in, play, lose or gain, and go away as they please. This time of licence is only in Carnival and this Ascension-Week; neither are their theatres open for that other magnificence, or for ordinary comedians, save on these solemnities, they being a frugal and wise people, and exact observers of all sumptuary laws.

There being at this time a ship bound for the Holy Land, I had resolved to embark, intending to see Jerusalem, and other parts of Syria, Egypt, and Turkey; but after I had provided all necessaries, laid in snow to cool our drink, bought some sheep, poultry, biscuit, spirits, and a little cabinet of drugs, in case of sickness, our vessel (whereof Captain Powell was master) happened to be pressed for the service of the State, to carry provisions to Candia, now newly attacked by the Turks; which altogether frustrated my design, to my great mortification.

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[1] Thomas Bruce, first Earl of Elgin, in Scotland; created by Charles I. on the 13th July, 1640, Baron Bruce, of Whorlton, Yorkshire, in the English peerage. He died in 1663.

On the . . . June, we went to Padua, to the fair of their St. Anthony, in company of divers passengers. The first *terra firma* we landed at was Fusina, being only an inn where we changed our barge, and were then drawn up by horses through the river Brenta, a straight channel as even as a line for twenty miles, the country on both sides deliciously adorned with country villas and gentlemen's retirements, gardens planted with oranges, figs, and other fruit, belonging to the Venetians. At one of these villas we went ashore to see a pretty contrived palace. Observable in this passage was buying their water of those who farm the sluices; for this artificial river is in some places so shallow, that reserves of water are kept with sluices, which they open and shut with a most ingenious invention, or engine, governed even by a child. Thus they keep up the water, or let it go, till the next channel be either filled by the stop, or abated to the level of the other; for which every boat pays a certain duty. Thus, we stayed near half an hour and more, at three several places, so as it was evening before we got to Padua. This is a very ancient city, if the tradition of Antenor's being the founder be not a fiction; but thus speaks the inscription over a stately gate:

> Hanc antiquissimam urbem literarum omnium asylum, cujus agrum fertilitatis Lumen Natura esse voluit, Antenor condidit, anno ante Christum natum M.Cxviii; Senatus autem Venetus his belli propugnaculis ornavit.

The town stands on the river Padus, whence its name, and is generally built like Bologna, on arches and on brick, so that one may walk all 'round it, dry, and in the shade; which is very convenient in these hot countries, and I think I was never sensible of so burning a heat as I was this season, especially the next day, which was that of the fair, filled with noble Venetians, by reason of a great and solemn procession to their famous cathedral. Passing by St. Lorenzo, I met with this subscription:

> Inclytus Antenor patriam vox nisa quietem[1]
> Transtulit huc Henetum Dardanidumq; fuga,
> Expulit Euganeos, Patavinam condidit urbem,
> Quem tegit hic humili marmore cæsa domus.

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[1] Keysler very justly observes (iii. 220), that the first line of this inscription conveys no meaning.

Under the tomb, was a cobbler at his work. Being now come to St. Anthony's (the street most of the way straight, well-built, and outside excellently painted in *fresco*) we surveyed the spacious piazza, in which is erected a noble statue of copper of a man on horseback, in memory of one Catta Malata,[1] a renowned captain. The church, *à la Greca,* consists of five handsome cupolas, leaded. At the left hand within is the tomb of St. Anthony and his altar, about which a mezzo-relievo of the miracles ascribed to him is exquisitely wrought in white marble by the three famous sculptors, Tullius Lombardus, Jacobus Sansovinus, and Hieronymus Compagno. A little higher is the choir, walled parapet-fashion, with sundry coloured stone, half relievo, the work of Andrea Reccij. The altar within is of the same metal, which, with the candlestick and bases, is, in my opinion, as magnificent as any in Italy. The wainscot of the choir is rarely inlaid and carved. Here are the sepulchres of many famous persons, as of Rodolphus Fulgosi, &c.; and, among the rest, one for an exploit at sea, has a galley exquisitely carved thereon. The procession bore the banners with all the treasure of the cloister, which was a very fine sight.

Hence, walking over the Prato delle Valle, I went to see the convent of St. Justina, than which I never beheld one more magnificent. The church is an excellent piece of architecture, of Andrea Palladio, richly paved, with a stately cupola that covers the high altar enshrining the ashes of that saint. It is of *pietra-commessa,* consisting of flowers very naturally done. The choir is inlaid with several sorts of wood representing the holy history, finished with exceeding industry. At the far end, is that rare painting of St. Justina's Martyrdom, by Paolo Veronese; and a stone on which they told us divers primitive Christians had been decapitated. In another place (to which leads a small cloister well-painted) is a dry well, covered with a brass-work grate, wherein are the bones of divers martyrs. They show also the bones of St. Luke, in an old alabaster coffin; three of the Holy Innocents; and the bodies of St. Maximus and Prosdocimus.[2] The dormitory above is exceedingly commodious and stately; but what most pleased me, was the old cloister so well painted with the legendary saints, mingled with many ancient inscriptions, and pieces of urns dug up, it seems, at the foundation of the church. Thus, having spent the day in rambles, I returned the next day to Venice.

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[1] Lassells (p. 429) calls him Gatta Mela, the Venetian General, nicknamed Gata, because of his watchfulness.

[2] St. Peter's disciple, first Bishop of Padua. Lassells, p. 430.

The arsenal is thought to be one of the best-furnished in the world. We entered by a strong port, always guarded, and, ascending a spacious gallery, saw arms of back, breast, and head, for many thousands; in another were saddles; over them, ensigns taken from the Turks. Another hall is for the meeting of the Senate; passing a graff, are the smiths' forges, where they are continually employed on anchors and iron work. Near it is a well of fresh water, which they impute to two rhinoceros's horns which they say lie in it, and will preserve it from ever being empoisoned. Then we came to where the carpenters were building their magazines of oars, masts, &c., for an hundred galleys and ships, which have all their apparel and furniture near them. Then the foundry, where they cast ordnance; the forge is 450 paces long, and one of them has thirteen furnaces. There is one cannon, weighing 16,573 lbs., cast whilst Henry the Third dined, and put into a galley built, rigged, and fitted for launching within that time. They have also arms for twelve galeasses, which are vessels to row, of almost 150 feet long, and thirty wide, not counting prow or poop, and contain twenty-eight banks of oars, each seven men, and to carry 1300 men, with three masts. In another, a magazine for fifty galleys, and place for some hundreds more. Here stands the Bucentaur, with a most ample deck, and so contrived that the slaves are not seen, having on the poop a throne for the Doge to sit, when he goes in triumph to espouse the Adriatic. Here is also a gallery of 200 yards long for cables, and above that a magazine of hemp. Opposite these, are the saltpetre houses, and a large row of cells, or houses, to protect their galleys from the weather. Over the gate, as we go out, is a room full of great and small guns, some of which discharge six times at once. Then, there is a court full of cannon, bullets, chains, grapples, grenadoes, &c., and over that arms for 800,000 men, and by themselves arms for 400, taken from some that were in a plot against the State; together with weapons of offence and defence for sixty-two ships; thirty-two pieces of ordnance, on carriages taken from the Turks, and one prodigious mortar-piece. In a word, it is not to be reckoned up what this large place contains of this sort. There were now twenty-three galleys, and four galley-grossi, of 100 oars of a side. The whole arsenal is walled about, and may be in compass about three miles, with twelve towers for the watch, besides that the sea environs it. The workmen, who are ordinarily 500, march out in military order, and every evening receive their pay through a small hole in the gate where the governor lives.

The next day, I saw a wretch executed, who had murdered his master, for which he had his head chopped off by an axe that slid down a frame of timber,[1] between the two tall columns in St. Mark's piazza, at the sea-brink; the executioner striking on the axe with a beetle; and so the head fell off the block.

Hence, by Gudala, we went to see Grimani's Palace, the portico whereof is excellent work. Indeed, the world cannot show a city of more stately buildings, considering the extent of it, all of square stone, and as chargeable in their foundations as superstructure, being all built on piles at an immense cost. We returned home by the church of St. Johanne and Paulo, before which is, in copper, the statue of Bartolomeo Colone, on horseback, double gilt, on a stately pedestal, the work of Andrea Verrochio, a Florentine! This is a very fine church, and has in it many rare altar-pieces of the best masters, especially that on the left hand, of the Two Friars slain, which is of Titian.

The day after, being Sunday, I went over to St. George's to the ceremony of the schismatic Greeks, who are permitted to have their church, though they are at defiance with Rome. They allow no carved images, but many painted, especially the story of their patron and his dragon. Their rites differ not much from the Latins, save that of communicating in both species, and distribution of the holy bread. We afterwards fell into a dispute with a Candiot, concerning the procession of the Holy Ghost. The church is a noble fabric.

The church of St. Zachary is a Greek building, by Leo IV., Emperor, and has in it the bones of that prophet, with divers other saints. Near this, we visited St. Luke's, famous for the tomb of Aretin.[1]

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[1] The maiden at Halifax, in Yorkshire, and the guillotine in France, were constructed after the same manner.

Tuesday, we visited several other churches, as Santa Maria, newly incrusted with marble on the outside, and adorned with porphyry, orphite, and Spartan stone. Near the altar and under the organ, are sculptures, that are said to be of the famous artist, Praxiteles. To that of St. Paul I went purposely, to see the tomb of Titian. Then to St. John the Evangelist, where, amongst other heroes, lies Andrea Baldarius, the inventor of oars applied to great vessels for fighting.

We also saw St. Roche, the roof whereof is, with the school, or hall, of that rich confraternity, admirably painted by Tintoretto, especially the Crucifix in the *sacristia*. We saw also the church of St. Sebastian, and Carmelite's monastery.

Next day, taking our gondola at St. Mark's, I passed to the island of St. George Maggiore, where is a Convent of Benedictines, and a well-built church of Andrea Palladio, the great architect. The pavement, cupola, choir, and pictures, very rich and sumptuous. The cloister has a fine garden to it, which is a rare thing at Venice, though this is an island a little distant from the city; it has also an olive-orchard, all environed by the sea. The new cloister now building has a noble stair-case paved with white and black marble.

From hence, we visited St. Spirito, and St. Laurence, fair churches in several islands; but most remarkable is that of the Padri Olivetani, in St. Helen's island, for the rare paintings and carvings, with inlaid work, &c.

The next morning, we went again to Padua, where, on the following day, we visited the market, which is plentifully furnished, and exceedingly cheap. Here we saw the great hall, built in a spacious piazza, and one of the most magnificent in Europe; its ascent is by steps a good height, of a redish marble polished, much used in these parts, and happily found not far off; it is almost 200 paces long, and forty in breadth, all covered with lead, without any support of columns. At the farther end, stands the bust, in white marble, of Titus Livius, the historian. In this town is the house wherein he was born, full of inscriptions, and pretty fair.

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[1] On whom the epigram was written:

Here lies the man who no man spared,
When the angry fit was on him;
Nor God himself had better fared,
If Aretin had known him.

Near to the monument of Speron Speroni, is painted on the ceiling the celestial zodiac, and other astronomical figures; without side, there is a corridor, in manner of a balcony, of the same stone; and at the entry of each of the three gates is the head of some famous person, as Albert Eremitano, Julio Paullo (lawyers), and Peter Aponius. In the piazza is the Podesta's and Capitano Grande's Palace, well-built; but, above all, the Monte Pietà, the front whereof is of most excellent architecture. This is a foundation of which there is one in most of the cities in Italy, where there is a continual bank of money to assist the poorer sort, on any pawn, and at reasonable interest, together with magazines for deposit of goods, till redeemed.

Hence, to the Schools of this flourishing and ancient University, especially for the study of physic and anatomy. They are fairly built in quadrangle, with cloisters beneath, and above with columns. Over the great gate are the arms of the Venetian State, and under the lion of St. Mark.

Sic ingredere, ut teipso quotidie doctior; sic egredere ut indies Patriæ Christianæq; Reipublicæ utilior evadas; ita demùm Gymnasium à te felicitèr se ornatum existimabit.

CIↃ.IX.

About the court-walls, are carved in stone and painted the blazons of the Consuls of all the nations, that from time to time have had that charge and honour in the University, which at my being there was my worthy friend Dr. Rogers, who here took that degree.

The Schools for the lectures of the several sciences are above, but none of them comparable, or so much frequented, as the theatre for anatomy, which is excellently contrived both for the dissector and spectators. I was this day invited to dinner, and in the afternoon, (30th July) received my *matricula*, being resolved to spend some months here at study, especially physic and anatomy, of both which there were now the most famous professors in Europe. My *matricula* contained a clause, that I, my goods, servants, and messengers, should be free from all tolls and reprises, and that we might come, pass, return, buy, or sell, without any toll, &c.

The next morning, I saw the garden of simples, rarely furnished with plants, and gave order to the gardener to make me a collection of them for an *hortus hyemalis*, by permission of the Cavalier Dr. Veslingius,[1] then Prefect and Botanic Professor as well as of Anatomy.

This morning, the Earl of Arundel,[2] now in this city, a famous collector of paintings and antiquities, invited me to go with him to see the garden of Mantua, where, as one enters, stands a huge colosse of Hercules. From hence to a place where was a room covered with a noble cupola, built purposely for music; the fillings up, or cove, betwixt the walls, were of urns and earthen pots, for the better sounding; it was also well painted. After dinner, we walked to the Palace of Foscari all' Arena, there remaining yet some appearances of an ancient theatre, though serving now for a court only before the house. There were now kept in it two eagles, a crane, a Mauritanian sheep, a stag, and sundry fowls, as in a vivary.

Three days after, I returned to Venice, and passed over to Murano, famous for the best glasses in the world, where having viewed their furnaces, and seen their work, I made a collection of divers curiosities and glasses, which I sent for England by long sea. It is the white flints they have from Pavia, which they pound and sift exceedingly small, and mix with ashes made of a sea-weed brought out of Syria, and a white sand, that causes this manufacture to excel. The town is a Podestaria by itself, at some miles distant on the sea from Venice, and like it built upon several small islands. In this place, are excellent oysters, small and well-tasted like our Colchester, and they were the first, as I remember, that I ever could eat; for I had naturally an aversion to them.

At our return to Venice, we met several gondolas full of

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[1] John Vesling was born at Minden, in Germany, in 1598; and became Professor of Anatomy in the University of Padua. Evelyn says that at his visit he was anatomical and botanical professor, and prefect. He had the care of the botanical garden, and published a catalogue of its plants. He wrote also "Syntagma Anatomicum," and shortly afterwards travelled into Egypt, where he seems to have paid a good deal of attention to the artificial means of hatching poultry, then an Egyptian marvel, lately a common exhibition in London. He wrote many other works, and died in 1649.

[2] The celebrated Thomas, Earl of Arundel, part of whose collection was eventually procured for the University of Oxford by Evelyn, and is distinguished by the name *Marmora Arundeliana*.

Venetian ladies, who come thus far in fine weather to take the air, with music and other refreshments. Besides that, Murano is itself a very nobly built town, and has divers noblemen's palaces in it, and handsome gardens.

In coming back, we saw the islands of St. Christopher and St. Michael, the last of which has a church enriched and incrusted with marbles and other architectonic ornaments, which the monks very courteously showed us. It was built and founded by Margaret Emiliana of Verona, a famous courtezan, who purchased a great estate, and by this foundation hoped to commute for her sins. We then rowed by the isles of St. Nicholas, whose church, with the monuments of the Justinian family, entertained us awhile: and then got home.

The next morning, Captain Powell, in whose ship I was to embark towards Turkey, invited me on board, lying about ten miles from Venice, where we had a dinner of English powdered beef and other good meat, with store of wine and great guns, as the manner is. After dinner, the Captain presented me with a stone he had lately brought from Grand Cairo, which he took from the mummy-pits, full of hieroglyphics; I drew it on paper with the true dimensions, and sent it in a letter to Mr. Henshaw to communicate to Father Kircher, who was then setting forth his great work "Obeliscus Pamphilius," where it is described, but without mentioning my name. The stone was afterwards brought for me into England, and landed at Wapping, where, before I could hear of it, it was broken into several fragments, and utterly defaced, to my no small disappointment.

The boatswain of the ship also gave me a hand and foot of a mummy, the nails whereof had been overlaid with thin plates of gold, and the whole body was perfect, when he brought it out of Egypt; but the avarice of the ship's crew broke it to pieces, and divided the body among them. He presented me also with two Egyptian idols, and some loaves of the bread which the Coptics use in the holy Sacrament, with other curiosities.

8th August. I had news from Padua of my election to be *Syndicus Artistarum*, which caused me, after two days idling in a country villa with the Consul of Venice, to hasten thither, that I might discharge myself of that honour, because it was not only chargeable, but would have hindered my progress, and they chose a Dutch gentleman in my place, which did not well please my countrymen, who had laboured not a little to do me the greatest honour a stranger is capable of in that University. Being freed from this impediment, and having taken leave of Dr. Janicius, a Polonian, who was going physician in the Venetian galleys to Candia, I went again to Venice, and made a collection of several books and some toys. Three days after, I returned to Padua, where I studied hard till the arrival of Mr. Henshaw, Bramstone, and some other English gentlemen whom I had left at Rome, and who made me go back to Venice, where I spent some time in showing them what I had seen there.

26th September. My dear friend, and till now my constant fellow-traveller, Mr. Thicknesse, being obliged to return to England upon his particular concern, and who had served his Majesty in the wars, I accompanied him part of his way, and, on the 28th, returned to Venice.

29th. Michaelmas-day, I went with my Lord Mowbray [1] (eldest son to the Earl of Arundel, and a most worthy person) to see the collection of a noble Venetian, Signor Rugini. He has a stately Palace, richly furnished with statues and heads of Roman Emperors, all placed in an ample room. In the next, was a cabinet of medals, both Latin and Greek, with divers curious shells and two fair pearls in two of them; but, above all, he abounded in things petrified, walnuts, eggs in which the yolk rattled, a pear, a piece of beef with the bones in it, a whole hedgehog, a plaice on a wooden trencher turned into stone and very perfect, charcoal, a morsel of cork yet retaining its levity, sponges, and a piece of taffety part rolled up, with innumerable more. In another cabinet, supported by twelve pillars of oriental agate, and railed about with crystal, he showed us several noble intáglios of agate, especially a head of Tiberius, a woman in a bath with her dog, some rare cornelians, onyxes, crystals, &c., in one of which was a drop of water not congealed, but moving up and down, when shaken; above all, a diamond which had a very fair ruby growing in it; divers pieces of amber, wherein were several insects, in particular one cut like a heart that contained in it a salamander without the least defect, and many pieces of mosaic. The fabric of this cabinet was very ingenious, set thick with agates, turquoises, and other precious stones, in the midst of which was an antique of a dog in stone scratching his ear, very rarely cut, and comparable to the greatest curiosity I had ever seen of that kind for the accurateness of the work. The next chamber had a bedstead all inlaid with agates, crystals, cornelians, lazuli, &c., esteemed worth 16,000 crowns; but, for the most part, the bedsteads in Italy are of forged iron gilded, since it is impossible to keep the wooden ones from the cimices.

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[1] James Lord Mowbray and Maltravers, the eldest son of Lord Arundel, died before his father. Evelyn's friend was Henry Frederick, the Earl's second son, who, on his father's death in Italy, succeeded to the earldom of Arundel. He married, in 1626, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Esme Stuart, Earl of March, and afterwards Duke of Lennox; who will be found noticed occasionally by Evelyn. He died April 7, 1652.

From hence, I returned to Padua, when that town was so infested with soldiers, that many houses were broken open in the night, some murders committed, and the nuns next our lodging disturbed, so as we were forced to be on our guard with pistols and other fire-arms to defend our doors; and indeed the students themselves take a barbarous liberty in the evenings when they go to their strumpets, to stop all that pass by the house where any of their companions in folly are with them. This custom they call *chi vali*, so as the streets are very dangerous, when the evenings grow dark; nor is it easy to reform this intolerable usage, where there are so many strangers of several nations.

Using to drink my wine cooled with snow and ice, as the manner here is, I was so afflicted with an angina and sore-throat, that it had almost cost me my life. After all the remedies Cavalier Veslingius, chief professor here, could apply, old Salvatico (that famous physician) being called, made me be cupped, and scarified in the back in four places; which began to give me breath, and consequently life; for I was in the utmost danger; but, God being merciful to me, I was after a fortnight abroad again; when, changing my lodging, I went over against Pozzo Pinto, where I bought for winter provision 3000 weight of excellent grapes, and pressed my own wine, which proved incomparable liquor.

This was on 10th October. Soon after came to visit me from Venice Mr. Henry Howard, grandchild to the Earl of Arundel,[1] Mr. Bramstone, son to the Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Henshaw, with whom I went to another part of the city to lodge near St. Catherine's, over against the monastery of nuns, where we hired the whole house, and lived very nobly. Here I learned to play on the theorb, taught by Signor Dominico Bassano, who had a daughter married to a doctor of laws, that played and sung to nine several instruments, with that skill and address as few masters in Italy exceeded her; she likewise composed divers excellent pieces: I had never seen any play on the Naples viol before. She presented me afterwards with two recitativos of hers, both words and music.

31*st. October*. Being my birth-day, the nuns of St. Catherine's sent me flowers of silk-work. We were very studious all this winter till Christmas, when, on Twelfth-day, we invited all the English and Scots in town to a feast, which sunk our excellent wine considerably.

1645–6. In January, Signor Molino was chosen Doge of Venice, but the extreme snow that fell, and the cold, hindered my going to see the solemnity, so as I stirred not from Padua till Shrovetide, when all the world repair to Venice, to see the folly and madness of the Carnival; the women, men, and persons of all conditions disguising themselves in antique dresses, with extravagant music and a thousand gambols, traversing the streets from house to house, all places being then accessible and free to enter. Abroad, they fling eggs filled with sweet water, but sometimes not over-sweet. They also have a barbarous custom or hunting bulls about the streets and piazzas, which is very dangerous, the passages being generally narrow. The youth of the several wards and parishes contend in other masteries and pastimes, so that it is impossible to recount the universal madness of this place during this time of license. The great banks are set up for those who will play at basset; the comedians have liberty, and the operas are open; witty pasquils are thrown about, and the mountebanks have their stages at every corner. The diversions which chiefly took me up was three noble operas, where were excellent voices and music, the most celebrated of which was the famous Anna Rencia,[1] whom we invited to a fish-dinner after four days in Lent, when they had given over at the theatre. Accompanied with an eunuch whom she brought with her, she entertained us with rare music, both of them singing to a harpsichord. It growing late, a gentleman of Venice came for her, to show her the galleys, now ready to sail for Candia. This entertainment produced a second, given us by the English consul of the merchants, inviting us to his house, where he had the Genoese, the most celebrated base in Italy, who was one of the late opera-band. This diversion held us so late at night, that, conveying a gentlewoman who had supped with us to her gondola at the usual place of landing, we were shot at by two carbines from another gondola, in which were a noble Venetian and his courtezan unwilling to be disturbed, which made us run in and fetch other weapons, not knowing what the matter was, till we were informed of the danger we might incur by pursuing it farther.

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[1] Second son of the preceding. He succeeded his elder brother, Thomas, who had been restored to the dukedom of Norfolk, as sixth duke, though he had previously been created Baron Howard and Earl of Norwich. Also created Earl Marshal of England, and died January 11, 1863–4. Evelyn often mentions this family.

Three days after this, I took my leave of Venice, and went to Padua, to be present at the famous anatomy lecture, celebrated here with extraordinary apparatus, lasting almost a whole month. During this time, I saw a woman, a child, and a man dissected with all the manual operations of the chirurgeon on the human body. The one was performed by Cavalier Veslingius and Dr. Jo. Athelsteinus Leonœnas, of whom I purchased those rare tables of veins and nerves, and caused him to prepare a third of the lungs, liver, and nervi *sexti par:* with the gastric veins, which I sent into England, and afterwards presented to the Royal Society, being the first of that kind that had been seen there, and, for aught I know, in the world, though afterwards there were others. When the anatomy lectures, which were in the mornings, were ended, I went to see cures done in the hospitals; and certainly as there are the greatest helps and the most skilful physicians, so there are the most miserable and deplorable objects to exercise upon. Nor is there any, I should think, so powerful an argument against the vice reigning in this licentious country, as to be spectator of the misery these poor creatures undergo. They are indeed very carefully attended, and with extraordinary charity.

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[1] *Ante*, p. 202.

20th March. I returned to Venice, where I took leave of my friends.

22nd. I was invited to excellent English potted venison, at Mr. Hobbson's, a worthy merchant.

23rd. I took my leave of the Patriarch and the Prince of Wirtemberg, and Monsieur Grotius (son of the learned Hugo) now going as commander to Candia; and, in the afternoon, received of Vandervoort, my merchant, my bills of exchange of 300 ducats for my journey. He showed me his rare collection of Italian books, esteemed very curious, and of good value.

The next day, I was conducted to the Ghetto, where the Jews dwell together as in a tribe or ward, where I was present at a marriage. The bride was clad in white, sitting in a lofty chair, and covered with a white veil; then two old Rabbis joined them together, one of them holding a glass of wine in his hand, which, in the midst of the ceremony, pretending to deliver to the woman, he let fall, the breaking whereof was to signify the frailty of our nature, and that we must expect disasters and crosses amidst all enjoyments. This done we had a fine banquet, and were brought into the bride-chamber, where the bed was dressed up with flowers, and the counterpane strewed in works. At this ceremony, we saw divers very beautiful Portuguese Jewesses, with whom we had some conversation.

I went to the Spanish Ambassador with Bonifacio, his confessor, and obtained his pass to serve me in the Spanish dominions; without which I was not to travel, in this pompous form:

"Don Gaspar de Teves y Guzman, Marques de la Fuente, Señor Le Lerena y Verazuza, Commendador de Colos, en la Orden de Sant Yago, Alcalde Mayor perpetuo y Escrivano Mayor de la Ciudad de Sevilla, Gentilhombre de la Camara de S. M. su Azimilero Mayor, de su Consejo, su Embaxador extraordinario a los Principes de Italia, y Alemania, y a esta serenissima Republica de Venetia, &c. Haviendo de partir de esta Ciudad para La Milan el Signior Cavallero Evelyn Ingles, con un Criado, mi han pedido Passa-porte para los Estatos de su M. Le he mandado dar el presente, firmado de mi mano, y sellado con el sello de mis armas, por el qual encargo a todos los menestros de S. M. antes quien le presentase y a los que no lo son, supplico les dare passar libramente sin permitir que se le haya vexacion alguna antes mandar le las favor para continuar su viage. Fecho en Venecia a 24 del mes de Marzo del an'o 1646.

Mar. de la Fuentes, &c."

Having packed up my purchases of books, pictures, casts, treacle, &c., (the making and extraordinary ceremony whereof I had been curious to observe, for it is extremely pompous and worth seeing) I departed from Venice, accompanied with Mr. Waller (the celebrated poet), now newly gotten out of England, after the Parliament had extremely worried him for attempting to put in execution the commission of Array, and for which the rest of his colleagues were hanged by the rebels.

The next day, I took leave of my comrades at Padua, and receiving some directions from Dr. Salvatico as to the care of my health, I prepared for my journey towards Milan.

It was Easter-Monday that I was invited to breakfast at the Earl of Arundel's.[1] I took my leave of him in his bed, where I left that great and excellent man in tears on some private discourse of crosses that had befallen his illustrious family, particularly the undutifulness of his grandson Philip's turning Dominican Friar (since Cardinal of Norfolk),[2] and the misery of his country now embroiled in civil war. He caused his gentleman to give me directions, all written with his own hand, what curiosities I should inquire after in my journey; and, so enjoining me to write sometimes to him, I departed. There stayed for me below, Mr. Henry Howard (afterwards Duke of Norfolk), Mr. J. Digby, son of Sir Kenelm Digby, and other gentlemen, who conducted me to the coach.

The famous lapidaries of Venice for false stones and pastes, so as to emulate the best diamonds, rubies, &c., were Marco Terrasso and Gilbert.

An accompt of what Bills of Exchange I took up at Venice since my coming from Rome, till my departure from Padua.

11th Aug., 1645 . . .	200
7th Sept.	135
1st Oct.	100
15th Jan., 1646 . . .	100
23rd April	300
	835 Ducati di Banco.

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[1] Lassells, who travelled a short time after Evelyn, says (p. 429), that the Earl died here, and that his bowels are buried under a black marble stone, inscribed, "Interiora Thomæ Howard Comitis Arondeliæ."

[2] Philip was the third son of Henry Frederick Baron Mowbray. He entered the Church of Rome, as stated by Evelyn, and afterwards rose to the dignity of Cardinal, and became Lord Almoner to Catherine, consort of Charles II. He died in 1694.

In company, then, with Mr. Waller, one Captain Wray (son of Sir Christopher, whose father had been in arms against his Majesty, and therefore by no means welcome to us), with Mr. Abdy, a modest and learned man, we got that night to Vicenza, passing by the Euganéan hills, celebrated for the prospects and furniture of rare simples, which we found growing about them. The ways were something deep, the whole country flat and even as a bowling-green. The common fields lie square, and are orderly planted with fruit trees, which the vines run and embrace, for many miles, with delicious streams creeping along the ranges.

Vicenza is a city in the Marquisate of Treviso, yet appertaining to the Venetians, full of gentlemen and splendid palaces, to which the famous Palladio, born here, has exceedingly contributed, having been the architect. Most conspicuous is the Hall of Justice; it has a tower of excellent work; the lower pillars are of the first order; those in the three upper corridors are Doric; under them, are shops in a spacious piazza. The hall was built in imitation of that at Padua, but of a nobler design, *à la moderne*. The next morning, we visited the theatre, as being of that kind the most perfect now standing, and built by Palladio, in exact imitation of the ancient Romans, and capable of containing 5000 spectators. The scene, which is all of stone, represents an imperial city, the order Corinthian, decorated with statues. Over the Scenario is inscribed, "Virtuti ac Genio Olympior: Academia Theatrum hoc à fundamentis erexit Paladio Architect: 1584." The scene declines eleven feet, the *soffito* painted with clouds. To this there joins a spacious hall for solemn days to ballot in, and a second for the Academics. In the Piazza is also the *podestà*, or governor's house, the *facciata* being of the Corinthian order, very noble. The Piazza itself is so large as to be capable of jousts and tournaments, the nobility of this city being exceedingly addicted to this knight-errantry, and other martial diversions. In this place are two pillars in imitation of those at St. Mark's at Venice, bearing one of them a winged lion, the other the statue of St. John the Baptist.

In a word, this sweet town has more well-built palaces than any of its dimensions in all Italy, besides a number begun and not yet finished (but of stately design) by reason of the domestic dissensions betwixt them and those of Brescia, fomented by the sage Venetians, lest by combining, they might think of recovering their ancient liberty. For this reason, also, are permitted those disorders and insolences committed at Padua among the youth of these two territories. It is no dishonour in this country to be some generations in finishing their palaces, that without exhausting themselves by a vast expense at once, they may at last erect a sumptuous pile. Count Oleine's Palace is near perfected in this manner. Count Ulmarini [1] is more famous for his gardens, being without the walls, especially his *cedrario*, or conserve of oranges, eleven score of my paces long, set in order and ranges, making a canopy all the way by their intermixing branches for more than 200 of my single paces, and which, being full of fruit and blossoms was a most delicious sight. In the middle of this garden, was a cupola made of wire, supported by slender pillars of brick, so closely covered with ivy, both without and within, that nothing was to be perceived but green; betwixt the arches there dangled festoons of the same. Here is likewise a most inextricable labyrinth.

I had in this town recommendation to a very civil and ingenious apothecary, called Angelico, who had a pretty collection of paintings. I would fain have visited a Palace, called the Rotunda, which was a mile out of town, belonging to Count Martio Capra; but one of our companions hastening to be gone, and little minding anything save drinking and folly, caused us to take coach sooner than we should have done.

A little from the town, we passed the Campo Martio, set out in imitation of ancient Rome, wherein the nobles exercised their horses, and the ladies make the *Corso;* it is entered by a stately triumphal arch, the invention of Palladio.

Being now set out for Verona, about midway we dined at Ostaria Nova, and came late to our resting-place, which was the Cavaletto, just over the monument of the Scalageri,[2] formerly princes of Verona, adorned with many devices in stone of ladders, alluding to the name.

Early next morning, we went about the city, which is built on the gentle declivity, and bottom of a hill, environed in part with some considerable mountains and downs of fine grass like some places in the south of England, and, on the other side, having the rich plain where Caius Marius overthrew the Cimbrians. The city is divided in the midst by the river Adige, over which are divers stately bridges, and on its banks are many goodly palaces, whereof one is well painted in *chiaro-oscuro* on the outside, as are divers in this dry climate of Italy.

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[1] Lassells (p. 435) calls him Valmerana.

[2] Or della Scala.

The first thing that engaged our attention and wonder, too, was the amphitheatre, which is the most entire of ancient remains now extant. The inhabitants call it the *Arena:* it has two porticos, one within the other, and is thirty-four rods long, twenty-two in breadth, with forty-two ranks of stone benches, or seats, which reach to the top. The vastness of the marble stones is stupendous. "L. V. Flaminius, Consul. anno. urb. con. LIII." This I esteem to be one of the noblest antiquities in Europe, it is so vast and entire, having escaped the ruins of so many other public buildings for above 1400 years.

There are other arches, as that of the victory of Marius; temples, aqueducts, &c., showing still considerable remains in several places of the town, and how magnificent it has formerly been. It has three strong castles, and a large and noble wall. Indeed, the whole city is bravely built, especially the Senate-house, where we saw those celebrated statues of Cornelius Nepos, Æmilius Marcus, Plinius, and Vitruvius, all having honoured Verona by their birth; and, of later date, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, that prodigy of learning.

In the evening we saw the garden of Count Giusti's villa, where are walks cut out of the main rock, from whence we had the pleasant prospect of Mantua and Parma, though at great distance. At the entrance of this garden, grows the goodliest cypress, I fancy, in Europe, cut in a pyramid; it is a prodigious tree both for breadth and height, entirely covered, and thick to the base.

Dr. Cortone, a civilian, showed us, amongst other rarities, a St. Dorothea, of Raphael. We could not see the rare drawings, especially of Parmensis, belonging to Dr. Marcello, another advocate, on account of his absence.

Verona deserved all those elogies Scaliger has honoured it with; for, in my opinion, the situation is the most delightful I ever saw, it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and valleys, so elegantly planted with trees on which Bacchus seems riding as it were in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree; here, of all places I have seen in Italy, would I fix a residence. Well has that learned man given it the name of the very eye of the world:

> Oscelle mundi, Sidus Itali cœli,
> Flos Urbium, flos cornicuumq' amœnum,
> Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuere, Verona.

The next morning we travelled over the downs where Marius fought, and fancied ourselves about Winchester, and the country towards Dorsetshire. We dined at an inn called Cavalli Cashieri, near Peschiera, a very strong fort of the Venetian Republic, and near the Lago di Garda, which disembogues into that of Mantua, near forty miles in length, highly spoken of by my Lord Arundel to me, as the most pleasant spot in Italy, for which reason I observed it with the more diligence, alighting out of the coach, and going up to a grove of cypresses growing about a gentleman's country-house, from whence indeed it presents a most surprising prospect. The hills and gentle risings about it produce oranges, citrons, olives, figs, and other tempting fruits, and the waters abound in excellent fish, especially trouts. In the middle of this lake, stands Sermonea, on an island; here Captain Wray bought a pretty nag of the master of our inn where we dined, for eight pistoles, which his wife, our hostess, was so unwilling to part with, that she did nothing but kiss and weep and hang about the horse's neck, till the captain rode away.

We came this evening to Brescia, which next morning we traversed, according to our custom, in search of antiquities and new sights. Here, I purchased of old Lazarino Cominazzo my fine carbine, which cost me nine pistoles, this city being famous for these fire-arms, and that workman, Jo. Bap. Franco, the best esteemed. The city consists most in artists, every shop abounding in guns, swords, armourers, &c. Most of the workmen come out of Germany. It stands in a fertile plain, yet the castle is built on a hill. The streets abound in fair fountains. The Torre della Pallada is of a noble Tuscan order, and the Senate-house is inferior to few. The piazza is but indifferent; some of the houses arched as at Padua. The Cathedral was under repair. We would from hence have visited Parma, Piacenza, Mantua, &c.; but the banditti and other dangerous parties being abroad, committing many enormities, we were contented with a Pisgah sight of them.

We dined next day, at Ursa Vecchia, and, after dinner, passed by an exceeding strong fort of the Venetians, called Ursa Nova, on their frontier. Then by the river Oglio, and so by Sonano, where we enter the Spanish dominions, and that night arrived at Crema, which belongs to Venice, and is well-defended. The Podesta's Palace is finely built, and so is the Duomo, or Cathedral, and the tower to it, with an ample piazza.

Early next day, after four miles' riding, we entered into the State of Milan, and passed by Lodi,[1] a great city famous for cheese, little short of the best Parmeggiano. We dined at Marignano, ten miles before coming to Milan, where we met half-a-dozen suspicious cavaliers, who yet did us no harm. Then, passing as through a continual garden, we went on with exceeding pleasure; for it is the Paradise of Lombardy, the highways as even and straight as a line, the fields to a vast extent planted with fruit about the enclosures, vines to every tree at equal distances, and watered with frequent streams. There was likewise much corn, and olives in abundance. At approach of the city, some of our company, in dread of the Inquisition (severer here than in all Spain), thought of throwing away some Protestant books and papers. We arrived about three in the afternoon, when the officers searched us thoroughly for prohibited goods; but, finding we were only gentlemen travellers, dismissed us for a small reward, and we went quietly to our inn, the *Three Kings*, where, for that day, we refreshed ourselves, as we had need. The next morning, we delivered our letters of recommendation to the learned and courteous Ferrarius, a Doctor of the Ambrosian College,[2] who conducted us to all the remarkable places of the town, the first of which was the famous Cathedral. We entered by a portico, so little inferior to that of Rome that, when it is finished, it will be hard to say which is the fairest; the materials are all of white and black marble, with columns of great height, of Egyptian granite. The outside of the church is so full of sculpture, that you may number 4000 statues, all of white marble, amongst which that of St. Bartholomew is esteemed a masterpiece. The church is very spacious, almost as long as St. Peter's at Rome, but not so large. About the choir, the sacred Story is finely sculptured, in snow-white marble, nor know I where it is exceeded. About the body of the church are the miracles of St. Charles Borromeo, and in the vault beneath is his body before the high altar, grated, and enclosed, in one of the largest crystals in Europe. To this also belongs a rich treasure. The cupola is all of marble within and without, and even covered with great planks of marble, in the Gothic design. The windows are most beautifully painted. Here are two very fair and excellent organs. The fabric is erected in the midst of a fair piazza, and in the centre of the city.

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[1] Celebrated in later years for the victory gained by Buonaparte over the Austrians.

[2] Francisco Bernardino Ferrari, born in 1577, and for his extensive knowledge of books selected by Frederick Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, as a proper person to travel and collect books and manuscripts for a noble library he was desirous of founding in that city. He collected a great number of works in all classes of literature, which, with later editions, has since been known as the Ambrosian Library. He died in 1669.

Hence, we went to the Palace of the Archbishop, which is a quadrangle, the architecture of Theobaldi, who designed much for Philip II. in the Escurial, and has built much in Milan. Hence, into the Governor's Palace, who was Constable of Castile. Tempted by the glorious tapestries and pictures, I adventured so far alone, that peeping into a chamber where the great man was under the barber's hands, he sent one of his negroes (a slave) to know what I was. I made the best excuse I could, and that I was only admiring the pictures, which he returning and telling his lord, I heard the Governor reply that I was a spy; on which I retired with all the speed I could, passed the guard of Swiss, got into the street, and in a moment to my company, who were gone to the Jesuits' Church, which in truth is a noble structure, the front especially, after the modern. After dinner, we were conducted to St. Celso, a church of rare architecture, built by Bramante; the carvings of the marble *facciata* are by Annibal Fontana, whom they esteem at Milan equal to the best of the ancients. In a room joining to the Church, is a marble Madonna, like a Colosse, of the same sculptor's work, which they will not expose to the air. There are two *sacristias*, in one of which is a fine Virgin, of Leonardo da Vinci; in the other is one of

Raphael d'Urbino, a piece which all the world admires. The Sacristan showed us a world of rich plate, jewels, and embroidered copes, which are kept in presses.

Next, we went to see the Great Hospital, a quadrangular cloister of a vast compass, a truly royal fabric, with an annual endowment of 50,000 crowns of gold. There is in the middle of it a cross building for the sick, and, just under it, an altar so placed as to be seen in all places of the Infirmary.

There are divers colleges built in this quarter, richly provided for by the same Borromeo and his nephew, the last Cardinal Frederico, some not yet finished, but of excellent design.

In St. Eustorgio, they tell us, formerly lay the bodies of the three Magi, since translated to Cologne in Germany; they, however, preserve the tomb, which is a square stone, on which is engraven a star, and, under it, "Sepulchrum trium Magorum."

Passing by St. Laurence, we saw sixteen columns of marble, and the ruins of a Temple of Hercules, with this inscription yet standing:

Imp. Cæsari L. Aurelio Vero Aug. Arminiaco Medio Parthico Max. Trib. Pot. VII. Imp. IIII. Cos. III. P. P. Divi Antonini Pij Divi Hadriani Nepoti Divi Trajani Parthici Pro-Nepoti Divi Nervæ Abnepoti Dec. Dec.

We concluded this day's wandering at the Monastery of Madonna delle Grazie, and in the refectory admired that celebrated *Cœna Domini* of Leonardo da Vinci, which takes up the entire wall at the end, and is the same that the great virtuoso, Francis the First of France, was so enamoured of, that he consulted to remove the whole wall by binding it about with ribs of iron and timber, to convey it into France. It is indeed one of the rarest paintings that was ever executed by Leonardo, who was long in the service of that Prince, and so dear to him that the King coming to visit him in his old age and sickness, he expired in his arms. But this incomparable piece is now exceedingly impaired.[1]

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[1] The Painter's Voyage, published in 1679, does not notice it; and probably it was then almost invisible from decay. It has since been frequently retouched, and it still remains in the refectory of the monastery in which Evelyn saw it; but the damage received from the dampness of the wall has left it but the most indistinct shadow

Early next morning came the learned Dr. Ferrarius to visit us, and took us in his coach to see the Ambrosian Library, where Cardinal Fred. Borromeo has expended so vast a sum on this building, and in furnishing with curiosities, especially paintings and drawings of inestimable value amongst painters. It is a school fit to make the ablest artists. There are many rare things of Hans Breugel, and amongst them the Four Elements. In this room, stands the glorious [boasting] inscription of Cavaliero Galeazzo Arconati, valuing his gift to the library of several drawings by Da Vinci; but these we could not see, the keeper of them being out of town, and he always carrying the keys with him; but my Lord Marshal, who had seen them, told me all but one book are small, that a huge folio contained 400 leaves full of scratches of Indians, &c. But whereas the inscription pretends that our King Charles had offered 1000*l*. for them,—the truth is, and my Lord himself told me, that it was he who treated with Galeazzo for himself, in the name and by permission of the King, and that the Duke of Feria, who was then Governor, should make the bargain; but my Lord, having seen them since, did not think them of so much worth.

In the great room, where is a goodly library, on the right hand of the door, is a small wainscot closet, furnished with rare manuscripts. Two original letters of the Grand Signor were showed us, sent to two Popes, one of which was (as I remember) to Alexander VI. [Borgia], and the other mentioning the head of the lance which pierced our Blessed Saviour's side, as a present to the Pope: I would feign have gotten a copy of them, but could not; I hear, however, that they are since translated into Italian, and that therein is a most honourable mention of Christ.

We re-visited St. Ambrose's church. The high altar is supported by four porphyry columns, and under it lie the remains of that holy man. Near it they showed us a pit, or well (an obscure place it is), where they say St. Ambrose baptized St. Augustine, and recited the *Te Deum;* for so imports the inscription. The place is also famous for some

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of what it once was. This, however, is less to be deplored since the magnificent print of it by Raphael Morghen, justly esteemed one of the finest works of art in this kind that has ever been executed. The old previous engraving from it by Peter Soutman by no means exhibited a true delineation of the characters of the piece, as nobly designed by Leonardo.

Councils that have been held there, and for the coronation of divers Italian Kings and Emperors, receiving the iron crown from the Archbishop of this see.[1] They show the History by Josephus, written on the bark of trees. The high altar is wonderfully rich.

Milan is one of the most princely cities in Europe: it has no suburbs, but is circled with a stately wall for ten miles, in the centre of a country that seems to flow with milk and honey. The air is excellent; the fields fruitful to admiration, the market abounding with all sorts of provisions. In the city are near 100 churches, 71 monasteries, and 40,000 inhabitants; it is of a circular figure, fortified with bastions, full of sumptuous palaces and rare artists, especially for works in crystal, which is here cheap, being found among the Alps. They have curious straw-work among the nuns, even to admiration. It has a good river, and a citadel at some small distance from the city, commanding it, of great strength for its works and munition of all kinds. It was built by Galeatius the Second, and consists of four bastions, and works at the angles and fronts; the graff is faced with brick to a very great depth; has two strong towers as one enters, and within is another fort, and spacious lodgings for the soldiers, and for exercising them. No accommodation for strength is wanting, and all exactly uniform. They have here also all sorts of work and tradesmen, a great magazine of arms and provisions. The fosse is of spring water, with a mill for grinding corn, and the ramparts vaulted underneath. Don Juan Vasques Coronada was now Governor; the garrison Spaniards only.

There is nothing better worth seeing than the collection of Signor Septalla,[2] a canon of St. Ambrose, famous over Christendom for his learning and virtues. Amongst other things, he showed us an Indian wood, that has the perfect scent of civet; a flint, or pebble, that has a quantity of water in it, which is plainly to be seen, it being clear as agate; divers crystals that have water moving in them, some of them having plants, leaves, and hog's bristles in them; much amber full of insects, and divers things of woven amianthus.[3]

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[1] Buonaparte afterwards took it, and placed it on his own head.

[2] Painter's Voyage particularises 85 pictures in this Collection, but few of them by great masters.

[3] There are two descriptive Catalogues of the Museum, in its day one of the most celebrated in all Italy; both are in small quarto,

Milan is a sweet place, and though the streets are narrow, they abound in rich coaches, and are full of noblesse, who frequent the course every night. Walking a turn in the portico before the dome, a cavaliero who passed by, hearing some of us speaking English, looked a good while earnestly on us, and by and bye sending his servant, desired we would honour him the next day at dinner. We looked on this as an odd invitation, he not speaking to us himself, but we returned his civility with thanks, though not fully resolved what to do, or indeed what might be the meaning of it in this jealous place; but on enquiry, it was told us he was a Scots Colonel, who had an honourable command in the city, so that we agreed to go. This afternoon, we were wholly taken up in seeing an opera represented by some Neapolitans, performed all in excellent music with rare scenes, in which there acted a celebrated beauty.

Next morning, we went to the Colonel's, who had sent his servant again to conduct us to his house, which we found to be a noble palace, richly furnished. There were other guests, all soldiers, one of them a Scotchman, but we could not learn one of their names. At dinner, he excused his rudeness that he had not himself spoken to us; telling us it was his custom, when he heard of any English travellers (who but rarely would be known to pass through that city for fear of the Inquisition), to invite them to his house, where they might be free. We had a sumptuous dinner; and the wine was so tempting, that after some healths had gone about, and we had risen from table, the Colonel led us into his hall, where there hung up divers colours, saddles, bridles, pistols, and other arms, being trophies which he had taken with his own hands from the enemy; amongst them, he would needs bestow a pair of pistols on Captain Wray, one of our fellow-travellers, and a good drinking gentleman, and on me a Turkish bridle woven with silk and very curiously embossed, with other silk trappings, to which hung a half moon

the one in Latin, the later and most complete one in Italian; to which is prefixed a large inside view of the Museum, exhibiting its curious contents of busts, statues, pictures, urns, and every kind of rarity, natural and artificial.

Keysler, in his Travels, laments the not being able to see it, on account of a law-suit then depending; and, probably in consequence of that law-suit, it has now been long dispersed.

finely wrought, which he had taken from a bashaw whom he had slain. With this glorious spoil, I rid the rest of my journey as far as Paris, and brought it afterwards into England. He then showed us a stable of brave horses, with his menage and cavalerizzo. Some of the horses he caused to be brought out, which he mounted, and performed all the motions of an excellent horseman. When this was done, and he had alighted,—contrary to the advice of his groom and page, who knew the nature of the beast, and that their master was a little spirited with wine, he would have a fiery horse that had not yet been managed and was very ungovernable, but was otherwise a very beautiful creature; this he mounting, the horse, getting the reins in a full *carrière*, rose so desperately that he fell quite back, crushing the Colonel so forcibly against the wall of the menage, that though he sat on him like a Centaur, yet recovering the jade on all fours again, he desired to be taken down and so led in, where he cast himself on a pallet; and, with infinite lamentations, after some time we took leave of him, being now speechless. The next morning, going to visit him, we found before the door the canopy which they usually carry over the host, and some with lighted tapers; which made us suspect he was in very sad condition, and so indeed we found him, an Irish Friar standing by his bedside as confessing him, or at least disguising a confession, and other ceremonies used *in extremis;* for we afterwards learned that the gentleman was a Protestant, and had this Friar, his confidant; which was a dangerous thing at Milan, had it been but suspected. At our entrance, he sighed grievously, and held up his hands, but was not able to speak. After vomiting some blood, he kindly took us all by the hand, and made signs that he should see us no more, which made us take our leave of him with extreme reluctancy and affliction for the accident. This sad disaster made us consult about our departure as soon as we could, not knowing how we might be inquired after, or engaged, the Inquisition being so cruelly formidable and inevitable, on the least suspicion. The next morning, therefore, discharging our lodgings, we agreed for a coach to carry us to the foot of the Alps, not a little concerned for the death of the Colonel, which we now heard of, and who had so courteously entertained us.

The first day we got as far as Castellanza, by which runs a considerable river into Lago Maggiore; here, at dinner, were two or three Jesuits, who were very pragmatical and inquisitive, whom we declined conversation with as decently as we could: so we pursued our journey through a most fruitful plain, but the weather was wet and uncomfortable. At night, we lay at Sesto.

The next morning, leaving our coach, we embarked in a boat to carry us over the lake (being one of the largest in Europe), and whence we could see the towering Alps, and amongst them the great San Bernardo, esteemed the highest mountain in Europe, appearing to be some miles above the clouds. Through this vast water, passes the river Ticinus, which discharges itself into the Po, by which means Helvetia transports her merchandizes into Italy, which we now begin to leave behind us.

Having now sailed about two leagues, we were hauled ashore at Arona, a strong town belonging to the Duchy of Milan, where, being examined by the Governor, and paying a small duty, we were dismissed. Opposite to this fort, is Angiera, another small town, the passage very pleasant with the prospect of the Alps covered with pine and fir-trees, and above them snow. We passed the pretty Island Isabella,[1] about the middle of the lake, on which is a fair house built on a mount; indeed, the whole island is a mount ascended by several terraces and walks all set above with orange and citron trees.

The next we saw was Isola,[1] and we left on our right hand the Isle of St. Jovanni;[1] and so sailing by another small town built also on an island, we arrived at night at Margazzo, an obscure village at the end of the lake, and at the very foot of the Alps, which now rise as it were suddenly after some hundreds of miles of the most even country in the world, and where there is hardly a stone to be found, as if Nature had here swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy, which we had hitherto passed since our coming from Venice. In this wretched place, I lay on a bed stuffed with leaves, which made such a crackling, and did so prick my skin through the tick, that I could not sleep. The next morning, I was furnished with an ass, for we could not get horses; instead of stirrups, we had ropes tied with a loop to put our feet in, which supplied the place of other trappings. Thus, with my gallant steed, bridled with my Turkish present, we passed through a reasonably pleasant but very narrow valley, till we came to Duomo, where we rested, and, having showed the Spanish pass, the Governor would press another on us, that his Secretary might get a crown. Here we exchanged our asses for mules, surefooted on the hills and precipices, being accustomed to pass them. Hiring a guide, we were brought that night through very steep, craggy, and dangerous passages to a village called Vedra, being the last of the King of Spain's dominions in the Duchy of Milan. We had a very infamous wretched lodging.

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[1] These are the Boromean Islands in the Lago Maggiore, belonging to the great Milanese family of Borromeo.

The next morning, we mounted again through strange, horrid, and fearful crags and tracts, abounding in pine-trees, and only inhabited by bears, wolves, and wild goats; nor could we anywhere see above a pistol-shot before us, the horizon being terminated with rocks and mountains, whose tops, covered with snow, seemed to touch the skies, and in many places pierced the clouds. Some of these vast mountains were but one entire stone, betwixt whose clefts now and then precipitated great cataracts of melted snow, and other waters, which made a terrible roaring, echoing from the rocks and cavities; and these waters in some places breaking in the fall, wet us as if we had passed through a mist, so as we could neither see nor hear one another, but, trusting to our honest mules, we jogged on our way. The narrow bridges, in some places made only by felling huge fir-trees, and laying them athwart from mountain to mountain, over cataracts of stupendous depth, are very dangerous, and so are the passages and edges made by cutting away the main rock; others in steps; and in some places we pass between mountains that have been broken and fallen on one another; which is very terrible, and one had need of a sure foot and steady head to climb some of these precipices, besides that they are harbours for bears and wolves, who have sometimes assaulted travellers. In these straits, we frequently alighted, now freezing in the snow, and anon frying by the reverberation of the sun against the cliffs as we descend lower, when we meet now and then a few miserable cottages so built upon the declining of the rocks, as one would expect their sliding down. Amongst these, inhabit a goodly sort of people, having monstrous gullets, or wens of flesh, growing to their throats, some of which I have seen as big as an hundred pound bag of silver hanging under their chins; among the women especially, and that so ponderous, as that to ease them, many wear linen cloth bound about their head, and coming under the chin to support it; but *quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?* Their drinking so much snow-water, is thought to be the cause of it; the men, using more wine, are not so strumous as the women. The truth is, they are a peculiar race of people, and many great water-drinkers here have not these prodigious tumours; it runs, as we say, in the blood, and is a vice in the race, and renders them so ugly, shrivelled and deformed, by its drawing the skin of the face down, that nothing can be more frightful; to this add a strange puffing dress, furs, and that barbarous language, being a mixture of corrupt High German, French, and Italian. The people are of great stature, extremely fierce and rude, yet very honest and trusty.

This night, through almost inaccessible heights, we came in prospect of Mons Sempronius, now Mount Sampion, which has on its summit a few huts and a chapel. Aproaching this, Captain Wray's water-spaniel (a huge filthy cur that had followed him out of England) hunted a herd of goats down the rocks into a river made by the melting of the snow. Arrived at our cold harbour (though the house had a stove in every room) and supping on cheese and milk with wretched wine, we went to bed in cupboards[1] so high from the floor, that we climbed them by a ladder; we were covered with feathers, that is, we lay between two ticks stuffed with them, and all little enough to keep one warm. The ceilings of the rooms are strangely low for those tall people. The house was now (in September) half covered with snow, nor is there a tree, or a bush, growing within many miles.

From this uncomfortable place, we prepared to hasten away the next morning; but, as we were getting on our mules, comes a huge young fellow demanding money for a goat which he affirmed that Captain Wray's dog had killed; expostulating the matter, and impatient of staying in the cold, we set spurs and endeavoured to ride away, when a multitude of people being by this time gotten together about us (for it being Sunday morning and attending for the priest to say mass), they stopped our mules, beat us off our saddles, and, disarming us of our carbines, drew us into one of the rooms of our lodging, and set a guard upon us. Thus we continued prisoners till mass was ended, and then came half a score grim Swiss, who, taking on them to be magistrates, sate down on the table, and condemned us to pay a pistole for the goat, and ten more for attempting to ride away, threatening that if we did not pay it speedily, they would send us to prison, and keep us to a day of public justice, where, as they perhaps would have exaggerated the crime, for they pretended we had primed our carbines and would have shot some of them (as indeed the Captain was about to do), we might have had our heads cut off, as we were told afterwards, for that amongst these rude people a very small misdemeanour does often meet that sentence. Though the proceedings appeared highly unjust,[1] on consultation among ourselves we thought it safer to rid ourselves out of their hands, and the trouble we were brought into; and therefore we patiently laid down the money, and with fierce countenances had our mules and arms delivered to us, and glad we were to escape as we did. This was cold entertainment, but our journey after was colder, the rest of the way having been (as they told us) covered with snow since the Creation; no man remembered it to be without; and because, by the frequent snowing, the tracts are continually filled up, we passed by several tall masts set up to guide travellers, so as for many miles they stand in ken of one another, like to our beacons. In some places, where there is a cleft between two mountains the snow fills it up, whilst the bottom, being thawed, leaves as it were a frozen arch of snow, and that so hard as to bear the greatest weight; for as it snows often, so it perpetually freezes, of which I was so sensible that it flawed the very skin of my face.

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[1] They have such in Wales.

Beginning now to descend a little, Captain Wray's horse (that was our sumpter and carried all our baggage) plunging through a bank of loose snow, slid down a frightful precipice, which so incensed the choleric cavalier, his master, that he was sending a brace of bullets into the poor beast, lest our guide should recover him, and run away with his burden; but, just as he was lifting up his carbine, we gave such a shout, and so pelted the horse with snow-balls, as with all his might plunging through the snow, he fell from another steep place into another bottom, near a path we were to pass. It was yet a good while ere we got to him, but at last we recovered the place, and, easing him of his charge, hauled him out of the snow, where he had been certainly frozen in, if we had not prevented it, before night. It was as we judged almost two miles that he had slid and fallen, yet without any other harm than the benumbing of his limbs for the present, but, with lusty rubbing and chafing he began to move, and, after a little walking, performed his journey well enough. All this way, affrighted with the disaster of this horse, we trudged on foot, driving our mules before us; sometimes we fell, sometimes we slid, through this ocean of snow, which after October is impassable. Towards night, we came into a larger way, through vast woods of pines, which clothe the middle parts of these rocks. Here, they were burning some to make pitch and rosin, peeling the knotty branches, as we do to make charcoal, reserving what melts from them, which hardens into pitch. We passed several cascades of dissolved snow, that had made channels of formidable depth in the crevices of the mountains, and with such a fearful roaring as we could hear it for seven long miles. It is from these sources that the Rhone and the Rhine, which pass through all France and Germany, derive their originals. Late at night, we got to a town called Briga, at the foot of the Alps, in the Valteline. Almost every door had nailed on the outside and next the street a bear's, wolf's, or fox's head, and divers of them all three; a savage kind of sight, but, as the Alps are full of the beasts, the people often kill them. The next morning, we returned to our guide, and took fresh mules, and another to conduct us to the Lake of Geneva, passing through as pleasant a country as that we had just travelled was melancholy and troublesome. A strange and sudden change it seemed; for the reverberation of the sunbeams from the mountains and rocks that like walls range it on both sides, not above two flight-shots in breadth, for a very great number of miles, renders the passage excessively hot. Through such extremes we continued our journey, that goodly river, the Rhone, gliding by us in a narrow and quiet channel almost in the middle of this Canton, fertilizing the country for grass and corn, which grow here in abundance.

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[1] Surely these poor people had the right upon their side, and this is not expressed with Evelyn's usual liberality.

We arrived this night at Sion, a pretty town and city, a bishop's seat, and the head of Valesia. There is a castle, and the bishop who resides in it, has both civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Our host, as the custom of these Cantons is, was one of the chiefest of the town, and had been a Colonel in France; he treated us with extreme civility, and was so displeased at the usage we received at Mount Sampion, that he would needs give us a letter to the Governor of the country, who resided at St. Maurice, which was in our way to Geneva, to revenge the affront. This was a true old blade, and had been a very curious virtuoso, as we found by a handsome collection of books, medals, pictures, shells, and other antiquities. He showed two heads and horns of the true capricorn, which animal he told us was frequently killed among the mountains; one branch of them was as much as I could well lift, and near as high as my head, not much unlike the greater sort of goat's, save that they bent forwards, by help whereof they climb up and hang on inaccessible rocks, from whence the inhabitants now and then shoot them. They speak prodigious things of their leaping from crag to crag, and of their sure footing, notwithstanding their being cloven-footed, unapt (one would think) to take hold and walk so steadily on those horrible ridges as they do. The Colonel would have given me one of these beams, but the want of a convenience to carry it along with me, caused me to refuse his courtesy. He told me that in the castle there were some Roman and Christian antiquities, and he had some inscriptions in his own garden. He invited us to his country-house, where he said he had better pictures, and other rarities; but, our time being short, I could not persuade my companions to stay and visit the places he would have had us see, nor the offer he made to show us the hunting of the bear, wolf, and other wild beasts. The next morning, having presented his daughter, a pretty well-fashioned young woman, with a small ruby ring, we parted somewhat late from our generous host.

Passing through the same pleasant valley between the horrid mountains on either hand, like a gallery many miles in length, we got to Martigni, where also we were well entertained. The houses in this country are all built of fir boards, planed within, low, and seldom above one story. The people very clownish and rusticly clad, after a very odd fashion, for the most part in blue cloth, very whole and warm, with little variety of distinction betwixt the gentleman and common sort, by a law of their country being exceedingly frugal. Add to this their great honesty and fidelity, though exacting enough for what they part with. I saw not one beggar. We paid the value of twenty shillings English, for a day's hire of one horse. Every man goes with a sword by his side, the whole country well-disciplined, and indeed impregnable, which made the Romans have such ill success against them; one lusty Swiss at their narrow passages is sufficient to repel a legion. It is a frequent thing here for a young tradesman, or farmer, to leave his wife and children for twelve or fifteen years, and seek his fortune in the wars in Spain, France, Italy, or Germany, and then return again to work. I look upon this country to be the safest spot of all Europe, neither envied nor envying; nor are any of them rich, nor poor; they live in great simplicity and tranquillity; and, though of the fourteen Cantons half be Roman Catholics, the rest Reformed, yet they mutually agree, and are confederate with Geneva, and are its only security against its potent neighbours, as they themselves are from being attacked by the greater potentates, by the mutual jealousy of their neighbours, as either of them would be overbalanced, should the Swiss, who are wholly mercenary and auxiliaries, be subjected to France or Spain.

We were now arrived at St. Maurice, a large handsome town and residence of the President, where justice is done. To him we presented our letter from Sion, and made known the ill-usage we had received for killing a wretched goat, which so incensed him, as he sware if we would stay he would not only help us to our money again, but most severely punish the whole rabble; but our desire of revenge had by this time subsided, and glad we were to be gotten so near France, which we reckoned as good as home. He courteously invited us to dine with him; but we excused ourselves, and, returning to our inn, whilst we were eating something before we took horse, the Governor had caused two pages to bring us a present of two great vessels of covered plate full of excellent wine, in which we drank his health, and rewarded the youths; they were two vast bowls supported by two Swisses, handsomely wrought after the German manner. This civility and that of our host at Sion, perfectly reconciled us to the highlanders; and so, proceeding on our journey, we passed this afternoon through the gate which divides the Valais from the Duchy of Savoy, into which we were now entering, and so, through Montei, we arrived that evening at Beveretta. Being extremely weary and complaining of my head, and finding little accommodation in the house, I caused one of our hostess's daughters to be removed out of her bed, and went immediately into it whilst it was yet warm, being so heavy with pain and drowsiness that I would not stay to have the sheets changed; but I shortly after paid dearly for my impatience, falling sick of the small-pox so soon as I came to Geneva, for by the smell of frankincense and the tale the good women told me of her daughter having had an ague, I afterwards concluded she had been newly recovered of the small-pox. Notwithstanding this, I went with my company the next day, hiring a bark to carry us over the lake; and indeed sick as I was, the weather was so serene and bright, the water so calm, and air so temperate, that never had travellers a sweeter passage. Thus, we sailed the whole length of the lake, about thirty miles, the countries bordering on it (Savoy and Berne) affording one of the most delightful prospects in the world, the Alps covered with snow, though at a great distance, yet showing their aspiring tops. Through this lake, the river Rhodanus passes with that velocity as not to mingle with its exceeding deep waters, which are very clear, and breed the most celebrated trout for largeness and goodness of any in Europe. I have ordinarily seen one of three feet in length sold in the market for a small price, and such we had in the lodging where we abode, which was at the White Cross. All this while, I held up tolerably; and the next morning having a letter for Signor John Diodati, the famous Italian minister and translator of the Holy Bible into that language, I went to his house, and had a great deal of discourse with that learned person. He told me he had been in England, driven by tempest into Deal, whilst sailing for Holland, that he had seen London, and was exceedingly taken with the civilities he received. He so much approved of our Church-government by Bishops, that he told me the French Protestants would make no scruple to submit to it and all its pomp, had they a King of the Reformed religion as we had. He exceedingly deplored the difference now between his Majesty and the Parliament. After dinner, came one Monsieur Saladine, with his little pupil, the Earl of Caernarvon,[1] to visit us, offering to carry us to the principal places of the town; but, being now no more able to hold up my head, I was constrained to keep my chamber, imagining that my very eyes would have dropped out; and this night I felt such a stinging about me, that I could not sleep. In the morning, I was very ill, but sending for a doctor, he persuaded me to be let blood. He was a very learned old man, and, as he said, he had been physician to Gustavus the Great, King of Sweden, when he passed this way into Italy, under the name of Monsieur Gars, the initial letters of Gustavus Adolphus Rex Sueciæ, and of our famous Duke of Buckingham, on his returning out of Italy. He afterwards acknowledged that he should not have bled me, had he suspected the small-pox, which brake out a day after. He afterwards purged me, and applied leeches, and God knows what this would have produced, if the spots had not appeared, for he was thinking of blooding me again. They now kept me warm in bed for sixteen days, tended by a vigilant Swiss matron, whose monstrous throat, when I sometimes awaked out of unquiet slumbers, would affright me. After the pimples were come forth, which were not many, I had much ease as to pain, but infinitely afflicted with heat and noisomeness. By God's mercy, after five weeks' keeping my chamber, I went abroad. Monsieur Saladine and his lady sent me many refreshments. Monsieur Le Chat, my physician, to excuse his letting me blood, told me it was so burnt and vicious as it would have proved the plague, or spotted fever, had he proceeded by any other method. On my recovering sufficiently to go abroad, I dined at Monsieur Saladine's, and in the afternoon went across the water on the side of the lake, and took a lodging that stood exceedingly pleasant, about half a mile from the city for the better airing; but I stayed only one night, having no company there, save my pipe; so, the next day, I caused them to row me about the lake as far as the great stone, which they call *Neptune's Rock*, on which they say sacrifice was anciently offered to him. Thence, I landed at certain cherry-gardens and pretty villas by the side of the lake, and exceedingly pleasant. Returning, I visited their conservatories of fish; in which were trouts of six and seven feet long, *as they affirmed.*

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[1] Charles, third Baron Dormer, succeeded, in September, 1643, as second Earl of Carnarvon; his father having been killed at Newbury, where he was in arms for the King as a general of Horse. He died on the 29th of September, 1709.

The Rhone, which parts the city in the midst, dips into a cavern underground, about six miles from it, and afterwards rises again, and runs its open course, like our Mole, or Swallow, by Dorking, in Surrey. The next morning (being Thursday) I heard Dr. Diodati preach in Italian, many of that country, especially of Lucca, his native place, being inhabitants of Geneva, and of the Reformed religion.

The town lying between Germany, France, and Italy, those three tongues are familiarly spoken by the inhabitants. It is a strong, well-fortified city, part of it built on a rising ground. The houses are not despicable, but the high pent-houses (for I can hardly call them cloisters, being all of wood), through which the people pass dry and in the shade, winter and summer, exceedingly deform the fronts of the buildings. Here are abundance of booksellers; but their books are of ill impressions; these, with watches (of which store are made here), crystal, and excellent screwed guns, are the staple commodities. All provisions are good and cheap.

The town-house is fairly built of stone; the portico has four black marble columns,; and, on a table of the same, under the city arms, a demi-eagle and cross, between cross-keys, is a motto, "Post Tenebras Lux," and this inscription:

> Quum anno 1535 profligatâ Romanâ Anti-Christi Tyrannide, abrogatisq; ejus superstitionibus, sacro-sancta Christi Religio hîc in suam puritatem, Ecclesiâ in meliorem ordinem singulari Dei beneficio repositâ, et simul pulsis fugatisq; hostibus, urbs ipsa in suam libertatem, non sine insigni miraculo, restituta fuerit; Senatus Populusq; Genevensis Monumentum hoc perpetuæ memoriæ causâ, fieri atque hoc loco erigi curavit, quod suam erga Deum gratitudinem ad posteros testatum fuerit.

The territories about the town are not so large as many ordinary gentlemen have about their country farms, for which cause they are in continual watch, especially on the Savoy side; but, in case of any siege the Swiss are at hand, as this inscription in the same place shows, towards the street:

D.O.M.S.

Anno a verâ Religione divinitûs cum veteri Libertate Genevæ restitutâ, et quasi novo Jubilæo ineunte, plurimis vitatis domi et foris insidiis et superatis tempestatibus, et cum Helvetiorum Primari Tigurini æquo jure in societatem perpetuam nobiscum venerint, et veteres fidissimi socii Bernenses prius vinculum novo adstrinxerint, S.P.Q.G. quod felix esse velit D.O.M. tanti benificii monumentum consecrârunt, anno temporis ultimi CCƆ.IƆ.XXXIV.

In the Senate-house, were fourteen ancient urns, dug up as they were removing earth in the fortifications.

A little out of the town is a spacious field, which they call Campus Martius; and well it may be so termed, with better reason, than that at Rome at present (which is no more a field but all built into streets), for here on every Sunday, after the evening devotions, this precise people permit their youth to exercise arms, and shoot in guns, and in the long and cross bows, in which they are exceedingly expert, reputed to be as dexterous as any people in the world. To encourage this, they yearly elect him who has won most prizes at the mark, to be their king, as the king of the long-bow, gun, or cross-bow. He then wears that weapon in his hat in gold, with a crown over it, made fast to the hat like a brooch. In this field, is a long house wherein their arms and furniture are kept in several places very neatly. To this joins a hall, where, at certain times, they meet and feast; in the glass-windows are the arms and names of their kings [of arms]. At the side of the field, is a very noble Pall-Mall, but it turns with an elbow. There is also a bowling-place, a tavern, and a trey-table, and here they ride their menaged horses. It is also the usual place of public execution of those who suffer for any capital crime, though committed in another country, by which law divers fugitives have been put to death, who have fled hither to escape punishment in their own country. Amongst other severe punishments here, adultery is death. Having seen this field, and played a game at mall, I supped with Mr. Saladine.

On Sunday, I heard Dr. Diodati preach in French, and after the French mode, in a gown with a cape, and his hat on. The Church Government is severely Presbyterian, after the discipline of Calvin and Beza, who set it up, but nothing so rigid as either our Scots or English sectaries of that denomination. In the afternoon, Monsieur Morice, a most learned young person and excellent poet, chief Professor of the University, preached at St. Peter's, a spacious Gothic fabric. This was heretofore a cathedral and a reverend pile. It has four turrets, on one of which stands a continual sentinel; in another, cannons are mounted. The church is very decent within; nor have they at all defaced the painted windows, which are full of pictures of saints; nor the stalls, which are all carved with the history of our Blessed Saviour.

In the afternoon, I went to see the young townsmen exercise in Mars' Field, where the prizes were pewter-plates and dishes; 'tis said that some have gained competent estates by what they have thus won. Here I first saw huge balistæ, or cross-bows, shot in, being such as they formerly used in wars, before great guns were known; they were placed in frames, and had great screws to bend them, doing execution at an incredible distance. They were most accurate at the long-bow and musket, rarely missing the smallest mark. I was as busy with the carbine I brought from Brescia as any of them. After every shot, I found them go into a long house, and cleanse their guns, before they charged again.

On Monday, I was invited to a little garden without the works, where were many rare tulips, anemones, and other choice flowers. The Rhone, running athwart the town out of the Lake, makes half the city a suburb, which, in imitation of Paris, they call St. Germain's Fauxbourg, and it has a church of the same name. On two wooden bridges that cross the river are several water-mills, and shops of trades, especially smiths and cutlers; between the bridges is an island, in the midst of which is a very ancient tower, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar. At the end of the other bridge is the mint, and a fair sun-dial.

Passing again by the Town-house, I saw a large crocodile hanging in chains; and against the wall of one of the chambers, seven judges were painted without hands, except one in the middle, who has but one hand; I know not the story. The Arsenal is at the end of this building, well-furnished and kept.

After dinner, Mr. Morice led us to the college, a fair structure; in the lower part are the schools, which consist of nine classes; and a hall above, where the students assemble; also a good library. They showed us a very ancient Bible, of about 300 years old, in the vulgar French, and a MS. in the old Monkish character: here have the Professors their lodgings. I also went to the Hospital, which is very commodious; but the Bishop's Palace is now a prison.

This town is not much celebrated for beautiful women, for, even at this distance from the Alps, the gentlewomen have something full throats; but our Captain Wray (afterwards Sir William, eldest son of that Sir Christopher, who had both been in arms against his Majesty for the Parliament) fell so mightily in love with one of Monsieur Saladine's daughters that, with much persuasion, he could not be prevailed on to think on his journey into France, the season now coming on extremely hot.

My sickness and abode here cost me forty-five pistoles of gold to my host, and five to my honest doctor, who for six weeks' attendance and the apothecary thought it so generous a reward that, at my taking leave, he presented me with his advice for the regimen of my health, written with his own hand in Latin. This regimen I much observed, and I bless God passed the journey without inconvenience from sickness, but it was an extraordinarily hot unpleasant season and journey, by reason of the craggy ways.

5*th July*. We took, or rather purchased, a boat, for it could not be brought back against the stream of the Rhone. We were two days going to Lyons, passing many admirable prospects of rocks and cliffs, and near the town down a very steep declivity of water for a full mile. From Lyons, we proceeded the next morning, taking horse to Roanne, and lay that night at Feurs. At Roanne, we indulged ourselves with the best that all France affords, for here the provisions are choice and plentiful, so as the supper we had might have satisfied a prince. We lay in damask beds, and were treated like emperors. The town is one of the neatest built in all France, on the brink of the Loire; and here we agreed with an old fisher to row us as far as Orleans. The first night, we came as far as Nevers, early enough to see the town, the Cathedral (St. Cyre), the

Jesuits' College, and the Castle, a Palace of the Duke's, with the bridge to it nobly built.

The next day, we passed by La Charité, a pretty town, somewhat distant from the river. Here I lost my faithful spaniel Piccioli, who had followed me from Rome. It seems he had been taken up by some of the Governor's pages, or footmen, without recovery; which was a great displeasure to me, because the cur had many useful qualities.

The next day, we arrived at Orleans, taking our turns to row, of which I reckon my share came to little less than twenty leagues. Sometimes, we footed it through pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes, we shot at fowls, and other birds; nothing came amiss: sometimes, we played at cards, whilst others sung, or were composing verses; for we had the great poet, Mr. Waller, in our company, and some other ingenious persons.

At Orleans, we abode but one day; the next, leaving our mad Captain behind us, I arrived at Paris, rejoiced that, after so many disasters and accidents in a tedious peregrination, I was gotten so near home, and here I resolved to rest myself before I went further.

It was now October, and the only time in my whole life that I spent most idly, tempted from my more profitable recesses; but I soon recovered my better resolutions and fell to my study, learning the High Dutch and Spanish tongues, and now and then refreshing my dancing, and such exercises as I had long omitted, and which are not in much reputation amongst the sober Italians.

1647: *28th January.* I changed my lodging in the Place de Monsieur de Metz, near the Abbey of St. Germains; and thence, on the 12th February, to another in Rue Columbier, where I had a very fair apartment, which cost me four pistoles per month. The 18th, I frequented a course of Chemistry, the famous Monsieur Le Febure operating upon most of the nobler processes. March 3rd, Monsieur Mercure began to teach me on the lute, though to small perfection.

In May, I fell sick, and had very weak eyes; for which I was four times let blood.

22nd May. My valet (Herbert) robbed me of clothes and plate, to the value of three score pounds; but, through the diligence of Sir Richard Browne, his Majesty's Resident at the Court of France, and with whose lady and family I had contracted a great friendship (and particularly set my affections on a daughter), I recovered most of them, obtaining of the Judge, with no small difficulty, that the process against the thief should not concern his life, being his first offence.

10th *June*. We concluded about my marriage, in order to which I went to St. Germains, where his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, had his court, to desire of Dr. Earle,[1] then one of his chaplains (since Dean of Westminster, Clerk of the Closet, and Bishop of Salisbury), that he would accompany me to Paris, which he did; and, on Thursday, 27th June, 1647, he married us in Sir Richard Browne's chapel, betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve, some few select friends being present. And this being Corpus Christi feast, was solemnly observed in this country; the streets were sumptuously hung with tapestry, and strewed with flowers.

10th *September*. Being called into England, to settle my affairs after an absence of four years, I took leave of the Prince and Queen, leaving my wife, yet very young, under the care of an excellent lady and prudent mother.

4th *October*. I sealed and declared my will, and that morning went from Paris, taking my journey through Rouen, Dieppe, Ville-dieu, and St. Vallerie, where I stayed one day with Mr. Waller, with whom I had some affairs, and for which cause I took this circle to Calais, where I arrived on the 11th, and that night embarking in the packet-boat, was by one-o'clock got safe to Dover; for which I heartily put up my thanks to God who had conducted me safe to my own country, and been merciful to me through so many aberrations. Hence, taking post, I arrived at London the next day at evening, being the second of October, new style.

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[1] John Earle was born at York in 1601, and finished his education at Merton College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was appointed sub-tutor to Prince Charles, son of Charles I., whom he afterwards attended when abroad, as chaplain. Returning to England at the Restoration, he was successively made Dean of Westminster, Clerk of the Closet, Bishop of Worcester, and Bishop of Salisbury. He was the author of a Latin translation of the "Eikon Basilike," of "Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World discovered in Essays and Characters," and of "An Elegy on Mr. Francis Beaumont." He died at Oxford in 1665. See Reference to him (and note) in "Correspondence," iv. p. 242.

5*th*. I came to Wotton, the place of my birth, to my brother, and on the 10th to Hampton Court, where I had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand, and give him an account of several things I had in charge, he being now in the power of those execrable villains who not long after murdered him. I lay at my cousin, Serjeant Hatton's, at Thames Ditton, whence, on the 13th, I went to London.

14*th October*. To Sayes Court, at Deptford, in Kent (since my house), where I found Mr. Pretyman, my wife's uncle, who had charge of it and the estate about it, during my father-in-law's residence in France. On the 15th, I again occupied my own chambers in the Middle Temple.

9*th November*. My sister opened to me her marriage with Mr. Glanville.

1647-8 : 14*th January*. From London I went to Wotton, to see my young nephew; and thence to Baynards, [in Ewhurst] to visit my brother Richard.

5*th February*. Saw a tragi-comedy acted in the Cockpit, after there had been none of these diversions for many years during the war.

28*th*. I went with my noble friend, Sir William Ducy,[1] (afterwards Lord Downe) to Thistleworth, where we dined with Sir Clepesby Crew, and afterwards to see the rare miniatures of Peter Oliver, and rounds of plaster, and then the curious flowers of Mr. Barill's garden, who has some good medals and pictures. Sir Clepesby has fine Indian hangings, and a very good chimney-piece of water-colours, by Breughel, which I bought for him.

26*th April*. There was a great uproar in London, that the rebel army quartering at Whitehall, would plunder the City, on which there was published a Proclamation for all to stand on their guard.

4*th May*. Came up the Essex petitioners for an agreement betwixt his Majesty and the rebels. The 16th, the Surrey men adressed the Parliament for the same; of which some of them were slain and murdered by Cromwell's guards, in the New Palace Yard. I now sold the impropriation of South Malling, near Lewes, in Sussex, to Mr. Kemp and Alcock, for 3,000*l.*

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[1] The son of Sir Robert Ducie, the wealthy Lord Mayor, created a baronet by Charles; his only return for about 80,000*l.* which Charles had borrowed from him. Sir William was made one of the Knights of the Bath, and created Viscount Downe at the coronation of Charles II. Dying without issue, his estates descended to the only daughter of his younger brother, whose son was Lord Ducie in 1720, and from him descended the present Earl of Ducie.

30*th May.* There was a rising now in Kent, my Lord of Norwich being at the head of them. Their first rendezvous was in Broome-field, next my house at Sayes Court, whence they went to Maidstone, and so to Colchester, where was that memorable siege.

27*th June.* I purchased the manor of Hurcott, in Worcestershire, of my brother George, for 3,300*l.*

1*st July.* I sate for my picture, in which there is a Death's head, to Mr. Walker, that excellent painter.

10*th.* News was brought me of my Lord Francis Villiers being slain by the rebels near Kingston.

16*th August.* I went to Woodcote (in Epsom) to the wedding of my Brother, Richard, who married the daughter and co-heir of Esquire Minn, lately deceased; by which he had a great estate both in land and money on the death of a brother. The coach in which the bride and bridegroom were, was overturned in coming home; but no harm was done.

28*th.* To London from Sayes Court, and saw the celebrated follies of Bartholomew Fair.

16*th September.* Came my lately married Brother, Richard and his Wife, to visit me, when I showed them Greenwich, and her Majesty's Palace, now possessed by the rebels.

28*th.* I went to Albury, to visit the Countess of Arundel, and returned to Wotton.

31*st October.* I went to see my manor of Preston Beckhelvyn, and the Cliffhouse.

29*th November.* Myself, with Mr. Thomas Offley, and Lady Gerrard, christened my Niece Mary, eldest daughter of my Brother, George Evelyn, by my Lady Cotton, his second wife. I presented my Niece a piece of plate which cost me 18*l.*, and caused this inscription to be set on it:

> In memoriam facti:
> Anno cIↃ.Ix. xliix. Cal. Decem. viii. Virginum castiss: Xtianorum innocentiss: Nept: suavis: Mariæ, Johan: Evelynus Avunculus et Susceptor Vasculum hoc cum Epigraphe L. M. Q. D.
> Ave Maria Gratiâ sis plena; Dominus tecum.

2*nd December.* This day I sold my manor of Hurcott for 3,400*l.* to one Mr. Bridges.

13*th*. The Parliament now sat up the whole night, and endeavoured to have concluded the Isle of Wight Treaty; but were surprised by the rebel army; the Members dispersed, and great confusion every where in expectation of what would be next.

17*th December*. I heard an Italian sermon, in Mercers' Chapel, one Dr. Middleton, an acquaintance of mine, preaching.

18*th*. I got privately into the council of the rebel army, at Whitehall, where I heard horrid villanies.

This was a most exceeding wet year, neither frost nor snow all the winter for more than six days in all. Cattle died every where of a murrain.

1648–9: 1*st January*. I had a lodging and some books at my father-in-law's house, Sayes Court.

2*nd*. I went to see my old friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Henshaw, who had two rare pieces of Stenwyck's perspective.

17*th*. To London. I heard the rebel, Peters, incite the rebel powers met in the Painted Chamber, to destroy his Majesty; and saw that archtraitor, Bradshaw, who not long after condemned him.

19*th*. I returned home, passing an extraordinary danger of being drowned by our wherries falling foul in the night on another vessel then at anchor, shooting the bridge at three quarters' ebb, for which His mercy God Almighty be praised.

21*st*. Was published my translation of Liberty and Servitude, for the preface of which I was severely threatened.

22*nd*. I went through a course of chymistry, at Sayes Court. Now was the Thames frozen over, and horrid tempests of wind.

The villany of the rebels proceeding now so far as to try, condemn, and murder our excellent King on the 30th of this month, struck me with such horror, that I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness; receiving the sad account of it from my brother George, and Mr. Owen, who came to visit me this afternoon, and recounted all the circumstances.

1*st February*. Now were Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Norwich, Lord Capell, &c., at their trial before the rebels' *New Court of Injustice*.

15*th*. I went to see the collection of one Trean, a rich merchant, who had some good pictures, especially a rare perspective of Stenwyck; from thence, to other virtuosos.

The painter, La Neve,[1] has an Andromeda, but I think it a copy after Vandyke from Titian, for the original is in France. Webb, at the Exchange, has some rare things in miniature, of Breughel's, also Putti,[2] in twelve squares, that were plundered from Sir James Palmer.

At Du Bois, we saw two tables of Putti, that were gotten, I know not how, out of the Castle of St. Angelo, by old Petit, thought to be Titian's; he had some good heads of Palma, and one of Stenwyck. Bellcar showed us an excellent copy of his Majesty's Sleeping Venus and the Satyr, with other figures; for now they had plundered, sold, and dispersed a world of rare paintings of the King's, and his loyal subjects. After all, Sir William Ducy showed me some excellent things in miniature, and in oil of Holbein's; Sir Thomas More's head, and a whole-length figure of Edward VI., which were certainly his Majesty's; also a picture of Queen Elizabeth; the Lady Isabella Thynne; a rare painting of Rothenhamer, being a Susanna; and a Magdalen, of Quintin, the blacksmith; also a Henry VIII., of Holbein; and Francis the First, rare indeed, but of whose hand I know not.

16*th February*. Paris being now strictly besieged by the Prince de Condé, my Wife being shut up with her Father and Mother, I wrote a letter of consolation to her: and, on the 22nd, having recommended Obadiah Walker,[3] a learned and most ingenious person, to be tutor to, and travel with, Mr. Hillyard's two sons, returned to Sayes Court.

25*th*. Came to visit me Dr. Joyliffe, discoverer of the lymphatic vessels, and an excellent anatomist.

26*th*. Came to see me Captain George Evelyn,[4] my kinsman, the great traveller, and one who believed himself a better architect than really he was; witness the portico in the garden at Wotton; yet the great room at Albury is somewhat better understood. He had a large mind, but over-built every thing.

27*th February*. Came out of France my Wife's Uncle

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[1] Probably the artist mentioned by Walpole as Cornelius Neve, who drew a portrait of Ashmole.

[2] Putti—Boys' Heads.

[3] Evelyn has added in the margin against Walker's name, "Since an apostate." He was master of University College, Oxford.

[4] Son of Sir John Evelyn, of Godstone.

(Paris still besieged), being robbed at sea by the Dunkirk pirates; I lost, among other goods, my Wife's picture, painted by Monsieur Bourdon.

5th March. Now were the Lords murdered in the Palace Yard.[1]

18th. Mr. Owen, a sequestered and learned minister, preached in my parlour, and gave us the blessed Sacrament, now wholly out of use in the parish churches, on which the Presbyterians and fanatics had usurped.

21st. I received letters from Paris from my Wife, and from Sir Richard [Browne], with whom I kept up a political correspondence, with no small danger of being discovered.

25th. I heard the Common Prayer (a rare thing in these days) in St. Peter's, at Paul's Wharf, London; and, in the morning, the Archbishop of Armagh, that pious person and learned man, Usher, in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

2nd April. To London, and inventoried my moveables that had hitherto been dispersed for fear of plundering: wrote into France, touching my sudden resolutions of coming over to them. On the 8th, again heard an excellent discourse from Archbishop Usher, on Ephes. 4, v. 26–27.

My Italian collection being now arrived, came Moulins, the great chirurgeon, to see and admire the Tables of Veins and Arteries, which I purchased and caused to be drawn out of several human bodies at Padua.

11th. Received news out of France that peace was concluded; dined with Sir Joseph Evelyn, at Westminster; and on the 13th, I saw a private dissection, at Moulins' house.

17th. I fell dangerously ill of my head; was blistered and let blood behind the ears and forehead: on the 23rd, began to have ease by using the fumes of camomile on embers applied to my ears, after all the physicians had done their best.

29th. I saw in London a huge ox bred in Kent, 17 feet in length, and much higher than I could reach.

12th May. I purchased the Manor of Warley Magna, in Essex: in the afternoon went to see Gildron's collections of paintings, where I found Mr. Endymion Porter, of his late Majesty's Bedchamber.

17th. Went to Putney by water, in the barge with divers ladies, to see the Schools, or Colleges, of the young gentlewomen.[1]

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[1] Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel.

19th. To see a rare cabinet of one Delabarr, who had some good paintings, especially a monk at his beads.

30th May. Un-kingship was proclaimed, and his Majesty's statues thrown down at St. Paul's Portico, and the Exchange.

7th June. I visited Sir Arthur Hopton [2] (brother to Sir Ralph, Lord Hopton, that noble hero), who having been Ambassador extraordinary in Spain, sojourned some time with my Father-in-law at Paris, a most excellent person. Also Signora Lucretia, a Greek Lady, whom I knew in Italy, now come over with her husband, an English gentleman. Also, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, taking leave of them and other friends now ready to depart for France. This night was a scuffle between some rebel soldiers and gentlemen about the Temple.

10th. Preached the Archbishop of Armagh in Lincoln's-Inn, from Romans 5, verse 13. I received the blessed Sacrament, preparatory to my journey.

13th. I dined with my worthy friend, Sir John Owen,[3] newly freed from sentence of death among the Lords that suffered. With him was one Carew, who played incomparably on the Welsh harp: afterwards, I treated divers ladies of my relations, in Spring Garden.

This night was buried with great pomp, Dorislaus, slain at the Hague, the villain who managed the trial against his sacred Majesty.

17th June. I got a pass from the rebel Bradshaw, then in great power.

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[1] Kept probably by Mrs. Bathsua Makins, a learned woman of that day. She had been tutoress to the Princess Elizabeth, King Charles's second daughter. There is a rare portrait of her, by Marshall.

[2] Sir Arthur Hopton was uncle, not brother, to Lord Hopton (so well known for his services to Charles in the course of the Civil War); and would have succeeded his nephew in the title, as the latter died childless, but that Sir Arthur had himself died two years before him, without issue, in the year 1650. The title became extinct.

[3] A Royalist officer, whose life had been forfeited for the part he took against the Parliament, but was saved by the timely interposition of Colonel Hutchinson. The latter humanely spoke for him in the House, though Sir John was a perfect stranger to him, because he perceived, while the great noblemen, his companions, found earnest intercessors, no one seemed to know anything of the Knight, or would offer a word in favour of him. Sir John Owen afterwards proved himself ungrateful.

20th. I went to Putney, and other places on the Thames, to take prospects in crayon, to carry into France, where I thought to have them engraved.[1]

2nd July. I went from Wotton to Godstone (the residence of Sir John Evelyn), where was also Sir John Evelyn of Wilts., when I took leave of both Sir Johns and their ladies. Mem. the prodigious memory of Sir John of Wilts' daughter, since married to Mr. W. Pierrepont, and mother of the present Earl of Kingston. I returned to Sayes Court this night.

4th. Visited Lady Hatton,[2] her Lord sojourning at Paris with my father-in-law.

9th. Dined with Sir Walter Pye, and my good friend, Mr. Eaton, afterwards a judge, who corresponded with me in France.

11th. Came to see me old Alexander Rosse,[3] the divine historian and poet; Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Scudamore, and other friends, to take leave of me.

12th. It was about three in the afternon, I took oars for Gravesend, accompanied by my cousin, Stephens, and sister, Glanville, who there supped with me and returned; whence I took post immediately to Dover, where I arrived by nine in the morning; and, about eleven that night, went on board a barque guarded by a pinnace of eight guns; this being the first time the Packet-boat had obtained a convoy, having several times before been pillaged. We had a good passage, though chased for some hours by a pirate, but he durst not attack our frigate, and we then chased him till he got under the protection of the Castle at Calais. It was a small privateer belonging to the Prince of Wales. I carried over with me my servant, Richard Hoare, an incomparable writer of several hands, whom I afterwards preferred in the Prerogative Office,[1] at the return of his Majesty. Lady Catherine Scott, daughter of the Earl of Norwich,[2] followed us in a shallop, with Mr. Arthur Slingsby, who left England *incognito*. At the entrance of the town, the Lieutenant-Governor, being on his horse with the guards, let us pass courteously. I visited Sir Richard Lloyd, an English gentleman, and walked in the church, where the ornament about the high altar of black marble is very fine, and there is a good picture of the Assumption. The citadel seems to be impregnable, and the whole country about it to be laid under water by sluices for many miles.

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[1] One of these he etched himself. The plate is now at Wotton.

[2] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Montagu, and niece of Henry Earl of Manchester. She married Sir Christopher Hatton—made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I., who, on the 20th of July, 1643, created him Baron Hatton, of Kirby, for his devotion to the Royal cause. After the Restoration, he was sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed governor of Guernsey. He died in 1670.

[3] Immortalised in Butler's couplet:

> "There was an ancient sage Philosopher,
> Who had read Alexander Ross over."

He was a Scotchman, born in 1591; and after receiving an education for the church, took orders, became master of a free school at Southampton, and preached, wrote, and taught with a diligence that ought to have obtained him other reputation than Butler's ludicrous lines have bestowed upon him. He died in 1654. See "Correspondence," iii. 56 and 57.

16th July. We departed from Paris, in company with that very pleasant lady (Lady Catherine Scott) and others. In all this journey we were greatly apprehensive of parties, which caused us to alight often out of our coach and walk separately on foot, with our guns on our shoulders, in all suspected places.

1st August. At three in the afternoon we came to St. Denis, saw the rarities of the church and treasury; and so to Paris that evening.

The next day came to welcome me at dinner the Lord High Treasurer Cottington, Sir Edward Hyde, Chancellor, Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State, Sir George Carteret, Governor of Jersey,[3] and Dr. Earle, having now been absent from my Wife about a year and a half.

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[1] Where specimens of his writing in the entry of wills about this date may now be seen.

[2] His youngest daughter; married to Mr. James Scott, of Scott's Hall, Kent, supposed to have been a son of Prince Rupert.

[3] George was son and heir to Helier Carteret, Esq., Deputy-governor of Jersey, and grandson of Sir Philip Carteret, who in the reign of Elizabeth planted a colony in the island (in which his ancestors, from the time of Edward I., had held lands), to secure it from the French, who had frequently sought to obtain possession of it. The son of the Deputy-governor entered the navy at an early age: greatly distinguished himself in the service; and attracting the attention of the Duke of Buckingham, received the appointment from Charles I., of Joint-governor of Jersey, and Comptroller of the Navy. Having served the King during the civil wars, at the Restoration he was returned to Parliament for Portsmouth, and filled the

18th August. I went to St. Germains, to kiss his Majesty's hand; in the coach, which was my Lord Wilmot's,[1] went Mrs. Barlow, the King's mistress [2] and mother to the Duke of Monmouth, a brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature.

19th. I went to salute the French King and the Queen Dowager; and, on the 21st, returned on one of the Queen's coaches with my Lord Germain, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wentworth, and Mr. Croftes, since Lord Croftes.

7th September. Went with my Wife and dear Cousin to St. Germains, and kissed the Queen-Mother's hand; dined with my Lord Keeper and Lord Hatton. Divers of the great men of France came to see the King. The next day, came the Prince of Condé. Returning to Paris, we went to see the President Maison's palace, built castle-wise, of a milk-white fine freestone; the house not vast, but well contrived, especially the staircase, and the ornaments of Putti, about it. It is environed in a dry moat, the offices under-ground, the gardens very excellent with extraordinary long walks, set with elms, and a noble prospect towards the forest, and on the Seine towards Paris. Take it altogether, the meadows, walks, river, forest, corn-ground, and vineyards, I hardly saw anything in Italy exceed it. The

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office of Treasurer of the Navy. He died January 13th, 1674. Several members of his family distinguished themselves in the wars of the seventeenth century, and one of his descendants became a celebrated statesman under the first and second Georges.

[1] Henry, only son of Charles Viscount Wilmot, of Athlone, raised to the English Peerage by Charles I., in June 29, 1643, as Baron Wilmot, of Adderbury. He held a command in the King's Cavalry, in which he served with distinction at the battle of Roundway Doune; subsequently assisting Charles II. to escape from the field of Worcester; though, according to the King's statement to Pepys, it was rather in the way of hiding from, than in combating with his enemies. Nevertheless he was created Earl of Rochester, December 13, 1652, at Paris, where Charles for a short time assumed the privilege of sovereignty. He died at Dunkirk in 1659, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, afterwards the notorious Rochester.

[2] The lady here referred to was Lucy, daughter of Richard Walters, Esq., of Haverfordwest. (See Evelyn's striking mention of her in a later passage, vol. ii., p. 232.) She had two children by the King; James, subsequently so celebrated as the Duke of Monmouth, and Mary, whose lot was obscure in comparison with that of her brother, but of course infinitely happier. She married a Mr. William Sarsfield, of Ireland, and after his death, William Fanshawe, Esq.

iron gates are very magnificent. He has pulled down a whole village to make room for his pleasure about it.

12th September. Dr. Crighton, a Scotchman, and one of his Majesty's chaplains, a learned Grecian who set out the Council of Florence, preached.

13th. The King invited the Prince of Condé to supper at St. Cloud; there I kissed the Duke of York's hand in the tennis-court, where I saw a famous match betwixt Monsieur Saumeurs, and Colonel Cooke, and so returned to Paris. It was noised about that I was knighted, a dignity I often declined.

1st October. Went with my cousin Tuke (afterwards Sir Samuel), to see the fountains of St. Cloud and Ruel; and, after dinner, to talk with the poor ignorant and superstitious anchorite at Mount Calvary, and so to Paris.

2nd. Came Mr. William Coventry (afterwards Sir William)[1] and the Duke's secretary, &c., to visit me.

5th. Dined with Sir George Ratcliffe, the great favourite of the late Earl of Strafford, formerly Lord Deputy of Ireland, decapitated.

7th. To the Louvre, to visit the Countess of Moreton, Governess to Madame.

15th. Came news of Drogheda being taken by the rebels, and all put to the sword, which made us very sad, fore-running the loss of all Ireland.

21st. I went to hear Dr. D'Avinson's lecture in the physical garden, and see his laboratory, he being Prefect of that excellent garden, and Professor Botanicus.

30th October. I was at the funeral of one Mr. Downes, a sober English gentleman. We accompanied his corpse to Charenton, where he was interred in a cabbage-garden, yet with the office of our church, which was said before in our chapel at Paris. Here I saw also where they buried the great soldier, Gassion, who had a tomb built over him like a fountain, the design and materials mean enough. I returned to Paris with Sir Philip Musgrave, and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, since Lord Langdale.—Memorandum. This was a very sickly and mortal autumn.

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[1] A member of the Privy Council of Charles II., and Commissioner of the Treasury, but dismissed the Court for sending a challenge to the Duke of Buckingham. "He was a man," says Burnet, "of great notions and eminent virtues; the best speaker in the House of Commons, and capable of bearing the chief ministry, as it was once thought he was very near it, and deserved it more than all the rest did." Evelyn, in a subsequent mention in his journal, characterises him as "a wise and witty gentleman."

5*th November.* I received divers letters out of England, requiring me to come over about settling some of my concerns.

7*th.* Dr. George Morley (since Bishop of Winchester) preached in our chapel on Matthew 4, verse 3.

18*th.* I went with my father-in-law to see his audience at the French Court, where next the Pope's Nuncio, he was introduced by the master of ceremonies, and, after delivery of his credentials, as from our King, since his Father's murder, he was most graciously received by the King of France and his mother, with whom he had a long audience. This was in the Palais Cardinal.

After this, being presented to his Majesty and the Queen Regent, I went to see the house built by the late great Cardinal de Richelieu. The most observable thing is the gallery, painted with the portraits of the most illustrious persons and signal actions in France, with innumerable emblems betwixt every table. In the middle of the gallery, is a neat chapel, rarely paved in work and devices of several sorts of marble, besides the altar piece and two statues of white marble, one of St. John, the other of the Virgin Mary, by Bernini. The rest of the apartments are rarely gilded and carved, with some good modern paintings. In the presence hang three huge branches of crystal. In the French King's bed-chamber, is an alcove like another chamber, set as it were in a chamber like a moveable box, with a rich embroidered bed. The fabric of the palace is not magnificent, being but of two stories; but the garden is so spacious as to contain a noble basin and fountain continually playing, and there is a mall, with an elbow, or turning, to protract it. So I left his Majesty on the terrace, busy in seeing a bull-baiting, and returned home in Prince Edward's coach with Mr. Paul, the Prince Elector's agent.

19*th November.* Visited Mr. Waller, where meeting Dr. Holden, an English Sorbonne divine, we fell into some discourse about religion.

28*th December.* Going to wait on Mr. Waller, I viewed St. Stephen's church; the building, though Gothic, is full of carving; within it is beautiful, especially the choir and winding stairs. The glass is well painted, and the tapestry hung up this day about the choir, representing the conversion of Constantine, was exceeding rich.

I went to that excellent engraver, Du Bosse, for his instruction about some difficulties in perspective which were delivered in his book.

I concluded this year in health, for which I gave solemn thanks to Almighty God.[1]

29th. I christened Sir Hugh Rilie's child with Sir George Radcliffe in our chapel, the parents being so poor that they had provided no gossips, so as several of us drawing lots it fell on me, the Dean of Peterborough (Dr. Cosin) officiating: we named it Andrew, being on the eve of that Apostle's day.

1649-50: *1st January.* I began this Jubilee with the public office in our chapel: dined at my Lady Herbert's, wife of Sir Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Keeper.

18th. This night was the Prince of Condé and his brother carried prisoners to the Bois de Vincennes.

6th February. In the evening, came Signor Alessandro, one of the Cardinal Mazarine's musicians, and a person of great name for his knowledge in that art, to visit my wife, and sung before divers persons of quality in my chamber.

1st March. I went to see the masquerados, which was very fantastic; but nothing so quiet and solemn as I found it at Venice.

13th. Saw a triumph in Monsieur del Camp's Academy, where divers of the French and English noblesse, especially my Lord of Ossory, and Richard, sons to the Marquis of Ormond (afterwards Duke),[2] did their exercises on horseback in noble equipage, before a world of spectators and great persons, men and ladies. It ended in a collation.

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[1] This he does not fail to repeat at the end of every year, but it will not always be necessary here to insert it.

[2] James Butler, Marquis of Ormonde, and Earl of Ossory in the Irish Peerage, first brought himself into notice when Ireland had for her Lord-Deputy the Earl of Strafford. A Parliament had been summoned to meet at Dublin Castle with strict injunctions that the members were to come unarmed, and the young Marquis not having attended to this when he presented himself at the door, the Usher of the Black Rod demanded his sword; whereupon the other fiercely replied that if he had his sword at all, he should have it "in his guts." The Lord-Deputy summoned the Marquis of Ormonde before him in the evening, to account for his conduct; when his Lordship produced the King's writ summoning him to Parliament "*cinctus cum gladio.*" Upon this Strafford, fancying so resolute a man would be better as a friend than as an enemy, resolved to attach him to the King's service and to his own, and appointed him a member of the Council. The Marquis was afterwards a staunch

25th April. I went out of town to see Madrid,[1] a palace so called, built by Francis the First. It is observable only for its open manner of architecture, being much of terraces and galleries one over another to the very roof; and for the materials, which are most of earth painted like porcelain, or China-ware, whose colours appear very fresh; but is very fragile. There are whole statues and relievos of this pottery, chimney-pieces, and columns both within and without. Under the chapel is a chimney in the midst of a room parted from the *Salle des Gardes*. The house is fortified

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friend of Strafford, even in his adversity, and an equally earnest partisan of the King, who bestowed upon him the Order of the Garter, and appointed him Lord-Deputy of Ireland, and Lord Steward of the Household. In the Civil Wars he exerted himself zealously in the cause of his master, till obliged to seek safety with his family in exile. He returned at the Restoration, and Charles II., on the 20th of July, 1660, raised him to the English Peerage by the titles of Baron Butler and Earl of Brecknock, and advanced him in the Irish Peerage to the Dukedom of Ormonde, and again appointed him to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. He died in 1688. Bishop Burnet has left a sort of negative character of the Duke, for he describes him as "a man of great expense, but decent even in his vices, for he always kept up the forms of religion." He seems to have made himself more acceptable to Grammont, who neither alludes to his vices nor to his religion, but discovering a resemblance in the turn of his wit and the nobility of his manners to his own relative, the Marshal de Grammont, thinks that he is bound to estimate the Duke at the highest possible appreciation. Of the sons mentioned by Evelyn, the first was the Duke's second son, Thomas Earl of Ossory, who proved himself an efficient commander both by sea and land, an able statesman, and an accomplished man of letters. According to Anthony Wood, his heroism in the sea fight with the Dutch, in 1673, "was beyond the fiction of romance;" and Evelyn's correspondence contains earnest tributes to his character. On the 24th of September, 1666, he was summoned to Paliament as Lord Butler, of Moor Park; and was afterwards employed as General of the Horse, as member of the Privy Council, and as deputy for his father in his Irish government. He died July 30, 1680. Richard, the younger brother of Thomas, also referred to by Evelyn, was created an Irish peer in 1662, by the titles of Baron Butler, Viscount Tullogh, and Earl of Arran; and became an English Peer in 1673, by the title of Baron Butler of Weston. He also was deputy for his father, and distinguished himself both by sea and land, particularly in the naval engagement with the Dutch, in 1673, and against the mutinous garrison of Carrickfergus. He died in 1685. Evelyn highly esteemed this family, and makes frequent allusion to them.

[1] See *ante*, p. 56.

with a deep ditch, and has an admirable vista towards the Bois de Boulogne and river.

30th. I went to see the collection of the famous sculptor, Steffano de la Bella, returning now into Italy, and bought some prints: and likewise visited Perelle, the landscape graver.

3rd May. At the hospital of La Charité, I saw the operation of cutting for the stone. A child of eight or nine years old underwent the operation with most extraordinary patience, and expressing great joy when he saw the stone was drawn. The use I made of it was, to give Almighty God hearty thanks that I had not been subject to this deplorable infirmity.

7th. I went with Sir Richard Browne's lady and my wife, together with the Earl of Chesterfield,[1] Lord Ossory and his brother, to Vamber, a place near the city famous for butter: when, coming homewards, being on foot, a quarrel arose between Lord Ossory and a man in a garden, who thrust Lord Ossory from the gate with uncivil language; on which our young gallants struck the fellow on the pate, and bade him ask pardon, which he did with much submission, and so we parted. But we were not gone far before we heard a noise behind us, and saw people coming with guns, swords, staves, and forks, and who followed, flinging stones; on which, we turned, and were forced to engage, and with our swords, stones, and the help of our servants (one of whom had a pistol) made our retreat for near a quarter of a mile, when we took shelter in a house, where we were besieged, and at length forced to submit to be prisoners. Lord Hatton, with some others, were taken prisoners in the flight, and his lordship was confined under three locks and as many doors in this rude fellow's master's house, who pretended to be Steward to Monsieur St. Germain, one of the presidents of the Grand Chambre du Parlement, and a Canon of Nôtre Dame. Several of us were much hurt. One of our lackeys escaping to Paris, caused the bailiff of St. Germain to come with his guard and rescue us. Immediately afterwards, came Monsieur St. Germain himself, in great wrath, on hearing that his housekeeper was assaulted; but when he saw the King's officers, the gentlemen and noblemen, with his Majesty's Resident, and understood the occasion, he was ashamed of the accident, requesting the fellow's pardon, and desiring the ladies to accept their submission and a supper at his house. It was ten o'clock at night ere we got to Paris, guarded by Prince Griffith, (a Welsh hero going under that name, and well known in England for his extravagancies), together with the scholars of two academies, who came forth to assist and meet us on horseback, and would fain have alarmed the town we received the affront from: which, with much ado, we prevented.

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[1] Sir Philip Stanhope, created November 7, 1616, Baron Stanhope of Shelford; and on the 4th August, 1628, Earl of Chesterfield. At the breaking out of hostilities with the Parliament, his lordship became a determined partisan for the King, and garrisoned his house at Shelford, where his son Philip lost his life, and the place was stormed and burned to the ground. Lord Chesterfield at last found safety in flight, and retired to France. He died September 12, 1756.

12th May. Complaint being come to the Queen and Court of France of the affront we had received, the President was ordered to ask pardon of Sir R. Browne, his Majesty's Resident, and the fellow to make submission, and be dismissed. There came along with him the President de Thou, son of the great Thuanus [the historian], and so all was composed. But I have often heard that gallant gentleman, my Lord Ossory, affirm solemnly that in all the conflicts he ever was in at sea or on land (in the most desperate of both which he had often been) he believed he was never in so much danger as when these people rose against us. He used to call it the *bataile de Vambre*, and remember it with a great deal of mirth as an adventure, *en cavalier*.

24th May. We were invited by the Noble Academies to a running at the ring where were many brave horses, gallants, and ladies, my Lord Stanhope[1] entertaining us with a collation.

12th June. Being Trinity-Sunday, the Dean of Peterborough[2] preached; after which, there was an ordination of two divines, Durell and Brevent (the one was afterwards Dean of Windsor, the other of Durham, both very learned persons). The Bishop of Galloway officiated with great gravity, after a pious and learned exhortation declaring the weight and dignity of their function, especially now in a time of the poor Church of England's affliction. He magnified the sublimity of the calling, from the object, viz., the salvation of men's souls, and the glory of God; producing many human instances of the transitoriness and vanity of all other dignities; that of all the triumphs the Roman conquerors made, none was comparable to that of our Blessed Saviour's, when he led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men, namely, that of the Holy Spirit, by which his faithful and painful ministers triumphed over Satan as oft as they reduced a sinner from the error of his ways. He then proceeded to the ordination. They were presented by the Dean in their surplices before the altar, the Bishop sitting in a chair at one side; and so were made both Deacons and Priests at the same time, in regard to the necessity of the times, there being so few Bishops left in England, and consequently danger of a failure of both functions. Lastly, they proceeded to the Communion. This was all performed in Sir Richard Browne's chapel, at Paris.

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[1] Charles, second Baron Stanhope, of Harrington. He died in 1677. Henry, son of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield, and his son Philip (subsequently second Earl), also in succession bore the title of Lord Stanhope.

[2] Doctor Cosin, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

13*th.* I sate to the famous sculptor, Nanteuil, who was afterwards made a knight by the French King for his art. He engraved my picture in copper. At a future time, he presented me with my own picture,[1] done all with his pen; an extraordinary curiosity.

21*st June.* I went to see the Samaritan, or Pump, at the end of the Pont Neuf, which, though to appearance promising no great matter, is, besides, the machine, furnished with innumerable rarities both of art and nature; especially the costly grotto, where are the fairest corals, growing out of the very rock, that I have seen; also great pieces of crystals, amethysts, gold in the mine, and other metals and marcasites, with two great conchas, which the owner told us cost him 200 crowns at Amsterdam. He showed us many landscapes and prospects, very rarely painted in miniature, some with the pen and crayon; divers antiquities and relievos of Rome; above all, that of the inside of the Amphitheatre of Titus, incomparably drawn by

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[1] Also those of Mrs. Evelyn and Sir R. Browne, beautifully executed, which are still at Wotton. Robert Nanteuil drew cleverly in crayons, and was an admirable engraver. Born at Rheims, in 1630, and died at Paris in 1678.

Monsieur St. Clere[1] himself; two boys and three skeletons, moulded by Fiamingo; a book of statues, with the pen made for Henry IV., rarely executed, and by which one may discover many errors in the *taille-douce* of Perrier, who has added divers conceits of his own that are not in the originals. He has likewise an infinite collection of *taille-douces,* richly bound in morocco.

He led us into a stately chamber furnished to have entertained a prince, with pictures of the greatest masters, especially a Venus of Perino del Vaga; the Putti carved in the chimney-piece by the Fleming; the vases of porcelain, and many designed by Raphael; some paintings of Poussin, and Fioravanti; antiques in brass; the looking-glass and stands rarely carved. In a word, all was great, choice and magnificent, and not to be passed by as I had often done, without the least suspicion that there were such rare things to be seen in that place. At a future visit, he showed a new grotto and a bathing place, hewn through the battlements of the arches of Pont Neuf, into a wide vault at the intercolumniation, so that the coaches and horses thundered over our heads.

27th June. I made my will, and, taking leave of my wife and other friends, took horse for England, paying the messager eight pistoles for me and my servant to Calais, setting out with seventeen in company well-armed, some Portuguese, Swiss, and French, whereof six were captains and officers. We came the first night to Beaumont; next day, to Beauvais, and lay at Pois, and the next, without dining, reached Abbeville; next, dined at Montreuil, and proceeding met a company on foot (being now within the inroads of the parties which dangerously infest this day's journey from St. Omers and the frontiers), which we drew very near to, ready and resolute to charge through, and accordingly were ordered and led by a captain of our train; but, as we were on the speed, they called out, and proved to be Scotchmen, newly raised and landed, and few among them armed. This night, we were well treated at Boulogne. The next day, we marched in good order, the passage being now exceeding dangerous, and got to Calais by a little after two. The sun so scorched my face, that it made the skin peel off.

I dined with Mr. Booth, his Majesty's agent; and, about three in the afternoon, embarked in the packet-boat; hearing there was a pirate then also setting sail, we had security from molestation, and so with a fair S. W. wind in seven hours we landed at Dover. The busy watchman would have us to the Mayor to be searched, but the gentleman being in bed, we were dismissed.

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[1] This was the name of the owner.

Next day, being Sunday, they would not permit us to ride post, so that afternoon our trunks were visited.

The next morning, by four, we set out for Canterbury, where I met with my Lady Catherine Scott, whom that very day twelve months before I met at sea going for France; she had been visiting Sir Thomas Peyton, not far off, and would needs carry me in her coach to Gravesend. We dined at Sittingbourne, came late to Gravesend, and so to Deptford, taking leave of my lady about four the next morning.

5th July. I supped in the city with my Lady Catherine Scott, at one Mr. Dubois', where was a gentlewoman called Everard, who was a very great chymist.

Sunday, 7th. In the afternoon, having a mind to see what was doing among the Rebels, then in full possession at Whitehall, I went thither, and found one at exercise in the chapel, after their way; thence, to St. James's, where another was preaching in the court abroad.

17th July. I went to London to obtain a pass,[1] intending but a short stay in England.

25th. I went by Epsom to Wotton, saluting Sir Robert Cook and my sister Glanville; the country was now much molested by soldiers, who took away gentlemen's horses for the service of the State, as then called.

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[1] A copy of it is subjoined: "These are to will and require you to permit and suffer the bearer thereof, John Evelyn, Esq., to transport himself, two servants, and other necessaries, into any port of France without any your lets or molestations, of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given at the Council of State at Whitehall this 25th of June, 1650.

"Signed in the name and by Order of the Council of State,
appointed by authority of Parliament,
Jo. BRADSHAWE, President.

"To all Customers, Comptrollers, and Searchers, and
all other officers of the Ports, or Customs."

Subjoined to the signature, Evelyn has added in his own writing; "The hand of that villain who sentenced our Charles I. of B[lessed] M[emory]." Its endorsement, also in his writing, is, "The Pass from the Council of State, 1650."

4th August. I heard a sermon at the Rolls; and, in the afternoon, wandered to divers churches, the pulpits full of novices and novelties.

6th. To Mr. Walker's, a good painter, who showed me an excellent copy of Titian.

12th. Set out for Paris, taking post at Gravesend, and so that night to Canterbury, where being surprised by the soldiers, and having only an antiquated pass, with some fortunate dexterity I got clear of them, though not without extraordinary hazard, having before counterfeited one with success, it being so difficult to procure one of the Rebels without entering into oaths, which I never would do. At Dover, money to the searchers and officers was as authentic as the hand and seal of Bradshawe himself, where I had not so much as my trunk opened.

13th. At six in the evening, set sail for Calais; the wind not favourable, I was very sea-sick, coming to an anchor about one o'clock; about five in the morning, we had a long boat to carry us to land, though at a good instance; this we willingly entered, because two vessels were chasing us; but, being now almost at the harbour's mouth, through inadvertency there brake in upon us two such heavy seas, as had almost sunk the boat, I being near the middle up in water. Our steersman, it seems, apprehensive of the danger, was preparing to leap into the sea and trust to swimming, but seeing the vessel emerge, he put her into the pier, and so, God be thanked! we got to Calais, though wet.

Here I waited for company, the passage towards Paris being still infested with volunteers from the Spanish frontiers.

16th August. The Regiment of Picardy, consisting of about 1400 horse and foot (amongst them was a captain whom I knew), being come to town, I took horses for myself and servant, and marched under their protection to Boulogne. It was a miserable spectacle to see how these tattered soldiers pillaged the poor people of their sheep, poultry, corn, cattle, and whatever came in their way; but they had such ill pay, that they were ready themselves to starve.

As we passed St. Denis, the people were in uproar, the guards doubled, and everybody running with their moveables to Paris, on an alarm that the enemy was within five leagues of them; so miserably exposed was even this part of France at this time.

The 30th, I got to Paris, after an absence of two months only.

1st September. My Lady Herbert invited me to dinner; Paris, and indeed all France, being full of loyal fugitives.

Came Mr. Waller to see me, about a child of his which the Popish midwife had baptised.

15th October. Sir Thomas Osborne (afterwards Lord Treasurer)[1] and Lord Stanhope shot for a wager of five louis, to be spent on a treat; they shot so exact, that it was a drawn match.

1st November. Took leave of my Lord Stanhope, going on his journey towards Italy; also visited my Lord Hatton, Comptroller of his Majesty's Household, the Countess of Morton, Governess to the Lady Henrietta, and Mrs. Gardner, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour.

6th. Sir Thomas Osborne supping with us, his groom was set upon in the street before our house, and received two wounds, but gave the assassin nine, who was carried off to the Charité Hospital. Sir Thomas went for England on the 8th, and carried divers letters for me to my friends.

16th. I went to Monsieur Visse's, the French King's Secretary, to a concert of French music and voices, consisting of twenty-four, two theorbos, and but one bass viol, being a rehearsal of what was to be sung at vespers at St. Cecilia's, on her feast, she being patroness of Musicians. News arrived of the death of the Princess of Orange of the small pox.

14th December. I went to visit Mr. Ratcliffe, in whose lodging was an impostor that had like to have imposed upon us a pretended secret of multiplying gold; it is certain he had lived some time in Paris in extraordinary splendour, but I found him to be an egregious cheat.

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[1] The only son of Sir Edward Osborne, Vice-President of the Council for the north of England, and Lieutenant-General of the Northern Forces. Sir Edward had devoted himself to the cause of Charles I., and his son followed his example. He shared the same fortune as other exiles during the Protectorate, but at the Restoration was amply rewarded, dignities and titles being showered upon him with excessive liberality. Lord High Treasurer, and Knight of the Garter, he was successively created Baron Osborne, of Kiveton, and Viscount Latimer, of Danby; Earl of Danby, Marquis of Carmarthen, and Duke of Leeds, in the English Peerage; and Viscount Dumblane, in the Peerage of Scotland. He died July 26, 1712. The vicissitudes of his official career are well known.

22nd. Came the learned Dr. Boet to visit me.

31st. I gave God thanks for his mercy and protection the past year, and made up my accounts, which came this year to 7015 livres, near £600 sterling.

1650–1: *1st January.* I wrote to my brother at Wotton, about his garden and fountains. After evening prayer, Mr. Wainsford called on me: he had long been Consul at Aleppo, and told me many strange things of those countries, the Arabs especially.

27th. I had letters of the death of Mrs. Newton, my grand-mother-in-law; she had a most tender care of me during my childhood, and was a woman of extraordinary charity and piety.

29th January. Dr. Duncan preached on 8 Matt. v. 34, showing the mischief of covetousness. My Lord Marquis of Ormonde and Inchiquin, come newly out of Ireland, were this day at chapel.

9th February. Cardinal Mazarine was proscribed by Arrêt du Parlement, and great commotions began in Paris.

23rd. I went to see the Bonnes Hommes, a convent that has a fair cloister painted with the lives of Hermits; a glorious altar now erecting in the chapel; the garden on the rock with divers descents, with a fine vineyard and a delicate prospect toward the city.

24th. I went to see a dromedary, a very monstrous beast, much like the camel, but larger. There was also dancing on the rope; but, above all, surprising to those who were ignorant of the address, was the water-spouter,[1] who, drinking only fountain-water, rendered out of his mouth in several glasses all sorts of wine and sweet waters For a piece of money, he discovered the secret to me. I waited on Friar Nicholas at the convent at Chaillot, who, being an excellent chymist, showed me his laboratory, and rare collection of spagyrical remedies. He was both physician and apothecary of the convent, and, instead of the names of his drugs, he painted his boxes and pots with the figure of the drug, or simple, contained in them. He showed me as a rarity some ☿ of antimony:[2] he had cured

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[1] Floriand Marchand. He afterwards exhibited himself in England. Prefixed to an Account of his exploits is a woodcut of him.

[2] A supposed preparation of this is alleged to have been that

Monsieur Senatin of a desperate sickness, for which there was building a monumental altar that was to cost £1500.

11th March. I went to the Châtelet, or prison, where a malefactor was to have the question, or torture, given to him, he refusing to confess the robbery with which he was charged, which was thus: they first bound his wrist with a strong rope, or small cable, and one end of it to an iron ring made fast to the wall, about four feet from the floor, and then his feet with another cable, fastened about five feet farther than his utmost length to another ring on the floor of the room. Thus suspended, and yet lying but aslant, they slid a horse of wood under the rope which bound his feet, which so exceedingly stiffened it, as severed the fellow's joints in miserable sort, drawing him out at length in an extraordinary manner, he having only a pair of linen drawers on his naked body. Then, they questioned him of a robbery (the Lieutenant being present, and a clerk that wrote), which not confessing, they put a higher horse under the rope, to increase the torture and extension. In this agony, confessing nothing, the executioner with a horn (just such as they drench horses with) stuck the end of it into his mouth, and poured the quantity of two buckets of water down his throat and over him, which so prodigiously swelled him, as would have pitied and affrighted any one to see it; for all this, he denied all that was charged to him. They then let him down, and carried him before a warm fire to bring him to himself, being now to all appearance dead with pain. What became of him, I know not; but the gentleman whom he robbed constantly averred him to be the man, and the fellow's suspicious pale looks, before he knew he should be racked, betrayed some guilt; the Lieutenant was also of that opinion, and told us at first sight (for he was a lean, dry, black young man) he would conquer the torture; and so it seems they could not hang him, but did use in such cases, where the evidence is very presumptive, to send them to the galleys, which is as bad as death.

There was another malefactor to succeed, but the spectacle was so uncomfortable, that I was not able to stay the sight of another. It represented yet to me the intoler-

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which was afterwards perfected by Dr. James, whose name it still bears.

able sufferings which our Blessed Saviour must needs undergo, when his body was hanging with all its weight upon the nails on the cross.

March 20th. I went this night with my wife to a ball at the Marquis de Crevecœur's, where were divers Princes, Dukes, and great persons; but what appeared to me very mean was, that it began with a puppet-play.

6th May. I attended the Ambassador to a masque at Court, where the French King in person danced five entries; but being engaged in discourse, and better entertained with one of the Queen-Regent's Secretaries, I soon left the entertainment.

11th May. To the Palace Cardinal, where the Master of the Ceremonies placed me to see the Royal masque, or opera. The first scene represented a chariot of singers composed of the rarest voices that could be procured, representing Cornaro[1] and Temperance; this was overthrown by Bacchus and his revellers; the rest consisted of several entries and pageants of excess, by all the elements. A masque representing fire was admirable; then came a Venus out of the clouds. The conclusion was a heaven, whither all ascended. But the glory of the masque was the great persons performing in it, the French King, his brother the Duke of Anjou, with all the Grandees of the Court, the King performing to the admiration of all. The music was twenty-nine violins, vested *à l'antique*, but the habits of the masquers were stupendously rich and glorious.

23rd. I went to take leave of the ambassadors for Spain, which were my Lord Treasurer Cottington and Sir Edward Hyde; and, as I returned, I visited Mr. Morine's[2] garden, and his other rarities, especially corals, minerals, stones, and natural curiosities; crabs of the Red Sea, the body no bigger than a small bird's egg, but flatter, and the two legs, or claws, a foot in length. He had abundance of shells, at least 1000 sorts, whch furnished a cabinet of great price; and had a very curious collection of scarabees, and insects, of which he was compiling a natural history. He had also the pictures of his choice flowers and plants in miniature. He told me there were 10,000 sorts of tulips only. He had *taille-douces* out of number; the head of the Rhinoceros bird, which was very extravagant, and one butterfly resembling a perfect bird.

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[1] The famous Venetian writer on Temperance.

[2] *Ante*, p. 66.

25th May. I went to visit Mr. Thomas White, a learned priest and famous philosopher,[1] author of the book "De Mundo," with whose worthy brother I was well acquainted at Rome. I was showed a cabinet of Maroquin, or Turkey leather, so curiously inlaid with other leather, and gilding, that the workman demanded for it 800 livres.

The Dean (of Peterborough) preached on the feast of Pentecost, perstringing those of Geneva for their irreverence of the Blessed Virgin.

4th June. Trinity-Sunday, I was absent from church in the afternoon on a charitable affair for the Abbess of Boucharvant, who but for me had been abused by that chymist, Du Menie.[2] Returning, I stept into the Grand Jesuits, who had this high day exposed their Cibarium, made all of solid gold and imagery, a piece of infinite cost. Dr. Croydon, coming out of Italy and from Padua, came to see me, on his return to England.

5th. I accompanied my Lord Strafford,[3] and some other noble persons, to hear Madam Lavaran sing, which she did both in French and Italian excellently well, but her voice was not strong.

7th. Corpus Christi Day, there was a grand procession, all the streets tapestried, several altars erected there, full of images, and other rich furniture, especially that before the Court, of a rare design and architecture. There were abundance of excellent pictures and great vases of silver.

13th. I went to see the collection of one Monsieur Poignant, which for variety of agates, crystals, onyxes, porcelain, medals, statues, relievos, paintings, *taille-douces*, and antiquities, might compare with the Italian virtuosos.

21st. I became acquainted with Sieur Wiliam Curtius, a very learned and judicious person of the Palatinate. He had been scholar to Alstedius, the Encyclopedist, was well advanced in years, and now Resident for his Majesty at Frankfort.

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[1] A native of Essex, who was born in 1582, educated abroad, and, his family being Catholic, became a priest of that church, and sub-rector of the college at Douay. He advocated the Cartesian philosophy, and this brought him into an extensive correspondence with Hobbes and Descartes, in the course of which he Latinised his name into Thomas Albius, or De Albis. He died in 1676.

[2] Is this the "impostor" mentioned, *ante* page 262, as pretending to have found out the art of "multiplying gold"?

[3] This was William, the eldest son of the Earl who was executed; but he was not restored to his father's titles till the Restoration. He died in 1695. The "Lord Wentworth" adverted to by Evelyn in a preceding page (251), was the son of the Earl of Cleveland.

2nd July. Came to see me the Earl of Strafford, Lord Ossory and his Brother, Sir John Southcott, Sir Edward Stawell, two of my Lord Spencer's sons, and Dr. Stewart, Dean of St. Paul's, a learned and pious man, where we entertained the time upon several subjects, especially the affairs of England, and the lamentable condition of our Church. The Lord Gerrard[1] also called to see my collection of sieges and battles.

21st July. An extraordinary fast was celebrated in our Chapel, Dr. Stewart, Dean of St. Paul's, preaching.

2nd August. I went with my wife to Conflans, where were abundance of ladies and others bathing in the river; the ladies had their tents spread on the water for privacy.

29th. Was kept as a solemn fast for the calamities of our poor Church, now trampled on by the rebels. Mr. Waller, being at St. Germains, desired me to send him a coach from Paris, to bring my wife's god-daughter to Paris, to be buried by the Common Prayer.

6th September. I went with my wife to St. Germains, to condole with Mr. Waller's loss. I carried with me and treated at dinner that excellent and pious person the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Stewart, and Sir Lewis Dives (half-brother to the Earl of Bristol), who entertained us with his wonderful escape out of prison in Whitehall, the very evening before he was to have been put to death, leaping down out of a jakes two stories high into the Thames at high water, in the coldest of winter, and at night; so as by swimming he got to a boat that attended for him, though he was guarded by six musketeers. After this, he went about in women's habit, and then in a small-coal-man's, travelling 200 miles on foot, embarked for Scotland with some men he had raised, who coming on shore were all surprised and imprisoned on the Marquis of Montrose's score; he not knowing anything of their barbarous murder of that hero. This he told us was his fifth escape, and none less miraculous; with this note, that the charging through 1000 men armed, or whatever danger could befall a man, he believed could not more confound and distract a man's thoughts than the execution of a premeditated escape, the passions of hope and fear being so strong. This knight was indeed a valiant gentleman; but not a little given to romance, when he spake of himself. I returned to Paris the same evening.

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[1] Charles, son of Sir Charles Gerard, having served for some time in the Netherlands, returned to England in time to join King Charles, when his dispute with the Parliament was referred to the sword. He was made a general officer, and eminently distinguished himself on several occasions, for which the King appointed him lieutenant-general of his horse, and created him Baron Gerard, of Brandon, on the 8th of November, 1645. By Charles II. he was raised to the dignity of Viscount Brandon, and Earl of Macclesfield, on the 23d of July, 1679; but by James II. he was sent to the Tower, in company with the Lords Stamford and Delamere, and condemned to death, though afterwards pardoned. He lived five years beyond the Revolution.

7th September. I went to visit Mr. Hobbes, the famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom I had long acquaintance. From his window, we saw the whole equipage and glorious cavalcade of the young French Monarch, Louis XIV., passing to Parliament, when first he took the kingly government on him, now being in his 14th year, out of his minority and the Queen Regent's pupillage. First, came the captain of the King's Aids, at the head of 50 richly liveried; next, the Queen-Mother's light Horse, 100, the lieutenant being all over covered with embroidery and ribbons, having before him four trumpets habited in black velvet, full of lace, and casques of the same. Then, the King's Light Horse, 200, richly habited, with four trumpets in blue velvet embroidered with gold, before whom rid the Count d'Olonne coronet [cornet], whose belt was set with pearl. Next went the grand Prévôt's company on foot, with the Prévôt on horseback; after them, the Swiss in black velvet toques, led by two gallant cavaliers habited in scarlet-coloured satin, after their country fashion, which is very fantastic; he had in his cap a *pennach* of heron, with a band of diamonds, and about him twelve little Swiss boys, with halberds. Then, came the *Aide des Cérémonies;* next, the grandees of court, governors of places, and lieutenants-general of provinces, magnificently habited and mounted; among whom I must not forget the Chevalier Paul, famous for many sea-fights and signal exploits there, because it is said he had never been an Academist, and yet governed a very unruly horse, and besides his rich suit his Malta Cross was esteemed at 10,000 crowns. These were headed by two trumpets, and the whole troop, covered with gold, jewels, and rich caparisons, were followed by six trumpets in blue velvet also, preceding as many heralds in blue velvet *semée* with fleurs-de-lis, caduces in their hands, and velvet caps on their heads; behind them, came one of the masters of the ceremonies; then, divers marshals and many of the nobility, exceeding splendid; behind them Count d'Harcourt, grand Ecuyer, alone, carrying the King's sword in a scarf, which he held up in a blue sheath studded with fleurs-de-lis; his horse had for reins two scarfs of black taffata.

Then, came abundance of footmen and pages of the King, new-liveried with white and red feathers; next, the *garde du corps* and other officers; and, lastly, appeared the King himself on an Isabella barb, on which a housing *semée*, with crosses of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and fleurs-de-lis; the King himself, like a young Apollo, was in a suit so covered with rich embroidery, that one could perceive nothing of the stuff under it; he went almost the whole way with his hat in hand, saluting the ladies and acclamators, who had filled the windows with their beauty, and the air with *Vive le Roi.* He seemed a prince of a grave yet sweet countenance. After the King, followed divers great persons of the Court, exceeding splendid, also his esquires; masters of horse, on foot; then the company of *Exempts des Gardes*, and six guards of Scotch. Betwixt their files were divers princes of the blood, dukes, and lords; after all these, the Queen's guard of Swiss, pages, and footmen; then, the Queen-Mother herself, in a rich coach, with Monsieur the King's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and some other lords and ladies of honour. About the coach, marched her *Exempts des Gardes;* then the company of the King's *Gens d'armes*, well mounted, 150, with four trumpets, and as many of the Queen's; lastly, an innumerable company of coaches full of ladies and gallants. In this equipage, passed the monarch to the Parliament, henceforth exercising his kingly government.

15*th September.* I accompanied Sir Richard Browne, my father-in-law, to the French Court, when he had a favourable audience of the French King, and the Queen, his mother; congratulating the one on his coming to the exercise of his royal charge, and the other's prudent and happy administration during her late regency, desiring both to preserve the same amity for his master, our King, as they had hitherto done, which they both promised, with many civil expressions and words of course upon such occasions. We were accompanied both going and returning by the Introductor of Ambassadors and Aid of Ceremonies. I also saw the audience of Morosini, the Ambassador of Venice, and divers other Ministers of State from German Princes, Savoy, &c. Afterwards, I took a walk in the King's gardens, where I observed that the mall goes the whole square there of next the wall, and bends with an angle so made as to glance the wall; the angle is of stone. There is a basin at the end of the garden fed by a noble fountain and high jetto. There were in it two or three boats, in which the King now and then rows about. In another part is a complete fort, made with bastions, graft, half-moons, ravelins, and furnished with great guns cast on purpose to instruct the King in fortification.

22nd September. Arrived the news of the fatal battle at Worcester, which exceedingly mortified our expectations.

28th. I was showed a collection of books and prints made for the Duke of York.

1st October. The Dean of Peterborough [Dr. Cosin] preached on Job xiii. verse 15, encouraging our trust in God on all events and extremities, and for establishing and comforting some ladies of great quality, who were then to be discharged from our Queen-Mother's service, unless they would go over to the Romish Mass.

The Dean, dining this day at our house, told me the occasion of publishing those Offices, which among the Puritans were wont to be called *Cosin's cozening Devotions*,[1] by way of derision. At the first coming of the Queen into England, she and her French ladies were often upbraiding our religion, that had neither appointed nor set forth any hours of prayer, or breviaries, by which ladies and courtiers, who have much spare time, might edify and be in devotion, as they had. Our Protestant ladies, scandalised it seems at this, moved the matter to the King; whereupon his Majesty presently called Bishop White to him, and asked his thoughts of it, and whether there might not be found some forms of prayer proper on such occasions, collected out of some already approved forms, that so the court-ladies and others (who spend much time in trifling) might at least appear as devout, and be so too, as the new-come-over French ladies, who took occasion to reproach our want of zeal and religion. On which, the Bishop told his Majesty that it might be done easily, and was very necessary; whereupon the King commanded him to employ some person of the clergy to compile such a Work, and presently the Bishop naming Dr. Cosin, the King enjoined him to charge the Doctor in his name to set about it immediately. This the Dean told me he did; and three months after, bringing the book to the King, he commanded the Bishop of London to read it over, and make his report; this was so well liked, that (contrary to former custom of doing it by a chaplain) he would needs give it an *imprimatur* under his own hand. Upon this, there were at first only 200 copies printed; nor, said he, was there anything in the whole book of my own composure, nor did I set any name as author to it, but those necessary prefaces, &c. out of the Fathers, touching the times and seasons of prayer; all the rest being entirely translated and collected out of an *Office* published by authority of Queen Elizabeth, anno 1560, and our own Liturgy. This I rather mention to justify that industrious and Pious Dean, who had exceedingly suffered by it, as if he had done it of his own head to introduce Popery, from which no man was more averse, and one who in this time of temptation and apostacy held and confirmed many to our Church.[1]

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[1] So called by Prynne, in his "brief survey" of this book. The Dean having been sequestered from all his preferments by the Parliament, went abroad to Paris, 1643; and officiated, as we see, in Sir Richard Browne's Chapel there. *Ante*, pp. 254, 257, 266. He is frequently mentioned both in the Diary and Letters of Evelyn, and had a very good library, for the purchase of which Evelyn was in treaty with him. See curious note, iii. 307. On the Restoration he was made Bishop of Durham, to which preferment, as well as to Peter-House, at Cambridge, of which he had been Master, he was a munificent benefactor. He died in 1671, leaving behind him the repute, to which Evelyn makes friendly exception as above, of one of the most Popish of Anglican divines.

29th October. Came news and letters to the Queen and

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[1] The Clergy who attended the English Court in France at this time, and are mentioned to have officiated in Sir Richard Browne's Chapel, were: The Bishop of Galloway; Dr. George Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; Dr. Cosin, Dean of Peterborough, afterwards Bishop of Durham; Dr. Stewart, Dean of St. Paul's; Dr. Earle; Dr. Clare; Dr. Wolley, no great preacher; Mr. Crowder; Dr. Lloyd; Mr. Hamilton; Dr. Duncan.

Sir Richard Browne (who was the first that had intelligence of it) of his Majesty's miraculous escape after the fight at Worcester; which exceedingly rejoiced us.

7th November. I visited Sir Kenelm Digby, with whom I had much discourse on chemical matters. I showed him a particular way of extracting oil of sulphur, and he gave me a certain powder with which he affirmed that he had fixed ☿ (mercury) before the late King. He advised me to try and digest a little better, and gave me a water which he said was only rain-water of the autumnal equinox, exceedingly rectified, very volatile; it had a taste of a strong vitriolic, and smelt like aqua-fortis. He intended it for a dissolvent of calx of gold; but the truth is, Sir Kenelm was an arrant mountebank. Came news of the gallant Earl of Derby's execution by the rebels.

14*th.* Dr. Clare preached on Genesis xxviii. verses 20, 21, 22, upon Jacob's vow, which he appositely applied, it being the first Sunday his Majesty came to chapel after his escape. I went, in the afternoon, to visit the Earl of Norwich; he lay at the Lord of Aubigny's.

16*th.* Visited Dean Stewart, who had been sick about two days; when, going up to his lodging I found him dead; which affected me much, as besides his particular affection and love to me, he was of incomparable parts and great learning, of exemplary life, and a very great loss to the whole church. He was buried the next day with all our church's ceremonies, many noble persons accompanying the corpse.

17*th.* I went to congratulate the marriage of Mrs. Gardner, maid of honour, lately married to that odd person, Sir Henry Wood: but riches do many things.

To see Monsieur Febur's course of chymistry, where I found Sir Kenelm Digby, and divers curious persons of learning and quality. It was his first opening the course and preliminaries, in order to operations.

1st December. I now resolved to return to England.

3*rd.* Sir Lewis Dives dined with us, who relating some of his adventures, showed me divers pieces of broad gold, which, being in his pocket in a fight, preserved his life by receiving a musket-bullet on them, which deadened its violence, so that it went no further; but made such a stroke on the gold as fixed the impressions upon one another, battering and bending several of them; the bullet itself was flatted, and retained on it the colour of the gold. He assured us that of a hundred of them, which it seems he then had in his pocket, not one escaped without some blemish. He affirmed that his being protected by a Neapolitan Prince, who connived at his bringing some horses into France, contrary to the order of the Viceroy, by assistance of some banditti, was the occasion of a difference between those great men, and consequently of the late civil war in that kingdom, the Viceroy having killed the Prince standing on his defence at his own castle. He told me that the second time of the Scots coming into England, the King was six times their number, and might easily have beaten them; but was betrayed, as were all other his designs and counsels, by some, even of his bed-chamber, meaning M. Hamilton, who copied Montrose's letters from time to time when his Majesty was asleep.

11th December. Came to visit me, Mr. Obadiah Walker, of University College, with his two pupils, the sons of my worthy friend, Henry Hyldiard, Esq.,[1] whom I had recommended to his care.

21st. Came to visit my wife, Mrs. Lane,[2] the lady who conveyed the king to the sea-side at his escape from Worcester. Mr. John Cosin, son of the Dean, debauched by the priests, wrote a letter to me to mediate for him with his father.[3] I prepared for my last journey, being now resolved to leave France altogether.

25th. The King and Duke received the Sacrament first by themselves, the Lords Byron and Wilmot holding the long towel all along the altar.

26th December. Came news of the death of that rebel, Ireton.

31st. Preached Dr. Wolley, after which was celebrated the Holy Communion, which I received also, preparative of my journey, being now resolved to leave France altogether, and to return God Almighty thanks for His gracious protection of me this past year.

1651–2. *2nd January.* News of my sister Glanville's death in childbed, which exceedingly affected me.

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[1] Of East Horsley in Surrey.

[2] Sister of Colonel Lane, an English officer in the army of Charles II. dispersed at the battle of Worcester. She assisted the King in effecting his escape after that battle, his Majesty travelling with her disguised as her serving-man, William Jackson.

[3] See "Correspondence," vol. iii. p. 58; and *post*, p. 277.

I went to one Mark Antonio, an incomparable artist in enamelling. He wrought by the lamp figures in boss, of a large size, even to the life, so that nothing could be better moulded. He told us stories of a Genoese jeweller, who had the great *arcanum*, and had made projection before him several times. He met him at Cyprus travelling into Egypt; in his return from whence, he died at sea, and the secret with him, that else he had promised to have left it to him; that all his effects were seized on, and dissipated by the Greeks in the vessel, to an immense value. He also affirmed, that being in a goldsmith's shop at Amsterdam, a person of very low stature came in, and desired the goldsmith to melt him a pound of lead; which done, he unscrewed the pommel of his sword, and taking out of a little box a small quantity of powder, casting it into the crucible, poured an ingot out, which when cold he took up, saying, "Sir, you will be paid for your lead in the crucible," and so went out immediately. When he was gone the goldsmith found four ounces of good gold in it; but could never set eye again on the little man, though he sought all the city for him. Antonio asserted this with great obtestation; nor know I what to think of it, there are so many impostors and people who love to tell strange stories, as this artist did, who had been a great rover, and spoke ten different languages.

13*th*. I took leave of Mr. Waller, who, having been proscribed by the rebels, had obtained of them permission to return, was going to England.

29*th*. Abundance of my French and English friends and some Germans came to take leave of me, and I set out in a coach for Calais, in an exceeding hard frost which had continued some time. We got that night to Beaumont; 30th, to Beauvais; 31st, we found the ways very deep with snow, and it was exceeding cold; dined at Pois; lay at Pernèe, a miserable cottage of miserable people in a wood, wholly unfurnished, but in a little time we had sorry beds and some provision, which they told me they hid in the wood for fear of the frontier enemy, the garrisons near them continually plundering what they had. They were often infested with wolves. I cannot remember that I ever saw more miserable creatures.

1*st February*. I dined at Abbeville; 2nd, dined at Montreuil, lay at Boulogne; 3rd, came to Calais, by eleven in the morning; I thought to have embarked in the evening, but, for fear of pirates plying near the coast, I durst not trust our small vessel, and stayed till Monday following, when two or three lusty vessels were to depart.

I brought with me from Paris Mr. Christopher Wase, sometime before made to resign his Fellowship in King's College, Cambridge, because he would not take the Covenant. He had been a soldier in Flanders, and came miserable to Paris. From his excellent learning, and some relation he had to Sir R. Browne, I bore his charges into England, and clad and provided for him, till he should find some better condition; and he was worthy of it.[1] There came with us also Captain Griffith, Mr. Tyrell, brother to Sir Timothy Tyrrel, of Shotover (near Oxford).

At Calais, I dined with my Lord Wentworth, and met with Mr. Heath, Sir Richard Lloyd, Captain Paine, and divers of our banished friends, of whom understanding that the Count de la Strade, Governor of Dunkirk, was in the town, who had bought my wife's picture, taken by pirates at sea the year before (my wife having sent it for me in England,) as my Lord of Norwich had informed me at Paris, I made my address to him, who frankly told me that he had such a picture in his own bed-chamber amongst other ladies, and how he came by it; seeming well pleased that it was his fortune to preserve it for me, and he generously promised to send it to any friend I had at Dover; I mentioned a French merchant there, and so took my leave.[2]

6th. I embarked early in the packet-boat, but put my goods in a stouter vessel. It was calm, so that we got not to Dover till eight at night. I took horse for Canterbury, and lay at Rochester; next day, to Gravesend, took a pair of oars, and landed at Sayes Court, where I stayed three days to refresh, and look after my packet and goods, sent by a stouter vessel. I went to visit my cousin, Richard Fanshawe, and divers other friends.

6th March. Saw the magnificent funeral of that arch-rebel, Ireton, carried in pomp from Somerset House to Westminster, accompanied with divers regiments of soldiers, horse and foot; then marched the mourners, General Cromwell (his father-in-law), his mock-parliament-men, officers, and forty poor men in gowns, three led horses in housings of black cloth, two led in black velvet, and his charging-horse, all covered over with embroidery and gold, on crimson velvet; then the guidons, ensigns, four heralds, carrying the arms of the State (as they called it), namely, the red cross and Ireland, with the casque, wreath, sword, spurs, &c.; next, a chariot canopied of black velvet and six horses, in which was the corpse; the pall held up by the mourners on foot; the mace and sword, with other marks of his charge in Ireland (where he died of the plague), carried before in black scarfs. Thus, in a grave pace, drums covered with cloth, soldiers reversing their arms, they proceeded through the streets in a very solemn manner. This Ireton was a stout rebel, and had been very bloody to the King's party, witness his severity at Colchester, when in cold blood he put to death those gallant gentlemen, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle. My cousin, R. Fanshawe, came to visit me, and inform me of many considerable affairs. Sir Henry Herbert presented me with his brother, my Lord Cherbury's book, *De Veritate.*

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[1] Evelyn afterwards obtained an employment for him.

[2] The picture was sent accordingly. *Post* p. 278.

9*th.* I went to Deptford, where I made preparation for my settlement, no more intending to go out of England, but endeavour a settled life, either in this or some other place, there being now so little appearance of any change for the better, all being entirely in the rebels' hands; and this particular habitation and the estate contiguous to it (belonging to my father-in-law, actually in his Majesty's service) very much suffering for want of some friend to rescue it out of the power of the usurpers, so as to preserve our interest, and take some care of my other concerns, by the advice and endeavour of my friends I was advised to reside in it, and compound with the soldiers. This I was besides authorised by his Majesty to do, and encouraged with a promise that what was in lease from the Crown, if ever it pleased God to restore him, he would secure to us in fee-farm. I had also addresses and cyphers, to correspond with his Majesty and Ministers abroad: upon all which inducements, I was persuaded to settle henceforth in England, having now run about the world, most part out of my own country, near ten years. I therefore now likewise meditated sending over for my wife, whom as yet I had left at Paris.

14th March. I went to Lewisham, where I heard an honest sermon on 1 Cor. ii. 5–7, being the first Sunday I had been at church since my return, it being now a rare thing to find a priest of the Church of England in a parish pulpit, most of which were filled with Independents and Fanatics.

15th. I saw the Diamond and Ruby launched in the Dock at Deptford, carrying forty-eight brass cannon each; Cromwell and his grandees present, with great acclamations.

18th. That worthy divine, Mr. Owen, of Eltham, a sequestered person, came to visit me.

19th. Invited by Lady Gerrard, I went to London, where we had a great supper; all the vessels, which were innumerable, were of porcelain, she having the most ample and richest collection of that curiosity in England.

22nd. I went with my brother Evelyn to Wotton, to give him what directions I was able about his garden, which he was now desirous to put into some form; but for which he was to remove a mountain overgrown with huge trees and thicket, with a moat within ten yards of the house. This my brother immediately attempted, and that without great cost, for more than a hundred yards south, by digging down the mountain, and flinging it into a rapid stream; it not only carried away the sand, &c., but filled up the moat, and levelled that noble area, where now the garden and fountain is.[1] The first occasion of my brother making this alteration was my building the little retiring place between the great wood eastward next the meadow, where, some time after my father's death, I made a triangular pond, or little stew, with an artificial rock, after my coming out of Flanders.

29th. I heard that excellent prelate, the primate of Ireland (Jacobus Usher) preach in Lincoln's Inn, on Heb. iv. 16, encouraging of penitent sinners.

5th April. My brother George brought to Sayes Court Cromwell's Act of Oblivion to all that would submit to the Government.

13th. News was brought me that Lady Cotton, my brother George's wife, was delivered of a son.

I was moved by a letter out of France to publish the letter which some time since I sent to Dean Cosin's proselyted son; but I did not conceive it convenient, for fear of displeasing her Majesty, the Queen.

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[1] The fountain still remains.

15*th*. I wrote to the Dean, touching my buying his library, which was one of the choicest collections of any private person in England.

The Count de Strade most generously and handsomely sent me the picture of my wife from Dunkirk,[1] in a large tin case, without any charge. It is of Mr. Bourdon, and is that which has the dog in it, and is to the knees, but it has been something spoiled by washing it ignorantly with soap-suds.

25*th*. I went to visit Alderman Kendrick, a fanatic Lord Mayor, who had married a relation of ours, where I met with a Captain who had been thirteen times to the East Indies.

29*th*. Was that celebrated eclipse of the sun, so much threatened by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation that hardly any one would work, nor stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abused by knavish and ignorant star-gazers!

We went this afternoon to see the Queen's house at Greenwich, now given by the rebels to Bulstrode Whitelocke, one of their unhappy counsellors, and keeper of pretended liberties.

10*th May*. Passing by Smithfield, I saw a miserable creature burning, who had murdered her husband. I went to see some workmanship of that admirable artist, Reeves, famous for perspective, and turning curiosities in ivory.

29*th*. I went to give order about a coach to be made against my wife's coming, being my first coach, the pattern whereof I brought out of Paris.

30*th*. I went to obtain of my Lord Devonshire[2] that my nephew, George, might be brought up with my young Lord, his son, to whom I was recommending Mr. Wase. I also inspected the manner of camletting silk and grograms at one Monsieur La Dorées in Moor-fields, and thence to Colonel Morley, one of their Council of State, as then called, who had been my schoolfellow, to request a pass for my wife's safe landing, and the goods she was to bring with her out of France; which he courteously granted, and did me many other kindnesses, that was a great matter in those days.

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[1] See *ante*, pages 247, 275.

[2] William, third Earl. He died in 1684. "My young Lord," with whom Evelyn desired that his nephew George might "be brought up," was his only son, William, created on the 12th May 1694 Marquis of Harlington, and Duke of Devonshire. He was also Knight of the Garter and Lord Steward of the Household.

In the afternoon, at Charlton church, where I heard a Rabinical sermon. Here is a fair monument in black marble of Sir Adam Newton,[1] who built that fair house near it for Prince Henry, and where my noble friend, Sir Henry Newton, succeeded him.

3rd June. I received a letter from Colonel Morley to the Magistrates and Searchers at Rye, to assist my wife at her landing, and show her all civility.

4th. I set out to meet her now on her journey from Paris, after she had obtained leave to come out of that city, which had now been besieged some time by the Prince of Condè's army in the time of the rebellion, and after she had been now near twelve years from her own country, that is, since five years of age, at which time she went over. I went to Rye to meet her, where was an embargo on occasion of the late conflict with the Holland fleet, the two nations being now in war, and which made sailing very unsafe.

On Whit Sunday, I went to the church (which is a very fair one), and heard one of the canters, who dismissed the assembly rudely, and without any blessing. Here I stayed till the 10th with no small impatience, when I walked over to survey the ruins of Winchelsea, that ancient cinq-port, which by the remains and ruins of ancient streets and public structures, discovers it to have been formerly a considerable and large city. There are to be seen vast caves and vaults, walls and towers, ruins of monasteries and of a sumptuous church, in which are some handsome monuments, especially of the Templars, buried just in the manner of those in the Temple at London. This place being now all in rubbish, and a few despicable hovels and cottages only standing, hath yet a Mayor. The sea, which formerly rendered it a rich and commodious port, has now forsaken it.

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[1] Tutor and afterwards secretary to Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., who, in April, 1620, created him a baronet. An admirable scholar. After the death of Prince Henry, Sir Adam Newton was appointed treasurer to Prince Charles, and in 1628 succeeded Lord Brooke as secretary to the Marches of Wales. He died in 1629–30, leaving one son—Evelyn's "noble friend"—Sir Henry Newton, who, on the decease of the last surviving daughter of his uncle, Sir Thomas Pickering, succeeded to his estate and assumed his name.

11*th June*. About four in the afternoon, being at bowls on the green, we discovered a vessel which proved to be that in which my wife was, and which got into the harbour about eight that evening, to my no small joy. They had been three days at sea, and escaped the Dutch fleet, through which they passed, taken for fishers, which was great good fortune, there being seventeen bales of furniture and other rich plunder, which I bless God came all safe to land, together with my wife, and my Lady Browne, her mother, who accompanied her. My wife being discomposed by having been so long at sea, we set not forth towards home till the 14th, when hearing the small-pox was very rife in and about London, and Lady Browne having a desire to drink Tunbridge waters, I carried them thither, and stayed in a very sweet place, private and refreshing, and took the waters myself till the 23rd, when I went to prepare for their reception, leaving them for the present in their little cottage by the Wells.

The weather being hot, and having sent my man on before, I rode negligently under favour of the shade, till, within three miles of Bromley, at a place called the Procession Oak, two cut-throats started out, and striking with long staves at the horse, and taking hold of the reins, threw me down, took my sword, and hauled me into a deep thicket, some quarter of a mile from the highway, where they might securely rob me, as they soon did. What they got of money, was not considerable, but they took two rings, the one an emerald with diamonds, the other an onyx, and a pair of buckles set with rubies and diamonds, which were of value, and after all bound my hands behind me, and my feet, having before pulled off my boots; they then set me up against an oak, with most bloody threats to cut my throat if I offered to cry out, or make any noise; for they should be within hearing, I not being the person they looked for. I told them that if they had not basely surprised me they should not have had so easy a prize, and that it would teach me never to ride near a hedge, since, had I been in the mid-way, they durst not have adventured on me; at which they cocked their pistols, and told me they had long guns, too, and were fourteen companions. I begged for my onyx, and told them it being engraved with my arms would betray them; but nothing prevailed. My horse's bridle they slipped, and searched the saddle, which they pulled off, but let the horse graze, and then turning again bridled him and tied him to a tree, yet so as he might graze, and thus left me bound. My horse was perhaps not taken, because he was marked and cropped on both ears, and well known on that road. Left in this manner, grievously was I tormented with flies, ants, and the sun, nor was my anxiety little how I should get loose in that solitary place, where I could neither hear nor see any creature but my poor horse and a few sheep straggling in the copse.

After near two hours attempting, I got my hands to turn palm to palm, having been tied back to back, and then it was long before I could slip the cord over my wrists to my thumb, which at last I did, and then soon unbound my feet, and saddling my horse and roaming a while about, I at last perceived dust to rise, and soon after heard the rattling of a cart, towards which I made, and, by the help of two countrymen, I got back into the highway. I rode to Colonel Blount's, a great justiciary of the times, who sent out hue and cry immediately. The next morning, sore as my wrists and arms were, I went to London, and got 500 tickets printed and dispersed by an officer of Goldsmiths' Hall, and within two days had tidings of all I had lost, except my sword, which had a silver hilt, and some trifles. The rogues had pawned one of my rings for a trifle to a goldsmith's servant, before the tickets came to the shop, by which means they escaped; the other ring was bought by a victualler, who brought it to a goldsmith, but he having seen the ticket seized the man. I afterwards discharged him on his protestation of innocence. Thus did God deliver me from these villains, and not only so, but restored what they took, as twice before he had graciously done, both at sea and land; I mean when I had been robbed by pirates, and was in danger of a considerable loss at Amsterdam; for which, and many, many signal preservations, I am extremely obliged to give thanks to God my Saviour.

25th June. After a drought of near four months, there fell so violent a tempest of hail, rain, wind, thunder, and lightning, as no man had seen the like in his age; the hail being in some places four or five inches about, brake all glass about London especially at Deptford, and more at Greenwich.

29th. I returned to Tunbridge, and again drank the water, till 10th July.

We went to see the house of my Lord Clanrickarde at Summer-hill, near Tunbridge (now given to that villain, Bradshawe, who condemned the King). 'Tis situated on an eminent hill, with a park; but has nothing else extraordinary.

4th July. I heard a sermon at Mr. Packer's chapel at Groomsbridge,[1] a pretty melancholy seat, well wooded and watered. In this house was one of the French Kings [2] kept prisoner. The chapel was built by Mr. Packer's father, in remembrance of King Charles the First's safe return out of Spain.[3]

9th. We went to see Penshurst, the Earl of Leicester's, famous once for its gardens and excellent fruit, and for the noble conversation which was wont to meet there, celebrated by that illustrious person, Sir Philip Sidney, who there composed divers of his pieces. It stands in a park, is finely watered, and was now full of company, on the marriage of my old fellow collegiate, Mr. Robert Smith, who married my Lady Dorothy Sidney,[4] widow of the Earl of Sunderland.

One of the men who robbed me was taken; I was accordingly summoned to appear against him; and, on the 12th, was in Westminster Hall, but not being bound over, nor willing to hang the fellow, I did not appear, coming only to save a friend's bail; but the bill being found, he was turned over to the Old Bailey. In the mean time, I received a petition from the prisoner, whose father I understood was an honest old farmer in Kent. He was charged with other crimes, and condemned, but reprieved. I heard afterwards that, had it not been for his companion, a younger man, he would probably have killed me. He was afterwards charged with some other crime, but, refusing to plead, was pressed to death.

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[1] In the parish of Speldhurst, in Kent, four miles from Tunbridge. Mr. Packer was Clerk of the Privy Seal to Charles I.

[2] The Duke of Orleans, taken at the battle of Agincourt, 4 Hen. V., by Richard Waller, then owner of this place. See Hasted's Kent, vol. i. p. 431.

[3] With this inscription (according to Hasted, i. p. 432) over the door, "D. O. M. 1625, ob felicissimum Caroli Principis ex Hispaniâ reditum Sacellum hoc D. D. I. P.;" and over it the device of the Prince of Wales.

[4] Waller's Sacharissa, daughter of Philip, Earl of Leicester.

23rd July. Came my old friend, Mr. Spencer, to visit me.

30th. I took advice about purchasing Sir Richard's [Browne] interest of those who had bought Sayes Court.

1st August. Came old Jerome Lennier, of Greenwich, a man skilled in painting and music, and another rare musician, called Mell. I went to see his collection of pictures, especially those of Julio Romano, which surely had been the King's, and an Egyptian figure, &c. There were also excellent things of Polydore, Guido, Raphael, and Tintoretto. Lennier had been a domestic of Queen Elizabeth, and showed me her head, an intaglio in a rare sardonyx, cut by a famous Italian, which he assured me was exceeding like her.

24th. My first child, a son, was born precisely at one o'clock.

2nd September. Mr. Owen, the sequestered divine, of Eltham, christened my son by the name of Richard.

22nd. I went to Woodcott, where Lady Browne was taken with a scarlet fever, and died. She was carried to Deptford, and interred in the church near Sir Richard's relations with all decent ceremonies, and according to the church-office, for which I obtained permission, after it had not been used in that church for seven years. Thus ended an excellent and virtuous lady, universally lamented, having been so obliging on all occasions to those who continually frequented her house in Paris, which was not only an hospital, but an asylum to all our persecuted and afflicted countrymen, during eleven years' residence there in that honourable situation.

25th September. I went to see Dr. Mason's house, so famous for the prospect (for the house is a wretched one) and description of Barclay's *Icon Animarum*.[1]

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[1] The book here referred to is in the British Museum, entitled *Joannis Barclaii Icon Animarum*, and printed at London, 1614, small 12mo. It is written in Latin, and dedicated to Lewis XIII. of France, for what reason does not appear, the author speaking of himself as a subject of this country. It mentions the necessity of forming the minds of youth, as a skilful gardener forms his trees; the different dispositions of men, in different nations; English, Scotch, and Irish,

5th November. To London, to visit some friends, but the insolences were so great in the streets that I could not return till the next day.

Dr. Scarborough[1] was instant with me to give the Tables of Veins and Arteries to the College of Physicians, pretending he would not only read upon them, but celebrate my curiosity as being the first who caused them to be completed in that manner, and with that cost; but I was not so willing yet to part with them, as to lend them to the College during their anatomical lectures; which I did accordingly.

22nd. I went to London, where was proposed to me the promoting that great work (since accomplished by Dr. Walton, Bishop of Chester), *Biblia Polyglotta*, by Mr. Pierson, that most learned divine.

25th December. Christmas-day, no sermon anywhere, no church being permitted to be open, so observed it at home. The next day, we went to Lewisham, where an honest divine preached.

31st. I adjusted all accompts, and rendered thanks to Almighty God for his mercies to me the year past.

1st January, 1652–3. I set apart in preparation for the Blessed Sacrament, which the next day Mr. Owen administered to me and all my family in Sayes Court, preaching on John vi. 32, 33, showing the exceeding benefits of our Blessed Saviour taking our nature upon him. He had christened my son and churched my wife in our own house as before noticed.

17th. I began to set out the oval garden at Sayes Court, which was before a rude orchard, and all the rest one entire field of 100 acres, without any hedge, except the hither holly-hedge joining to the bank of the mount walk. This was the beginning of all the succeeding gardens, walks, groves, enclosures, and plantations there.

&c. Chapter second contains a florid description of the beautiful scenery about Greenwich, but does not mention Dr. Mason, or his house.

[1] Sir Charles Scarborough was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, where he obtained a Fellowship. He afterwards studied medicine; but making himself too conspicuous as a Royalist during the troubles, was deprived of his Fellowship, and found it necessary to retire to Oxford. Subsequently he practised in London as a physician, and at the Restoration received the honour of knighthood, and was named one of the King's physicians. He succeeded Harvey at Surgeons' Hall as lecturer. See "Correspondence," iii. 391.

21st. I went to London, and sealed some of the writings of my purchase of Sayes Court.

30th. At our own parish-church, a stranger preached. There was now and then an honest orthodox man got into the pulpit, and, though the present incumbent was somewhat of the Independent, yet he ordinarily preached sound doctrine, and was a peaceable man; which was an extraordinary felicity in this age.

1st February. Old Alexander Rosse (author of *Virgilius Evangelizans*, and many other little books) presented me with his book against Mr. Hobbes's *Leviathan*.

19th. I planted the orchard at Sayes Court; new moon, wind west.

22nd. Was perfected the sealing, livery and seisin of my purchase of Sayes Court. My brother, George Glanville, Mr. Scudamore, Mr. Offley, Co. William Glanville (son to Serjeant Glanville, sometime Speaker of the House of Commons), Co. Stephens, and several of my friends dining with me. I had bargained for 3200*l.*, but I paid 3500*l.*

25th March. Came to see me that rare graver in *taille-douce*, Monsieur Richett; he was sent by Cardinal Mazarine to make a collection of pictures.

11th April. I went to take the air in Hyde Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they called it.

17th May. My servant Hoare, who wrote those exquisite several hands, fell of a fit of an apoplexy, caused, as I suppose, by tampering with ☿ (mercury) about an experiment in gold.

29th. I went to London, to take my last leave of my honest friend, Mr. Barton, now dying: it was a great loss to me and to my affairs. On the sixth of June, I attended his funeral.

8th June. Came my brother George, Captain Evelyn, the great traveller, Mr. Muschamp, my cousin, Thomas Keightly, and a virtuoso, fastastical Simons,[1] who had the talent of embossing so to the life.

9th. I went to visit my worthy neighbour, Sir Henry Newton [at Charlton], and consider the prospect, which is doubtless for city, river, ships, meadows, hill, woods, and all other amenities, one of the most noble in the world; so as, had the house running water, it were a princely seat. Mr. Henshaw and his brother-in-law came to visit me, and he presented me with a seleniscope.

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[1] Thomas Simons, a strange eccentric person, but a most excellent modeller after life, and engraver of medals.

19th. This day, I paid all my debts to a farthing; oh, blessed day!

21st. My Lady Gerrard, and one Esquire Knight, a very rich gentleman, living in Northamptonshire, visited me.

23rd. Mr. Lombart, a famous graver, came to see my collections.

27th. Monsieur Roupel sent me a small phial of his *aurum potabile*, with a letter, showing the way of administering it, and the stupendous cures it had done at Paris; but, ere it came to me, by what accident I know not, it was all run out.

17th August. I went to visit Mr. Hyldiard, at his house at Horsley (formerly the great Sir Walter Raleigh's [1]), where met me Mr. Oughtred, the famous mathematician; he showed me a box, or golden case, of divers rich and aromatic balsams, which a chymist, a scholar of his, had sent him out of Germany.

21st. I heard that good old man, Mr. Higham, the parson of the parish of Wotton where I was born, and who had baptised me, preach after his very plain way on Luke, comparing this troublesome world to the sea, the ministers to the fishermen, and the saints to the fish.

22nd. We all went to Guildford, to rejoice at the famous inn, the Red Lion, and to see the Hospital, and the monument of Archbishop Abbot, the founder, who lies buried in the chapel of his endowment.

28th September. At Greenwich preached that holy martyr, Dr. Hewer, on Psalm xc. 11, magnifying the grace of God to penitents, and threatening the extinction of his Gospel light for the prodigious impiety of the age.

11th October. My son, John Stansfield, was born, being my second child, and christened by the name of my mother's father, that name now quite extinct, being of Cheshire. Christened by Mr. Owen, in my library at Sayes Court, where he afterwards churched my wife, I always making use of him on these occasions, because the parish minister durst not have officiated according to the form and usage of the Church of England, to which I always adhered.

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[1] Evelyn is here in error: Mr. Hyldiard was of East Horsley, Sir Walter of West.

25th. Mr. Owen preached in my library at Sayes Court on Luke xviii. 7, 8, an excellent discourse on the unjust judge, showing why Almighty God would sometimes be compared by such similitudes. He afterwards administered to us all the Holy Sacrament.

28th. Went to London, to visit my Lady Gerrard, where I saw that cursed woman called the Lady Norton, of whom it was reported that she spit in our King's face as he went to the scaffold. Indeed, her talk and discourse was like an impudent woman.

21st November. I went to London, to speak with Sir John Evelyn, my kinsman, about the purchase of an estate of Mr. Lambard's at Westeram, which afterwards Sir John himself bought for his son-in-law, Leech.

4th December. Going this day to our church, I was surprised to see a tradesman, a mechanic, step up; I was resolved yet to stay and see what he would make of it. His text was from 2 Sam. xxiii. 20: "And Benaiah went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in the time of snow;" the purport was, that no danger was to be thought difficult when God called for shedding of blood, inferring that now the saints were called to destroy temporal governments; with such feculent stuff; so dangerous a crisis were things grown to.

25th. Christmas-day. No churches, or public assembly. I was fain to pass the devotions of that Blessed day with my family at home.

1653–4. *20th January.* Come to see my old acquaintance and the most incomparable player on the Irish harp, Mr. Clark,[1] after his travels. He was an excellent musician, a discreet gentleman, born in Devonshire (as I remember). Such music before or since did I never hear, that instrument being neglected for its extraordinary difficulty; but, in my judgment, far superior to the lute itself, or whatever speaks with strings.

25th. Died my son, J. Stansfield, of convulsion-fits; buried at Deptford on the east corner of the church, near his mother's great-grandfather, and other relatives.

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[1] See under the year 1688, November, vol. ii. p. 38.

8th February. Ash-Wednesday. In contradiction to all custom and decency, the usurper, Cromwell feasted at the Lord Mayor's, riding in triumph through the city.

14th. I saw a tame lion play familiarly with a lamb; he was a huge beast, and I thrust my hand into his mouth and found his tongue rough like a cat's; a sheep also with six legs, which made use of five of them to walk; a goose that had four legs, two crops, and as many vents.

29th March. That excellent man, Mr. Owen, preached in my library on Matt. xxviii. 6, a resurrection-sermon, and after it we all received the Holy Communion.

6th April. Came my Lord Herbert, Sir Kenelm Digby, Mr. Denham, and other friends, to see me.

15th. I went to London, to hear the famous Dr. Jeremy Taylor (since Bishop of Down and Connor) at St. Gregory's (near St. Paul's) on Matt. vi. 48, concerning evangelical perfection.

5th May. I bound my lackey, Thomas Headley, apprentice to a carpenter, giving with him five pounds and new clothing; he thrived very well, and became rich.

8th. I went to Hackney, to see Lady Brook's garden, which was one of the neatest and most celebrated in England, the house well furnished, but a despicable building. Returning, visited one Mr. Tomb's garden; it has large and noble walks, some modern statues, a vineyard, planted in strawberry borders, staked at ten feet distances; the banqueting-house of cedar, where the couch and seats were carved *à l'antique;* some good pictures in the house, especially one of Vandyke's, being a man in his shirt; also some of Stenwyck. I also called at Mr. Ducie's, who has indeed a rare collection of the best masters, and one of the largest stories of H. Holbein. I also saw Sir Thomas Fowler's aviary, which is a poor business.

10th. My Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden,[1] now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Garden, which, till now, had been the usual rendezvous for the ladies and gallants at this season.

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[1] Mulberry Garden stood on the site of what is now Buckingham Palace and Gardens, a garden of mulberry trees having been planted there by James the First. The houses which preceded Buckingham Palace on the site, were Goring House, Arlington House, and the Queen's House, the latter having been pulled down to erect the present building. Sedley made the Mulberry Garden the subject of a comedy, and it was not closed, as a place of entertainment, until the date of Charles the Second's grant of it to Bennet, Earl of Arlington, in 1673.

11*th*. I now observed how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing, and used only by prostitutes.

14*th*. There being no such thing as church-anniversaries in the parochial assemblies, I was forced to provide at home for Whit Sunday.

15*th*. Came Sir Robert Stapylton, the translator of "Juvenal," to visit me.[1]

8*th June*. My wife and I set out in a coach and four horses, in our way to visit relations of hers in Wiltshire, and other parts, where we resolved to spend some months. We dined at Windsor, saw the Castle and Chapel of St. George, where they have laid our blessed Martyr, King Charles, in the *vault just before the altar*. The church and workmanship in stone is admirable. The Castle itself is large in circumference; but the rooms melancholy, and of ancient magnificence. The keep, or mount, hath, besides its incomparable prospect, a very profound well; and the terrace towards Eton, with the park, meandering Thames, and sweet meadows, yield one of the most delightful prospects. That night, we lay at Reading. Saw my Lord Craven's[2] house at Causam [Caversham], now in ruins, his goodly woods felling by the Rebels.

9*th*. Dined at Marlborough, which having been lately fired, was now new built. At one end of this town, we saw my Lord Seymour's house,[1] but nothing observable save the Mount, to which we ascended by windings for near half a mile. It seems to have been cast up by hand. We passed by Colonel Popham's, a noble seat, park, and river. Thence, to Newbury, a considerable town, and Donnington, famous for its battle, siege, and castle; this last had been in the possession of old Geoffrey Chaucer. Then to Aldermaston, a house of Sir Humphrey Forster's, built *à la moderne*. Also, that exceedingly beautiful seat of my Lord Pembroke, on the ascent of a hill, flanked with wood, and regarding the river; and so, at night, to Cadenham, the mansion of Edward Hungerford, Esq., uncle to my wife, where we made some stay. The rest of the week we did nothing but feast and make good cheer, to welcome my wife.

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[1] A member of a Yorkshire Catholic family, who obtained the post of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince Charles (Charles II.), occasionally varying his duties by fighting against the Parliamentarians and writing books. For his services at Edgehill, Charles I. conferred on him the honour of knighthood; and, at about the same period, he was made LL.D. at Oxford. At the Restoration, Sir Robert Stapylton appeared as a writer of plays, poems, and translations. He died in 1669.

[2] William, eldest son of Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London, who, after a good deal of service under Gustavus Adolphus and Henry Prince of Orange, distinguished himself against the forces of the Parliament, and was created by Charles I., in 1663, Viscount and Earl Craven. He survived all the changes of the government, and, in the latter years of his life, acquired some celebrity from an odd peculiarity of taste. He was so sure to be at any conflagration that occurred in London, that the people said his horse "smelt a fire as soon as it happened." He died, April 9th, 1697, at the advanced age of eighty-eight.

27th. We all went to see Bath, where I bathed in the cross bath. Among the rest of the idle diversions of the town, one musician was famous for acting a changeling, which indeed he personated strangely.

The *facciata* of this cathedral is remarkable for its historical carving. The King's Bath is esteemed the fairest in Europe. The town is entirely built of stone, but the streets narrow, uneven and unpleasant. Here, we trifled and bathed, and inter-visited with the company who frequent the place for health, till the 30th, and then went to Bristol, a city emulating London, not for its large extent, but manner of building, shops, bridge, traffic, exchange, market-place, &c. The governor showed us the castle, of no great concernment. The city wholly mercantile, as standing near the famous Severn, commodiously for Ireland, and the Western world. Here, I first saw the manner of refining sugar and casting it into loaves, where we had a collection of eggs fried in the sugar furnace,[2] together with excellent Spanish wine. But, what appeared most stupendous to me, was the rock of St. Vincent, a little distance from the town, the precipice whereof is equal to anything of that nature I have seen in the most confragose cataracts of the Alps, the river gliding between them at an extraordinary depth. Here, we went searching for diamonds, and to the Hot Wells, at its foot. There is also on the side of this horrid Alp a very romantic seat: and so we returned to Bath in the evening, and July 1 to Cadenham.

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[1] Now the famous inn there.

[2] A kind of entertainment like the more modern one of eating beef-steaks dressed on the stoker's shovel, and drinking porter, at the famous brewhouses in London.

4th July. On a letter from my wife's uncle, Mr. Pretyman, I waited back on her to London, passing by Hungerford, a town famous for its trouts, and the next day arrived at Deptford, which was 60 miles, in the extremity of heat.

6th. I went early to London, and the following day met my wife and company at Oxford, the eve of the Act.

8th. Was spent in hearing several exercises in the schools; and, after dinner, the Proctor opened the Act at St. Mary's (according to custom), and the Prevaricators, their drollery. Then, the Doctors disputed. We supped at Wadham College.

9th. Dr. French preached at St. Mary's, on Matt. xii. 42, advising the students the search after true wisdom, not to be had in the books of philosophers, but in the Scriptures alone. In the afternoon, the famous Independent, Dr. Owen, perstringeing[1] Episcopacy. He was now Cromwell's Vice-Chancellor. We dined with Dr. Ward, Mathematical Professor (since Bishop of Sarum),[2] and at night supped in Baliol College Hall, where I had once been student and fellow-commoner, and where they made me extraordinarily welcome.

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[1] From the Latin verb *perstringo*, to graze or brush, to glance on.

[2] Seth Ward, the son of an attorney, was born in 1617, at Buntingford, in Hertfordshire, and finished his education at Sidney College, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship, but was expelled the university in 1644, for refusing the covenant. Oxford, as usual, received him; where he succeeded Greaves, the Savilian Professor of Astronomy; and in 1654, obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was intimately acquainted with the abstract sciences, and was one of that limited band of scholars at whose meetings first arose the idea of the Royal Society, in which Evelyn took so deep an interest and so active a part. He was elected Master of Trinity in 1659, which, however, he resigned, when presented with the Rectory of St. Lawrence Jewry, London. In succession he also became Precentor of Exeter, Dean, and Bishop, from which see, in 1667, he was translated to Salisbury, and was named Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. Dr. Ward wrote numerous works illustrative of mathematical science and of astronomy, and opposed Hobbes in a Latin Treatise: he also published several sermons, and a Philosophical Essay on the Being and Attributes of God. He died in 1689, having for some years outlived his faculties.

10*th*. On Monday, I went again to the schools, to hear the several faculties, and in the afternoon tarried out the whole Act in St. Mary's, the long speeches of the Proctors, the Vice-Chancellor, the several Professors, creation of Doctors, by the cap, ring, kiss, &c., those ancient ceremonies and institution being as yet not wholly abolished. Dr. Kendal, now Inceptor amongst others, performing his Act incomparably well, concluded it with an excellent oration, abating his Presbyterian animosities, which he withheld, not even against that learned and pious divine, Dr. Hammond. The Act was closed with the speech of the Vice-Chancellor, there being but four in theology, and three in medicine, which was thought a considerable matter, the times considered. I dined at one Monsieur Fiats, a student of Exeter College, and supped at a magnificent entertainment of, Wadham Hall, invited by my dear and excellent friend, Dr. Wilkins,[1] then Warden (after, Bishop of Chester).

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[1] John Wilkins was the son of an Oxford goldsmith, and was born in 1614, at Paisley, near Daventry, in the house of his grandfather, John Dodd, a celebrated nonconformist divine, and author of a work on the Commandments, which obtained him the name of the Decalogist. Young Wilkins was educated at Oxford, for the ministry, matriculated at New Inn Hall, in 1627, and afterwards graduated at Magdalen Hall. Aubrey says he was as eager for experimental philosophy at Oxford as Lord Bacon had been at Cambridge. As a divine he was early in repute, and received the domestic chaplaincy of the Count Palatine of the Rhine; but this did not prevent him from subsequently adopting the covenant. He then took part with the republic, and by his discourses entirely gained the confidence of its leaders; through whose influence he was elected head of Wadham College, and, obtaining a privilege to dispense with the condition of celibacy attached to that particular mastership, married in 1656, Robinia, the sister of Oliver Cromwell. Even his popular sympathies, however, failed to withdraw him from the cultivation of science; for at the most troubled period preceding the execution of Charles, he established a philosophical club, held weekly at the Bull's Head Tavern, Cheapside, of which the principal rule was a prohibition of "all discourses of divinity, of state affairs, and of news, other than what concerned our business of philosophy." Again assisted by his wife's relations, in 1659, he was appointed to the headship of Trinity College, Cambridge; but this proved the last of their good offices, the restoration of the King ensuing in the following year. Dr. Wilkins had meanwhile propitiated the Church party by acts of care and kindness for the privileges of his university while he was in power, and he had no difficulty, when he had intimated the necessary change in his opinions, in obtaining the favour of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the means of Church advancement. He was first

11th July. Was the Latin sermon, which I could not be at, though invited, being taken up at All Souls, where we had music, voices, and theorbos, performed by some ingenious scholars. After dinner, I visited that miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew to the Bishop of Ely. Then Mr. Barlow (since Bishop of Lincoln), bibliothecarius of the Bodleian Library, my most learned friend. He showed us the rarities of that most famous place, manuscripts, medals, and other curiosities. Among the MSS. an old English Bible, wherein the Eunuch mentioned to be baptized by Philip, is called the Gelding: "and Philip and the Gelding went down into the water," &c. The original Acts of the Council of Basil 900 years since, with the bulla, or leaden affix, which has a silken cord passing through every parchment; a MS. of Venerable Bede of 800 years antiquity; the old Ritual *secundum usum Sarum*, exceeding voluminous; then, among the nicer curiosities, the Proverbs of Solomon, written in French by a lady,[1] every

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appointed preacher to the societies of Gray's Inn; then rector of St. Lawrence, Old Jewry; afterwards dean of Ripon; and finally, in 1668, Bishop of Chester. In the course of these duties he found leisure to write several works, both scientific and religious; and no one acquainted with the peculiarities of thinking in his age, will consider it any grave imputation on his love for philosophy and practical science that he should have advocated the practicability of a passage to the moon, in a work published in 1638, under the title of "The Discovery of a New World, or a Discourse on the World in the Moon," which he followed in 1640 with a treatise striving to prove the earth a new planet. His other scientific writings were entitled "Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger," published in 1641; "Mathematical Magic, or the Wonders to be performed by Mechanical Geometry," published in 1648; and "An Essay towards a real Character and Philosophical Language." His religious works were, "Ecclesiastes, or the Gift of Preaching," "A Discourse concerning Providence," an essay "On the Principles and Duties of Natural Religion," and another "On the Gift of Prayer." Bishop Wilkins also materially assisted in the establishment of the Royal Society (the first germ of which may be said to have existed in the Bull's Head Club); and devoted himself to the advancement of religion and science till his death, which took place November 19, 1672, in Chancery Lane, at the house of his daughter, who had married a still more eminent member of the church, Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Tillotson. Evelyn was strongly attached to Wilkins, notwithstanding his early connection with the revolutionary party; and the feeling was more than justified by the many estimable qualities of this remarkable man.

[1] Mrs. Esther English, married to Bartholomew Kello, rector of Willinghall Spain, in Essex. An account of her curious penmanship is given in Massey's Origin and Progress of Letters.

chapter of a several character, or hand, the most exquisite imaginable; an hieroglyphical table, or carta, folded up like a map, I suppose it painted on asses' hide, extremely rare; but, what is most illustrious, there were no less than 1000 MSS., in nineteen languages, especially oriental, furnishing that new part of the library built by Archbishop Laud, from a design of Sir Kenelm Digby and the Earl of Pembroke. In the closet of the tower, they show some Indian weapons, urns, lamps, &c., but the rarest is the whole Alcoran, written on one large sheet of calico, made up in a priest's vesture, or cope, after the Turkish and Arabic character, so exquisitely written, as no printed letter comes near it: also, a roll of magical charms, divers talismans, and some medals.

Then, I led my wife into the Convocation-House, finely wainscoted; the Divinity School, and Gothic carved roof; the Physic, or Anatomy School, adorned with some rarities of natural things; but nothing extraordinary save the skin of a jackal, a rarely-coloured jackatoo, or prodigious large parrot, two humming birds, not much bigger than our humble-bee, which indeed I had not seen before, that I remember.

12th July. We went to St. John's, saw the library and the two skeletons, which are finely cleansed and put together; observable is here also the store of mathematical instruments, chiefly given by the late Archbishop Laud, who built here a handsome quadrangle.

Thence, we went to New College, where the chapel was in its ancient garb, notwithstanding the scrupulosity of the times. Thence, to Christ's Church, in whose library was showed us an Office of Henry VIII., the writing, miniatures, and gilding whereof is equal, if not surpassing, any curiosity I had seen of that kind; it was given by their founder, Cardinal Wolsey. The glass windows of the cathedral (famous in my time) I found much abused. The ample hall and column, that spreads its Capital to sustain the roof as one goes up the stairs, is very remarkable.

Next, we walked to Magdalen College, where we saw the library and chapel, which was likewise in pontifical order, the altar only I think turned tablewise, and there was still the double organ, which abominations (as now esteemed) were almost universally demolished; Mr. Gibbon, that famous musician, giving us a taste of his skill and talents on that instrument.

Hence, to the Physic Garden, where the sensitive plant was showed us for a great wonder. There grew canes, olive-trees, rhubarb, but no extraordinary curiosities, besides very good fruit, which, when the ladies had tasted, we returned in our coach to our lodgings.

13*th.* We all dined at that most obliging and universally-curious Dr. Wilkins's, at Wadham College. He was the first who showed me the transparent apiaries, which he had built like castles and palaces, and so ordered them one upon another, as to take the honey without destroying the bees. These were adorned with a variety of dials, little statues, vanes, &c.; and, he was so abundantly civil, finding me pleased with them, to present me with one of the hives which he had empty, and which I afterwards had in my garden at Sayes Court, where it continued many years, and which his Majesty came on purpose to see and contemplate with much satisfaction. He had also contrived a hollow statue, which gave a voice and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth,[1] whilst one speaks through it at a good distance. He had, above in his lodgings and gallery, variety of shadows, dials, perspectives, and many other artificial, mathematical, and magical curiosities, a way-wiser, a thermometer, a monstrous magnet, conic, and other sections, a balance on a demi-circle; most of them of his own, and that prodigious young scholar Mr. Christopher Wren; who presented me with a piece of white marble, which he had stained with a lively red, very deep, as beautiful as if it had been natural.

Thus satisfied with the civilities of Oxford, we left it, dining at Farringdon, a town which had been newly fired during the wars; and, passing near the seat of Sir Walter Pye, we came to Cadenham.

16*th.* We went to another uncle and relative of my wife's, Sir John Glanville, a famous lawyer, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons; his seat is at Broad Hinton, where he now lived but in the Gatehouse, his very fair dwelling-house having been burnt by his own hands, to prevent the rebels making a garrison of it. Here, my cousin William Glanville's eldest son shewed me such a lock for a door, that for its filing, and rare contrivances was a masterpiece, yet made by a country blacksmith.[1] But, we have seen watches made by another with as much curiosity as the best of that profession can brag of; and, not many years after, there was nothing more frequent than all sorts of iron-work more exquisitely wrought and polished than in any part of Europe, so as a door-lock of a tolerable price was esteemed a curiosity even among foreign princes.

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[1] Such were the speaking figures long ago exhibited in Spring Gardens, and in Leicester Fields.

Went back to Cadenham, and, on the 19th, to Sir Edward Baynton's at Spie Park, a place capable of being made a noble seat; but the humorous old knight has built a long single house of two low stories on the precipice of an incomparable prospect, and landing on a bowling-green in the park. The house is like a long barn, and has not a window on the prospect side. After dinner, they went to bowls, and, in the meantime, our coachmen were made so exceeding drunk, that in returning home we escaped great dangers. This, it seems, was by order of the Knight, that all gentlemen's servants be so treated; but the custom is barbarous, and much unbecoming a Knight, still less a Christian.

20th July. We proceeded to Salisbury; the Cathedral I take to be the completest piece of Gothic work in Europe, taken in all its uniformity. The pillars, reputed to be cast, are of stone manifestly cut out of the quarry; most observable are those in the chapter-house. There are some remarkable monuments, particularly the ancient Bishops, founders of the Church, Knights Templars, the Marquis of Hertford's, the cloisters of the palace and garden, and the great mural dial.

In the afternoon we went to Wilton, a fine house of the Earl of Pembroke, in which the most observable are the dining-room in the modern-built part towards the garden, richly gilded and painted with story, by De Crete; also, some other apartments, as that of hunting landscapes, by Pierce:[2] some magnificent chimney-pieces, after the best

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[1] A similar lock is still shown at Hampden, affixed to the door of the room (one of the few still remaining of the older building) which the patriot is said to have occupied and slept in.

[2] Edward Pierce, a celebrated painter of history, landscape, and achitecture, who worked under Vandyke. He died a few years after the Restoration. One of his sons, John, was also a painter.

French manner; a pair of artificial winding-stairs, of stone, and divers rare pictures. The garden, heretofore esteemed the noblest in England, is a large handsome plain, with a grotto and water-works, which might be made much more pleasant, were the river that passes through cleansed and raised; for all is effected by a mere force. It has a flower garden, not inelegant. But, after all, that which renders the seat delightful is, its being so near the downs and noble plains about the country contiguous to it. The stables are well ordered and yield a graceful front, by reason of the walks of lime-trees, with the court and fountain of the stables adorned with the Cæsars' heads.

We returned this evening by the plain, and 14-mile race, where out of my lord's hare-warren we were entertained with a long course of a hare for near two miles in sight. Near this, is a *pergola*, or stand, built to view the sports: and so we came to Salisbury, and saw the most considerable parts of the city. The market-place, with most of the streets, are watered by a quick current and pure stream running through the middle of them, but are negligently kept, when with a small charge they might be purged and rendered infinitely agreeable, and this made one of the sweetest towns, but now the common buildings are despicable, and the streets dirty.

22nd July. We departed and dined at a farm of my Uncle Hungerford's, called Darnford Magna, situated in a valley under the plain, most sweetly watered, abounding in trouts catched by spear in the night, when they come attracted by a light set in the stern of a boat.

After dinner, continuing our return, we passed over the goodly plain, or rather sea of carpet, which I think for evenness, extent, verdure, and innumerable flocks, to be one of the most delightful prospects in nature, and reminded me of the pleasant lives of shepherds we read of in romances.

Now we were arrived at Stone-henge, indeed a stupendous monument, appearing at a distance like a castle; how so many and huge pillars of stone should have been brought together, some erect, others transverse on the tops of them, in a circular area as rudely representing a cloister or heathen and more natural temple, is wonderful. The stone is so exceeding hard, that all my strength with a hammer could not break a fragment; which hardness I impute to their so long exposure. To number them exactly is very difficult, they lie in such variety of postures and confusion, though they seemed not to exceed 100; we counted only 95. As to their being brought thither, there being no navigable river near, is by some admired; but for the stone, there seems to be the same kind about 20 miles distant, some of which appear above ground. About the same hills, are divers mounts raised (conceived to be ancient entrenchments, or places of burial), after bloody fights. We now went by the Devizes, a reasonable large town, and came late to Cadenham.

27th July. To the hunting of a sorel deer, and had excellent chase for four or five hours, but the venison little worth.

29th. I went to Langford, to see my cousin Stephens. I also saw Dryfield, the house heretofore of Sir John Pretyman, grandfather to my wife, and sold by her uncle; both the seat and house very honourable and well-built, much after the modern fashion.

31st. Taking leave of Cadenham, where we had been long and nobly entertained, we went a compass into Leicestershire, where dwelt another relation of my wife's; for I indeed made these excursions to show her the most considerable parts of her native country, who, from her childhood, had lived altogether in France, as well as for my own curiosity and information.

About two miles before coming to Gloucester, we have a prospect from woody hills into a most goodly vale and country. Gloucester is a handsome city, considerable for the church and monuments. The minster is indeed a noble fabric. The whispering gallery is rare, being through a passage of twenty-five yards, in a many-angled cloister, and was, I suppose, either to show the skill of the architect, or some invention of a cunning priest, who, standing unseen in a recess in the middle of the chapel, might hear whatever was spoken at either end. This is above the choir, in which lies buried King Stephen[1] under a moument of Irish oak, not ill carved considering the age. The new library is a noble though a private design. I was likewise pleased with the Severn gliding so sweetly by it. The Duke's house, the castle works, are now almost quite dismantled; nor yet without sad thoughts did I see the town, considering how fatal the siege had been a few years before to our good King.

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[1] King Stephen was buried at Faversham. The effigy Evelyn alludes to is that of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy.

1st August. We set out towards Worcester, by a way thick planted with cider-fruit. We deviated to the Holy Wells, trickling out of a valley through a steep declivity towards the foot of the great Malvern Hills; they are said to heal many infirmities, as king's evil, leprosy, sore eyes, &c. Ascending a great height above them to the trench dividing England from South Wales, we had the prospect of all Herefordshire, Radnor, Brecknock, Monmouth, Worcester, Gloucester, Shropshire, Warwick, Derbyshires, and many more. We could discern Tewkesbury, King's-road, towards Bristol, &c.; so as I esteem it one of the goodliest vistas in England.

2nd. This evening we arrived at Worcester, the Judges of Assize and Sheriff just entering as we did. Viewing the town the next day, we found the Cathedral much ruined by the late wars, otherwise a noble structure. The town is neatly paved and very clean, the goodly river Severn running by it, and standing in a most fertile country.

3rd. We passed next through Warwick, and saw the castle, the dwelling-house of the Lord Brook, and the furniture noble. It is built on an eminent rock which gives prospect into a most goodly green, a woody and plentifully watered country; the river running so delightfully under it, that it may pass for one of the most surprising seats one should meet with. The gardens are prettily disposed; but might be much improved. Here they show us Sir Guy's great two-handed sword, staff, horse-arms, pot, and other relics of that famous knight-errant. Warwick is a fair old town, and hath one church full of ancient monuments.

Having viewed these, I went to visit my worthy friend, Sir H. Puckering, at the Abbey, and though a melancholy old seat, yet in a rich soil.

Hence, to Sir Guy's grot, where they say he did his penances, and died. It is a squalid den made in the rock, crowned yet with venerable oaks and looking on a goodly stream, so as, were it improved as it might be, it were capable of being made a most romantic and pleasant place. Near this, we were showed his chapel and gigantic statue hewn out of the solid rock, out of which there are likewise divers other caves cut, and some very capacious.

The next place to Coventry. The Cross is remarkable for Gothic work and rich gilding, comparable to any I had ever seen, except that of Cheapside in London, now demolished. This city has many handsome churches, a beautiful wall, a fair free-school and library to it; the streets full of great shops, clean and well-paved. At going forth the gate, they show us the bone, or rib, of a wild boar, said to have been killed by Sir Guy, but which I take to be the chine of a whale.

4th August. Hence, riding through a considerable part of Leicestershire, an open, rich, but unpleasant country, we came late in the evening to Horninghold, a seat of my wife's uncle.[1]

7th. Went to Uppingham, the shire-town of Rutland, pretty and well-built of stone, which is a rarity in that part of England, where most of the rural parishes are but of mud, and the people living as wretchedly as in the most impoverished parts of France, which they much resemble, being idle and sluttish. The country (especially Leicestershire) much in common; the gentry free drinkers.

9th. To the old and ragged city of Leicester, large and pleasantly seated, but despicably built, the chimney-flues like so many smiths' forges; however, famous for the tomb of the tyrant, Richard the Third, which is now converted to a cistern, at which, (I think) cattle drink. Also, here in one of the churches lies buried the magnificent Cardinal Wolsey. John of Gaunt has here also built a large but poor Hospital, near which a wretch has made him a house out of the ruins of a stately church. Saw the ruins of an old Roman Temple, thought to be of Janus. Entertained at a very fine collection of fruits, such as I did not expect to meet with so far North, especially very good melons. We returned to my uncle's.

14th. I took a journey into the Northern parts, riding through Oakham, a pretty town in Rutlandshire, famous for the tenure of the Barons (Ferrers), who hold it by taking off a shoe from every nobleman's horse that passes with his lord through the street, unless redeemed with a certain piece of money. In token of this, are several gilded shoes nailed up on the castle-gate,[2] which seems to have been large and fair. Hence, we went by Brook, a very sweet seat and park of the old Lady Camden's. Next, by Burleigh House, belonging to the Duke of Buckingham,[1] and worthily reckoned among the noblest seats in England, situate on the brow of a hill, built *à la moderne* near a park walled in, and a fine wood at the descent.

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[1] Doubtless Mr. Hungerford (*ante*, p. 290). Sir Edward Hungerford, K.B., presented to the vicarage of Horninghold, in 1676.

[2] A shoe was paid for so late as the year 1788, by the Duke of York.

Now we were come to Cottsmore, a pretty seat belonging to Mr. Heath, son to the late Lord Chief Justice of that name. Here, after dinner, parting with the company that conducted us thus far, I passed that evening by Belvoir Castle, built on a round mount at the point of a long ridge of hills, which affords a stately prospect, and is famous for its strenuous resistance in the late civil war.

Went by Newark-on-Trent, a brave town and garrison. Next, by Wharton House, belonging to the Lord Chaworth, a handsome seat: then, by Home, a noble place belonging to the Marquis of Dorchester, and passed the famous river Trent, which divides the South from the North of England; and so lay that night at Nottingham.

This whole town and county seems to be but one entire rock, as it were, an exceeding pleasant shire, full of gentry. Here, I observed divers to live in the rocks and caves, much after the manner as about Tours, in France.[2] The church is well built on an eminence; there is a fair house of the Lord Clare's, another of Pierrepont's; an ample market-place; large streets, full of crosses; the relics of an ancient castle, hollowed beneath which are many caverns, especially that of the Scots' King, and his work whilst there.

This place is remarkble for being the place where his Majesty first erected his standard at the beginning of our late unhappy differences. The prospects from this city towards the river and meadows are most delightful.

15*th August*. We passed next through Sherwood Forest, accounted the most extensive in England. Then, Paplewick, an incomparable vista with the pretty castle near it. Thence, we saw Newstead Abbey,[3] belonging to the Lord

[1] Called Burleigh-on-the-Hill, to distinguish it from the Earl of Exeter's, near Stamford. The Duke of Buckingham sold it to the family of Finch, Earls of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

[2] See *ante*, p. 72.

[3] An ancient house, which has passed from the old family it then and since belonged to, but not till it had derived, from the last Byron who dwelt in it, associations that have given it an undying interest.

Byron, situated much like Fontainebleau in France, capable of being made a noble seat, accommodated as it is with brave woods and streams; it has yet remaining the front of a glorious abbey church. Next, by Mansfield town; then Welbeck, the house of the Marquis of Newcastle, seated in a bottom in a park, and environed with woods, a noble yet melancholy seat. The palace is a handsome and stately building. Next to Worksop Abbey, almost demolished; the church has a double flat tower entire, and a pretty gate. The manor belongs to the Earl of Arundel, and has to it a fair house at the foot of a hill in a park that affords a delicate prospect. Tickel, a town and castle, has a very noble prospect. All these in Nottinghamshire.

16*th August.* We arrived at Doncaster, where we lay this night; it is a large fair town, famous for great wax-lights, and good stockings.

17*th.* Passed through Pontefract; the castle, famous for many sieges both of late and ancient times, and the death of that unhappy King murdered in it (Richard II.), was now demolishing by the Rebels; it stands on a mount, and makes a goodly show at a distance. The Queen has a house here, and there are many fair seats near it, especially Mr. Pierrepont's, built at the foot of a hill out of the castle ruins. We all alighted in the highway to drink at a crystal spring which they call Robin Hood's Well; near it, is a stone chair, and an iron ladle to drink out of, chained to the seat. We rode to Tadcaster, at the side of which we have prospect of the Archbishop's Palace (which is a noble seat), and in sight of divers other gentlemen's fair houses. This tract is a goodly, fertile, well-watered and wooded country, abounding with pasture and plenty of provisions.

To York, the second city of England, fairly walled, of a circular form, watered by the brave river Ouse, bearing vessels of considerable burthen on it; over it is a stone bridge emulating that of London, and built on; the middle arch is larger than any I have seen in England, with a wharf of hewn stone, which makes the river appear very neat. But most remarkable and worthy seeing is St. Peter's Cathedral, which of all the great churches in England had been best preserved[1] from the fury of the sacrilegious, by composition with the Rebels when they took the city, during the many incursions of Scotch and others. It is a most entire magnificent piece of Gothic architecture. The screen before the choir is of stone carved with flowers, running work, and statues of the old kings. Many of the monuments are very ancient. Here, as a great rarity in these days and at this time, they showed me a Bible and Common Prayer-Book covered with crimson velvet, and richly embossed with silver gilt; also a service for the altar of gilt wrought plate, flagons, basin, ewer, chalices, patins, &c., with a gorgeous covering for the altar and pulpit, carefully preserved in the vestry, in the hollow wall whereof rises a plentiful spring of excellent water. I got up to the tower, whence we had a prospect towards Durham, and could see Ripon, part of Lancashire, the famous and fatal Marston Moor, the Spas of Knaresborough, and all the environs of that admirable country. Sir —— Ingoldsby has here a large house, gardens, and tennis-court; also the King's house and church near the castle, which was modernly fortified with a palisade and bastions. The streets are narrow and ill-paved, the shops like London.

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[1] To Fairfax belongs this praise.

18th August. We went to Beverley, a large town with two stately churches, St. John's and St. Mary's, not much inferior to the best of our Cathedrals. Here a very old woman showed us the monuments, and, being above 100 years of age, spake the language of Queen Mary's days, in whose time she was born; she was widow of a sexton who had belonged to the church a hundred years.

Hence, we passed through a fenny but rich country to Hull, situate like Calais, modernly and strongly fortified with three block-houses of brick and earth. It has a good market-place and harbour for ships. Famous also (or rather infamous) is this town for Hotham's refusing entrance to his Majesty. The water-house is worth seeing. And here ends the south of Yorkshire.

19th. We pass the Humber, an arm of the sea of about two leagues breadth. The weather was bad, but we crossed it in a good barge to Barton, the first town in that part of Lincolnshire. All marsh ground till we came to Brigg, famous for the plantations of licorice, and then had brave pleasant riding to Lincoln, much resembling Salisbury Plain. Lincoln is an old confused town, very long, uneven, steep, and ragged; formerly full of good houses, especially churches and abbeys. The Minster almost comparable to that of York itself, abounding with marble pillars, and having a fair front (herein was interred Queen Eleanora, the loyal and loving wife who sucked the poison out of her husband's wound); the abbot founder, with rare carving in the stone; the great bell, or Tom, as they call it. I went up the steeple, from whence is a goodly prospect all over the country. The soldiers had lately knocked off most of the brasses from the grave-stones, so as few inscriptions were left; they told us that these men went in with axes and hammers, and shut themselves in, till they had rent and torn off some barge-loads of metal, not sparing even the monuments of the dead; so hellish an avarice possessed them: besides which, they exceedingly ruined the city.

Here, I saw a tall woman six feet two inches high, comely, middle-aged, and well-proportioned, who kept a very neat and clean ale-house, and got most by people's coming to see her on account of her height.

20th August. From hence we had a most pleasant ride over a large heath open like Salisbury Plain, to Grantham, a pretty town, so well situated on the side of a bottom which is large and at a distance environed with ascending grounds, that for pleasure I consider it comparable to most inland places of England; famous is the steeple for the exceeding height of the shaft, which is of stone.

About eighteen miles South, we pass by a noble seat, and see Boston at a distance. Here, we came to a parish of which the parson hath tithe ale.

Thence through Rutland, we brought night to Horninghold, from whence I set out on this excursion.

22nd. I went a setting and hawking, where we had tolerable sport.

25th. To see Kirby, a very noble house of my Lord Hatton's, in Northamptonshire, built *à la moderne;* the garden and stables agreeable, but the avenue ungraceful, and the seat naked: returned that evening.

27th. Mr. Allington preached an excellent discourse from Romans vi. 19. This was he who published those bold sermons of the members warring against the mind, or the Jews crucifying Christ, applied to the wicked regicides; for which he was ruined. We had no sermon in the afternoon.

30th. Taking leave of my friends, who had now feasted me more than a month, I, with my wife, &c., set our faces towards home, and got this evening to Peterborough, passing by a stately palace (Thorpe) of St. John's (one deep in the blood of our good king), built out of the ruins of the Bishop's palace and cloister. The church is exceeding fair, full of monuments of great antiquity. Here lies Queen Catherine, the unhappy wife of Henry VIII., and the no less unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. On the steeple, we viewed the fens of Lincolnshire, now much inclosed and drained with infinite expense, and by many sluices, cuts, mounds, and ingenious mills, and the like inventions; at which the city and country about it consisting of a poor and very lazy sort of people, were much displeased.

Peterborough is a handsome town, and hath another well-built church.

31*st.* Through part of Huntingdonshire, we passed that town, fair and ancient, a river running by it. The country about it so abounds in wheat that, when any King of England passes through it, they have a custom to meet him with a hundred ploughs.

This evening, to Cambridge; and went first to St. John's College, well built of brick, and library, which I think is the fairest of that University. One Mr. Benlowes [1] has given it all the ornaments of pietra commessa,[2] whereof a table and one piece of perspective is very fine; other trifles there also be of no great value, besides a vast old song-book, or Service, and some fair manuscripts. There hangs in the library the picture of John Williams, Archbishop of York, sometime Lord Keeper, my kinsman, and their great benefactor.

Trinity College is said by some to be the fairest quadrangle of any university in Europe; but in truth is far inferior to that of Christ Church, in Oxford; the hall is ample and of stone, the fountain in the quadrangle is graceful, the chapel and library fair. There they showed us the prophetic manuscript of the famous Grebner, but the passage and emblem which they would apply to our late King, is manifestly relating to the Swedish; in truth, it seems to be a mere fantastic rhapsody, however the title may bespeak strange revelations. There is an office in manuscript with fine miniatures, and some other antiquities, given by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VIII., and the before-mentioned Archbishop Williams, when Bishop of Lincoln. The library is pretty well stored. The Greek Professor had me into another large quadrangle cloistered and well-built, and gave us a handsome collation in his own chamber.

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[1] Edward Benlowes, a writer of verses esteemed in his time, born of a good family in Essex, and inheritor of a good estate, which he wasted by improvident liberality, and continual buying of curiosities, as Wood says. See the *Fasti*, 876.

[2] Marble, inlaid of various colours, representing flowers, birds, &c.

Thence to Caius, and afterwards to King's College, where I found the chapel altogether answered expectation, especially the roof all of stone, which for the flatness of its laying and carving may, I conceive, vie with any in Christendom. The contignation of the roof (which I went upon), weight, and artificial joining of the stones is admirable. The lights are also very fair. In one aisle lies the famous Dr. Collins, so celebrated for his fluency in the Latin tongue. From this roof we could descry Ely, and the encampment of Sturbridge fair now beginning to set up their tents and booths; also Royston, Newmarket, &c., houses belonging to the King. The library is too narrow.

Clare-Hall is of a new and noble design, but not finished.

Peter-House, formerly under the government of my worthy friend, Dr. Joseph Cosin, Dean of Peterborough;[1] a pretty neat college, having a delicate chapel. Next to Sidney, a fine college.

Catherine-Hall, though a mean structure, is yet famous for the learned Bishop Andrews, once Master. Emanuel College, that zealous house, where to the hall they have a parlour for the Fellows. The chapel is reformed, *ab origine,* built north and south, and meanly erected, as is the library.

Jesus-College, one of the best built, but in a melancholy situation. Next to Christ-College, a very noble erection, especially the modern part, built without the quadrangle towards the gardens, of exact architecture.

The Schools are very despicable, and Public Library but mean, though somewhat improved by the wainscoting and books lately added by the Bishop Bancroft's library and MSS. They showed us little of antiquity, only King James's Works, being his own gift, and kept very reverently.

The market-place is very ample, and remarkable for old

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[1] Ejected from all his preferments, in 1640 or 1641. Afterwards Bishop of Durham. See "Correspondence," iii. 58.

Hobson the pleasant carrier's beneficence of a fountain.[1] But the whole town is situate in a low dirty unpleasant place, the streets ill-paved, the air thick and infected by the fens, nor are its churches, (of which St. Mary's is the best) anything considerable in compare to Oxford.[2]

From Cambridge, we went to Audley-End, and spent some time in seeing that goodly place built by Howard, Earl of Suffolk, once Lord Treasurer. It is a mixed fabric, betwixt antique and modern, but observable for its being completely finished, and without comparison is one of the stateliest palaces in the kingdom. It consists of two courts, the first very large, winged with cloisters. The front had a double entrance; the hall is fair, but somewhat too small for so august a pile. The kitchen is very large, as are the cellars arched with stone, very neat and well disposed; these offices are joined by a wing out of the way very handsomely. The gallery is the most cheerful, and I think one of the best in England; a fair dining-room, and the rest of the lodgings answerable, with a pretty chapel. The gardens are not in order, though well inclosed. It has also a bowling-alley, a noble well-walled, wooded, and watered park, full of fine *collines* and ponds: the river glides before the palace, to which is an avenue of lime-trees, but all this is much diminished by its being placed in an obscure bottom. For the rest, it is a perfectly uniform structure, and shows without like a diadem, by the decorations of the cupolas and other ornaments on the pavilions; instead of rails and balusters, there is a border of capital letters, as was lately also on Suffolk-House, near Charing-Cross, built by the same Lord Treasurer.[3]

This house stands in the parish of Saffron Walden, famous for the abundance of saffron there cultivated, and esteemed the best of any foreign country.

3rd October. Having dined here, we passed through Bishop Stortford, a pretty watered town, and so by London, late home to Sayes Court, after a journey of 700 miles, but for the variety an agreeable refreshment after my turmoil and building.

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[1] A conduit it should rather be called.

[2] The reader must remember that an Oxford man is speaking.

[3] Suffolk House, afterwards Northumberland House. At the funeral of Anne of Denmark, a young man was killed by the fall of the letter S from the border of capital letters here mentioned by Evelyn.

10th. To my brother at Wotton, who had been sick.

14th. I went to visit my noble friend, Mr. Hyldiard, where I met that learned gentleman, my Lord Aungier,[1] and Dr. Stokes, one of his Majesty's Chaplains.

15th. To Betchworth Castle, to Sir Ambrose Browne, and other gentlemen of my sweet and native country.

24th. The good old parson, Higham, preached at Wotton Church: a plain preacher, but innocent and honest man.[2]

23rd November. I went to London, to visit my cousin Fanshawe, and this day I saw one of the rarest collections of agates, onyxes, and intaglios, that I had ever seen either at home or abroad, collected by a conceited old hat-maker in Blackfriars, especially one agate vase, heretofore the great Earl of Leicester's.

28th. Came Lady Langham, a kinswoman of mine, to visit us; also one Captain Cooke, esteemed the best singer, after the Italian manner, of any in England; he entertained us with his voice and theorbo.

31st. My birth-day, being the 34th year of my age: blessing God for His providence, I went to London to visit my brother.

3rd December. Advent Sunday. There being no Office at the church but extemporary prayers after the Presbyterian way, for now all forms were prohibited, and most of the preachers were usurpers, I seldom went to church upon solemn feasts; but, either went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestered Divines did privately use the Common Prayer, administer sacraments, &c., or else I procured one to officiate in my house; wherefore, on the 10th, Dr. Richard Owen, the sequestered minister of Eltham, preached to my family in my library, and gave us the holy Communion.

25th. Christmas-day. No public offices in churches, but penalties on observers, so I was constrained to celebrate it at home.

1654-5. *1st January.* Having with my family performed the public offices of the day, and begged a blessing on the year I was now entering, I went to keep the rest of Christmas at my brother's, R. Evelyn, at Woodcot.

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[1] Gerald, eldest son of Sir Francis Aungier, Master of the Rolls in 1609, and created Baron Aungier in the Irish peerage in 1621. He died in 1655, and was succeeded by his nephew, Francis, afterwards created Earl of Longford. Evelyn more than once celebrates his learning.

[2] See *ante*, p. 286.

19th. My wife was brought to bed of another son, being my third, but second living. Christened[1] on the 26th by the name of John.

28th. A stranger preached from Colossians iii. 2, inciting our affections to the obtaining heavenly things. I understood afterwards that this man had been both Chaplain and Lieutenant to Admiral Penn, using both swords; whether ordained or not I cannot say; into such times were we fallen!

24th February. I was showed a table-clock whose balance was only a crystal ball, sliding on parallel wires, without being at all fixed, but rolling from stage to stage till falling on a spring concealed from sight, it was thrown up to the utmost channel again, made with an imperceptible declivity, in this continual vicissitude of motion prettily entertaining the eye every half minute, and the next half giving progress to the hand that showed the hour, and giving notice by a small bell, so as in 120 half minutes, or periods of the bullet's falling on the ejaculatory spring, the clock-part struck. This very extraordinary piece (richly adorned) had been presented by some German Prince to our late King, and was now in possession of the Usurper; valued at 200*l.*

2nd March. Mr. Simpson, the King's jeweller, showed me a most rich agate cup, of an escalop-shape, and having a figure of Cleopatra at the scroll, her body, hair, mantle, and veil, of the several natural colours. It was supported by a half Mark Antony, the colours rarely natural, and the work truly antique, but I conceived they were of several pieces; had they been all of one stone, it were invaluable.

18th. Went to London, on purpose to hear that excellent preacher, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, on Matt. xiv. 17, showing what were the conditions of obtaining eternal life: also, concerning abatements for unavoidable infirmities, how cast on the accounts of the cross. On the 31st, I made a visit to Dr. Jeremy Taylor, to confer with him about some spiritual matters, using him thenceforward as my ghostly father. I beseech God Almighty to make me ever mindful of, and thankful for, His heavenly assistances!

2nd April. This was the first week, that, my uncle Pretyman being parted with his family from me, I began housekeeping, till now sojourning with him in my own house.

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[1] At Deptford. See Lysons, iv. 376.

9th. I went to see the great ship newly built by the Usurper, Oliver, carrying ninety-six brass-guns, and 1000 tons burthen. In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foot, a Scot, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Fame held a laurel over his insulting head; the word, *God with us.*

15th. I went to London with my family, to celebrate the feast of Easter. Dr. Wild preached at St. Gregory's; the ruling Powers conniving at the use of the Liturgy, &c., in this church alone. In the afternoon, Mr. Pierson (since Bishop of Chester) preached at Eastcheap, but was disturbed by an alarm of fire, which about this time was very frequent in the City.

29th May. I sold Preston to Colonel Morley.

17th June. There was a collection for the persecuted churches and Christians in Savoy, remnants of the ancient Albigenses.

3rd July. I was showed a pretty Terella, described with all the circles, and showing all the magnetic deviations.

14th. Came Mr. Pratt, my old acquaintance at Rome, also Sir Edward Hales, Sir Joseph Tufton, with Mr. Seymour.

1st August. I went to Dorking, to see Mr. Charles Howard's amphitheatre, garden, or solitary recess,[1] being fifteen acres environed by a hill. He showed us divers rare plants, caves, and an elaboratory.

10th. To Albury, to visit Mr. Howard, who had begun to build, and alter the gardens much. He showed me many rare pictures, particularly the Moor on horseback; Erasmus, as big as the life, by Holbein; a Madonna, in miniature, by Oliver; but, above all, the Skull, carved in wood, by Albert Durer, for which his father was offered 100*l.*; also Albert's head, by himself, with divers rare agates, intaglios, and other curiosities.

21st. I went to Ryegate, to visit Mrs. Cary, at my Lady Peterborough's, in an ancient monastery well in repair, but the park much defaced; the house is nobly furnished. The chimney-piece in the great chamber, carved in wood, was of Henry VIII., and was taken from an house of his in Bletchingley. At Ryegate, was now the Archbishop of Armagh, the learned James Usher, whom I went to visit. He received me exceeding kindly. In discourse with him, he told me how great the loss of time was to study much the Eastern languages; that, excepting Hebrew, there was little fruit to be gathered of exceeding labour; that, besides some mathematical books, the Arabic itself had little considerable; that the best text was the Hebrew Bible; that the Septuagint was finished in seventy days, but full of errors, about which he was then writing; that St. Hierome's was to be valued next the Hebrew; also that the seventy translated the Pentateuch only, the rest was finished by others; that the Italians at present understood but little Greek, and Kircher was a mountebank; that Mr. Selden's best book was his *Titles of Honour;* that the Church would be destroyed by sectaries, who would in all likelihood bring in Popery. In conclusion, he recommended to me the study of philology, above all human studies; and so, with his blessing, I took my leave of this excellent person, and returned to Wotton.

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[1] Now called Deepdene, the seat of Mr. Hope.

27th. I went to Boxhill, to see those rare natural bowers, cabinets, and shady walks in the box-copses: hence we walked to Mickleham, and saw Sir F. Stidolph's seat, environed with elm-trees and walnuts innumerable, and of which last he told us they received a considerable revenue. Here are such goodly walks and hills shaded with yew and box, as render the place extremely agreeable, it seeming from these ever-greens to be summer all the winter.

28th August. Came that renowned mathematician, Mr. Oughtred [1] to see me, I sending my coach to bring him to Wotton, being now very aged. Amongst other discourse, he told me he thought water to be the philosopher's first matter, and that he was well persuaded of the possibility of their elixir; he believed the sun to be a material fire, the moon a continent, as appears by the late Selenographers; he had strong apprehensions of some extraordinary event to happen the following year, from the calculation of coincidence with the diluvian period; and added that it might possibly be to convert the Jews by our Saviour's visible appearance, or to judge the world; and therefore, his word was, *Parate in occursum;* he said original sin was not met with in the Greek Fathers, yet he believed the thing; this was from some discourse on Dr. Taylor's late book, which I had lent him.

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[1] Rector of Albury. Some capital prints of him exist, by Hollar.

16*th September.* Preached at St. Gregory's one Darnel, on Psalm iv. 4, concerning the benefit of self-examination; more learning in *so short a time as an hour* I have seldom heard.

17*th.* Received 2600*l.* of Mr. Hurt, for the Manor of Warley Magna, in Essex, purchased by me some time since. The taxes were so intolerable that they eat up the rents, &c., surcharged as that county had been above all others during our unnatural war.

19*th.* Came to see me Sir Edward Hales, Mr. Ashmole, Mr. Harlakenton, and Mr. Thornhill: and, the next day, I visited Sir Henry Newton, at Charlton, where I met the Earl of Winchelsea and Lady Beauchamp, daughter to the Lord Capel.

On Sunday afternoon, I frequently staid at home to catechise and instruct my family, those exercises universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity; all devotion being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and national things.

26*th.* I went to see Colonel Blount's subterranean warren, and drank of the wine of his vineyard, which was good for little.

31*st.* Sir Nicholas Crisp came to treat with me about his vast design of a mole [1] to be made for ships in my part of my grounds at Sayes Court.

3*rd November.* I had accidentally discourse with a Persian and a Greek concerning the devastation of Poland by the late incursion of the Swedes.

27*th.* To London, about Sir Nicholas Crisp's designs. I went to see York House and gardens, belonging to the former great Buckingham, but now much ruined through neglect.[2]

Thence, to visit honest and learned Mr. Hartlib,[3] a public spirited and ingenious person, who had propagated many useful things and arts. He told me of the castles which they set for ornament on their stoves in Germany (he himself being a Lithuanian, as I remember), which are furnished with small ordnance of silver on the battlements, out of which they discharge excellent perfumes about the rooms, charging them with a little powder to set them on fire, and disperse the smoke: and, in truth, no more than need, for their stoves are sufficiently nasty. He told me of an ink that would give a dozen copies, moist sheets of paper being pressed on it, and remain perfect; and a receipt how to take off any print without the least injury to the original. This gentleman was master of innumerable curiosities, and very communicative. I returned home that evening by water, and was afflicted for it with a cold that had almost killed me.

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[1] See *post*, under January 16, 1662, p. 368.

[2] The Duke's names and titles are still preserved in the buildings erected on the site: as in George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street.

[3] Samuel Hartlib. Mr. Todd, in his Life of Milton, prefixed to the last Edition of his Poetical Works, observes that "a Life of Hartlib

This day, came forth the Protector's Edict, or Proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching any schools, in which he imitated the apostate, Julian; with the decimation of all the royal party's revenues throughout England.

14*th December*. I visited Mr. Hobbes, the famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom I had been long acquainted in France.

Now were the Jews admitted.

25*th*. There was no more notice taken of Christmas-day in churches.

I went to London, where Dr. Wild preached the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day; after which,

is a desideratum in English Biography:" there are ample materials for it in the publications of the time.

Samuel Hartlib is believed to have been born in Poland. He arrived in England about the year 1630, and attained some celebrity in 1641 by the publication of a work describing some recent attempts to create a general union of Protestants of all denominations. Cromwell, gratified with his labours for the advancement of civilization, presented him with an annual pension of 100*l*., subsequently augmented to 300*l*. With this assistance he founded a school for the education of gentlemen's sons; and published several works on agriculture. But he had thus exhausted his resources; and at the Restoration, when his pension was stopped, he fell into great distress. Many of his contemporaries regarded Hartlib with the same admiration as Evelyn, and Milton addressed to him his "Tractate on Education." Subsequent mention is made of him in the notes to Evelyn's "Correspondence." See vol. iii. pp. 115, 131, 389, 391.

Cromwell's proclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach, or administer Sacraments, teach schools, &c., on pain of imprisonment, or exile. So this was the mournfullest day that in my life I had seen, or the Church of England herself, since the Reformation; to the great rejoicing of both Papist and Presbyter.[1] So pathetic was his discourse, that it drew many tears from the auditory. Myself, wife, and some of our family, received the Communion; God make me thankful, who hath hitherto provided for us the food of our souls as well as bodies! The Lord Jesus pity our distressed Church, and bring back the captivity of Zion!

1655-6. 5*th January*. Came to visit me my Lord Lisle, son to the Earl of Leicester, with Sir Charles Ouseley, two of the Usurper's council; Mr. John Hervey, and John Denham, the poet.

18*th*. Went to Eltham on foot, being a great frost, but a mist falling as I returned, gave me such a rheum as kept me within doors near a whole month after.

5*th February*. Was showed me a pretty perspective and well represented in a triangular box, the great Church of Haarlem in Holland, to be seen through a small hole at one of the corners, and contrived into a handsome cabinet. It was so rarely done, that all the artists and painters in town flocked to see and admire it.

10*th February*. I heard Dr. Wilkins[2] preach before the Lord Mayor in St. Paul's, showing how obedience was preferable to sacrifice. He was a most obliging person, who had married the Protector's sister, and took great pains to preserve the Universities from the ignorant sacrilegious commanders and soldiers, who would fain have demolished all places and persons that pretended to learning.

11*th*. I ventured to go to Whitehall, where of many years I had not been, and found it very glorious and well furnished, as far as I could safely go, and was glad to find they had not much defaced that rare piece of Henry VII., &c., done on the walls of the King's privy chamber.

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[1] The text was 2 Cor. xiii. 9. That, however persecution dealt with the Ministers of God's Word, they were still to pray for the flock, and wish their perfection, as it was the flock to pray for and assist their pastors, by the example of St. Paul.—*Evelyn's Note*.

[2] Afterwards Bishop of Chester.

14th. I dined with Mr. Berkeley, son of Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, where I renewed my acquaintance with my Lord Bruce, my fellow-traveller in Italy.

19th. Went with Dr. Wilkins to see Barlow, the famous painter of fowls, beasts, and birds.[1]

4th March. This night I was invited by Mr. Roger L'Estrange[2] to hear the incomparable Lubicer on the violin. His variety on a few notes and plain ground, with that wonderful dexterity, was admirable. Though a young man, yet so perfect and skilful, that there was nothing, however cross and perplexed, brought to him by our artists, which he did not play off at sight with ravishing sweetness and improvements, to the astonishment of our best masters. In sum, he played on the single instrument a full concert, so as the rest flung down their instruments, acknowledging the victory. As to my own particular, I stand to this hour amazed that God should give so great perfection to so young a person. There were at that time as excellent in their profession as any were thought to be in Europe, Paul Wheeler, Mr. Mell, and others, till this prodigy appeared. I can no longer question the effects we read of in David's harp to charm evil spirits, or what is said some particular notes produced in the passions of Alexander, and that King of Denmark.

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[1] Francis Barlow. He occasionally painted portraits. He died in 1702.

[2] Afterwards knighted; and licenser of the press to Charles II., and James II., in whose Parliament he was returned for Winchester. He was the author of several works, chiefly translations; was a fierce and reckless advocate of high Church principles; and established a newspaper called the *Public Intelligencer*, which he afterwards changed to *London Gazette*, and ultimately to a paper called the *Observator*. In the latter he so excelled even himself in the fury of his assaults on the Whigs, that Evelyn, who hated intemperance in all parties, became obliged to confess, though he thought L'Estrange " a person of excellent parts, abating some affectations," that his " pretence to serve the Church of England " involved a still stronger suspicion of " gratifying another party." He possessed courage enough to oppose the infamous Titus Oates, when that worthy was terrifying everyone (including the King) that held opposite opinions to himself; and when James II., whom he had supported in his claim to a dispensing power, assumed the mask of toleration, L'Estrange quarrelled also with him. Pepys describes him as a man of fine conversation, most courtly, and full of compliments; but seeking his society for the purpose of obtaining news. He was known among the courtiers by the *sobriquet* of " Oliver's fiddler," owing to a report, which he strenuously denied, that he had once performed on the violin in the presence of the Protector. Queen Mary entertained a great antipathy to him, and, by transposing the letters of his name, gave him the appellation of " Lying Strange Roger." He died in 1704, aged eighty-eight.

12th April. Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Robert Boyle (that excellent person and great virtuoso),[1] Dr. Taylor, and Dr. Wilkins, dined with me at Sayes Court, when I presented Dr. Wilkins with my rare burning-glass. In the afternoon, we all went to Colonel Blount's, to see his new-invented ploughs.

22nd. Came to see Mr. Henshaw and Sir William Paston's son, since Earl of Yarmouth.[2] Afterwards, I went to see his Majesty's house at Eltham, both palace and chapel in miserable ruins, the noble woods and park destroyed by Rich, the rebel.

6th May. I brought Monsieur le Franc, a young French Sorbonnist, a proselyte, to converse with Dr. Taylor; they fell to dispute on original sin, in Latin, upon a book newly published by the Doctor, who was much satisfied with the young man. Thence, to see Mr. Dugdale, our learned antiquary and herald. Returning, I was showed the three vast volumes of Father Kircher's, *Obeliscus Pamphilius* and *Ægyptiacus;* in the second volume, I found the hieroglyphic I first communicated and sent to him at Rome by the hands of Mr. Henshaw, whom he mentions; I designed it from the stone itself brought me to Venice from Cairo by Captain Powell.[3]

7th. I visited Dr. Taylor, and prevailed on him to propose Monsieur le Franc to the Bishop that he might have

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[1] Fifth surviving son of Richard Boyle, styled "the great Earl of Cork," and born at Lismore, in Ireland, January 25, 1626–7. He was travelling on the continent, when the death of his father, who had bequeathed to him the Dorsetshire property and other estates, brought him back to England in 1644, and the remainder of his life was spent in the study of natural philosophy, wherein he made many important discoveries, and obtained the reputation, both at home and abroad, of being one of the greatest philosophers of his age. He died December 30, 1691. His name occurs too frequently in the Diary, and the letters of Evelyn (one of which contains a most elaborate and finished picture of this "friend of forty years"), to justify any further allusion to him in this place.

[2] Sir Robert Paston, Bart., who obtained great reputation as a Royalist commander, and for whose services Charles II., on 15th August, 1673, created him Baron Paston, and Viscount Yarmouth. And in 1674 he was made Earl of Yarmouth, and died July 30 of the same year. He was reputed a good scholar.

[3] See *ante*, p. 210.

Orders, I having sometime before brought him to a full consent to the Church of England, her doctrine and discipline, in which he had till of late made some difficulty; so he was this day ordained both deacon and priest by the Bishop of Meath. I paid the fees to his lordship, who was very poor and in great want; to that necessity were our clergy reduced! In the afternoon, I met Alderman Robinson, to treat with Mr. Papillion about the marriage of my cousin, George Tuke, with Mrs. Fontaine.

8th. I went to visit Dr. Wilkins, at Whitehall, when I first met with Sir P. Neal, famous for his optic glasses. Greatorix, the mathematical instrument maker, showed me his excellent invention to quench fire.

12th. Was published my Essay on Lucretius,[1] with innumerable errata by the negligence of Mr. Triplet, who undertook the correction of the press in my absence. Little of the Epicurean philosophy was then known amongst us.

28th. I dined with Nieuport, the Holland Ambassador, who received me with extraordinary courtesy. I found him a judicious, crafty, and wise man. He gave me excellent cautions as to the danger of the times, and the circumstances our nation was in. I remember the observation he made upon the ill success of our former Parliaments, and their private animosities, and little care of the public.

Came to visit me the old Marquis of Argyle (since executed),[2] Lord Lothian, and some other Scotch noblemen, all strangers to me. Note, the Marquis took the turtle-doves in the aviary for owls.

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[1] A translation into English verse of the first book only, the frontispiece to which was designed by Mrs. Evelyn. Prefixed to the copy in the library at Wotton, is this note in his own handwriting: "Never was book so abominably misused by printer: never copy so negligently surveyed by one who undertook to look over the proof-sheets with all exactness and care; namely, Dr. Triplet, well known for his ability, and who pretended to oblige me in my absence, and so readily offered himself. This good yet I received by it, that publishing it vainly, its ill success at the printer's discouraged me with troubling the world with the rest." And see "Correspondence," iii. 75, 76.

[2] Archibald, eighth Earl, created Marquis of Argyle, November 15, 1641. In the subsequent troubles he took his place at the head of the Scotch Covenanters, and did so much damage to Charles I.'s cause, that the wrong was not considered to have been expiated by his subsequent proclamation of Charles II. Evelyn, who knew him well, calls him a "turbulent" man; and at the Restoration, having been convicted of high treason, he had his head struck off by the maiden, at the market-cross of Edinburgh, on the 27th of May, 1661.

The Earl of Southampton (since Treasurer)[1] and Mr. Spencer, brother to the Earl of Sunderland, came to see my garden.

7th July. I began my journey to see some parts of the north-east of England; but the weather was so excessive hot and dusty, I shortened my progress.

8th. To Colchester, a fair town, but now wretchedly demolished by the late siege, especially the suburbs, which were all burnt, but were then repairing. The town is built on a rising ground, having fair meadows on one side, and a river with a strong ancient castle, said to have been built by King Coilus, father of Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, of whom I find no memory save at the pinnacle of one of their wool-staple houses, where is a statue of Coilus, in wood, wretchedly carved. The walls are exceeding strong, deeply trenched, and filled with earth. It has six gates, and some watch-towers, and some handsome churches. But what was showed us as a kind of miracle, at the outside of the Castle, the wall where Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, those valiant and noble persons who so bravely behaved themselves in the last siege, were barbarously shot, murdered by Ireton in cold blood, after surrendering on articles; having been disappointed of relief from the Scotch army, which had been defeated with the King at Worcester. The place was bare of grass for a large space, all the rest of it abounding with herbage. For the rest, this is a ragged and factious town, now swarming with sectaries. Their trading is in cloth with the Dutch, and baize and says with Spain; it is the only place in England where these stuffs are made unsophisticated. It is also famous for oysters and eringo root, growing hereabout, and candied for sale.

Went to Dedham, a pretty country town, having a very fair church, finely situated, the valley well watered. Here, I met with Dr. Stokes, a young gentleman, but an excellent mathematician. This is a clothing town, as most are in Essex, but lies in the unwholesome hundreds.

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[1] Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl, a distinguished Royalist, who at the Restoration was created a Knight of the Garter, and appointed Lord Treasurer. His second daughter, Rachel, was the wife of the patriot, Lord William Russell. He married three times. By his second wife, Frances, daughter of Francis, Earl of Chichester, who died in 1644, he succeeded to that title; but dying without male issue, May 16, 1667, all his honours became extinct. Evelyn enjoyed much of his hospitality, and characterises him as a person of extraordinary parts, but a valetudinarian.

Hence to Ipswich, doubtless one of the sweetest, most pleasant, well-built towns in England. It has twelve fair churches, many noble houses, especially the Lord Devereux's; a brave quay, and commodious harbour, being about seven miles from the main; an ample market-place. Here was born the great Cardinal Wolsey, who began a palace here, which was not finished.

I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here in prison; a new fanatic sect, of dangerous principles, who show no respect to any man, magistrate, or other, and seem a melancholy, proud sort of people, and exceedingly ignorant. One of these was said to have fasted twenty days; but another, endeavouring to do the like, perished on the 10th, when he would have eaten, but could not.

10*th July.* I returned homeward, passing again through Colchester; and, by the way, near the ancient town of Chelmsford, saw New Hall, built in a park by Henry VII. and VIII., and given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Sussex, who sold it to the late great Duke of Buckingham, and since seized on by Oliver Cromwell (pretended Protector). It is a fair old house, built with brick, low, being only of two stories, as the manner then was; the gate-house better; the court, large and pretty; the staircase, of extraordinary wideness, with a piece representing Sir Francis Drake's action in the year 1580, an excellent sea-piece; the galleries are trifling; the hall is noble; the garden a fair plot, and the whole Seat well acccommodated with water; but, above all, I admired the fair avenue planted with stately lime trees, in four rows, for near a mile in length. It has three descents, which is the only fault, and may be reformed. There is another fair walk of the same at the mall and wilderness, with a tennis-court, and pleasant terrace towards the park, which was well stored with deer and ponds.

11*th.* Came home by Greenwich ferry, where I saw Sir J. Winter's project of charring sea-coal, to burn out the sulphur, and render it sweet. He did it by burning the coals in such earthen pots as the glass-men melt their metal, so firing them without consuming them, using a bar of iron in each crucible, or pot, which bar has a hook at one end, that so the coals being melted in a furnace with other crude sea-coals under them, may be drawn out of the pots sticking to the iron, whence they are beaten off in great half-exhausted cinders, which being re-kindled, make a clear pleasant chamber-fire, deprived of their sulphur and arsenic malignity. What success it may have, time will discover.[1]

3rd August. I went to London, to receive the Blessed Sacrament, the first time the Church of England was reduced to a chamber and conventicle; so sharp was the persecution. The parish-churches were filled with sectaries of all sorts, blasphemous and ignorant mechanics usurping the pulpits everywhere. Dr. Wild[2] preached in a private house in Fleet-street, where we had a great meeting of zealous Christians, who were generally much more devout and religious than in our greatest prosperity. In the afternoon, I went to the French Church in the Savoy, where I heard Monsieur d'Espagne catechise, and so returned to my house.

20th. Was a confused election of Parliament called by the Usurper.

7th September. I went to take leave of my excellent neighbour and friend, Sir H. Newton and lady, now going to dwell at Warwick; and Mr. Needham, my dear and learned friend, came to visit me.[3]

14th. Now was old Sir Henry Vane[4] sent to Carisbrook Castle, in Wight, for a foolish book he published; the pretended Protector fortifying himself exceedingly, and sending many to prison.

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[1] Many years ago, Lord Dundonald revived the project, with the proposed improvement of extracting and saving the tar. Unfortunately, he did not profit by it. The coal thus charred is sold as *coke*, a very useful fuel for many purposes.

[2] See Note, p. 338.

[3] Jasper Needham, a physician of great repute, and one of Evelyn's oldest friends. For a pathetic mention of his death, see the *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 139.

[4] Evelyn means the younger Vane. This was "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old," the nobleness and independence of whose character, as well as his claims to the affection of posterity, are not ill expressed in the two facts recorded by Evelyn—his imprisonment by Cromwell, and his judicial murder by Charles the Second. The foolish book to which Evelyn refers was an able and fearless attack on Cromwell's government.

2nd October. Came to visit me my cousin, Stephens, and Mr. Pierce (since Head of Magdalen College, Oxford), a learned minister of Brington, in Northamptonshire, and Captain Cooke, both excellent musicians.

2nd November. There was now nothing practical preached, or that pressed reformation of life, but high and speculative points and strains that few understood, which left people very ignorant, and of no steady principles, the source of all our sects and divisions, for there was much envy and uncharity in the world; God of his mercy amend it! Now, indeed, that I went at all to church, whilst these usurpers possessed the pulpits, was that I might not be suspected for a Papist, and that, though the minister was Presbyterianly affected, he yet was as I understood duly ordained, and preached sound doctrine after their way, and besides was an humble, harmless, and peaceable man.

25th December. I went to London, to receive the Blessed Communion this holy festival at Dr. Wild's lodgings, where I rejoiced to find so full an assembly of devout and sober Christians.

26th. I invited some of my neighbours and tenants, according to custom, and to preserve hospitality and charity.

28th. A stranger preached on Luke xviii. 7, 8, on which he made a confused discourse, with a great deal of Greek and ostentation of learning, to but little purpose.

30th. Dined with me Sir Wiliam Paston's son, Mr. Henshaw, and Mr. Clayton.

31st. I begged God's blessing and mercies for his goodness to me the past year, and set my domestic affairs in order.

1656–7, *1st January.* Having prayed with my family, and celebrated the anniversary, I spent some time in imploring God's blessing the year I was entered into.

7th. Came Mr. Matthew Wren (since secretary to the Duke), slain in the Dutch war, eldest son to the Bishop of Ely, now a prisoner in the Tower; a most worthy and honoured gentleman.

10th. Came Dr. Joyliffe, that famous physician and anatomist, first detector of the lymphatic veins; also the old Marquis of Argyle, and another Scotch Earl.

5th February. Dined at the Holland Ambassador's; he told me the East India Company of Holland had constantly a stock of 400,000*l.* in India, and forty-eight men-of-war there: he spoke of their exact and just keeping their books and correspondence, so as no adventurer's stock could possibly be lost, or defeated; that it was a vulgar error that the Hollanders furnished their enemies with powder and ammunition for their money, though engaged in a cruel war, but that they used to merchandise indifferently, and were permitted to sell to the friends of their enemies. He laughed at our Committee of Trade, as composed of men wholly ignorant of it, and how they were the ruin of commerce, by gratifying some for private ends.

10*th January.* I went to visit the governor of Havannah, a brave, sober, valiant Spanish gentleman, taken by Captain Young of Deptford, when, after twenty years being in the Indies, and amassing great wealth, his lady and whole family, except two sons, were burnt, destroyed, and taken within sight of Spain, his eldest son, daughter, and wife, perishing with immense treasure.[1] One son, of about seventeen years old, with his brother of one year old, were the only ones saved. The young gentleman, about seventeen, was a well-complexioned youth, not olive-coloured; he spake Latin handsomely, was extremely well-bred, and born in the Caraccas, 1000 miles south of the equinoctial, near the mountains of Potosi; he had never been in Europe before. The Governor was an ancient gentleman of great courage, of the order of St. Jago, sore wounded in his arm, and his ribs broken; he lost for his own share 100,000*l.* sterling, which he seemed to bear with exceeding indifference, and nothing dejected. After some discourse, I went with them to Arundel-House, where they dined. They were now going back into Spain, having obtained their liberty from Cromwell. An example of human vicissitude!

14*th February.* To London, where I found Mrs. Cary; next day came Mr. Mordaunt[2] (since Viscount Mordaunt), younger son to the Countess of Peterborough, to see his mistress, bringing with him two of my Lord of Dover's daughters :[1] so, after dinner, they all departed.

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[1] Particularly noticed in Waller's poem on a War with Spain.

[2] John, second son of John, fifth Baron Mordaunt, and first Earl of Peterborough. He was a zealous Royalist; an offence for which he was tried, and, as Evelyn relates in a subsequent page, acquitted by one vote under the Commonwealth. Nevertheless, he still exerted himslf to bring back Charles II., who, on the 10th of July, 1659, created him Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon, and appointed him Constable of Windsor Castle, and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of Surrey. Many foul charges were afterwards brought against him in connection with his command at

5th March. Dr. Rand, a learned physician, dedicated to me his version of Gassendi's *Vita Peiriskii.*

25th. Dr. Taylor showed me his MS. of Cases of Conscience, or *Ductor Dubitantium*, now fitted for the Press.

The Protector Oliver, now affecting kingship, is petitioned to take the title on him by all his new-made sycophant lords, &c. ; but dares not, for fear of the fanatics, not thoroughly purged out of his rebel army.

21st April. Came Sir Thomas Hanmer, of Hanmer, in Wales, to see me. I then waited on my Lord Hatton, with whom I dined : at my return, I stepped into Bedlam, where I saw several poor miserable creatures in chains; one of them was mad with making verses. I also visited the Charter-house, formerly belonging to the Carthusians, now an old neat fresh solitary college for decayed gentlemen. It has a grove, bowling-green, garden, chapel, and a hall where they eat in common. I likewise saw Christchurch and Hospital, a very goodly Gothic building; the hall, school, and lodgings in great order for bringing up many hundreds of poor children of both sexes; it is an exemplary charity. There is a large picture at one end of the hall, representing the governors, founders, and the institution.

25th. I had a dangerous fall out of the coach in Covent Garden, going to my brother's, but without harm; the Lord be praised !

1st May. Divers soldiers were quartered at my house; but I thank God went away the next day towards Flanders.

5th. I went with my cousin, George Tuke, to see Baynard, in Surrey, a house of my brother Richard's, which he would have hired. This is a very fair noble residence, built in a park, and having one of the goodliest avenues of oaks up to it that ever I saw : there is a pond [2] of 60 acres near

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Windsor. See vol. ii. p. 20. With his mother and his wife, Evelyn was extremely intimate, frequently mentioning both with enthusiasm; and taking an active part, as many passages of the Diary will show, in the business affairs of the family.

[1] Henry Carey, fourth Baron Hundson, created Viscount Rochford and Earl of Dover, and who died in 1668, had three daughters—Mary, married to Sir Thomas Wharton; Judith; and Philadelphia.

[2] This pond belongs to Vachery in Cranley.

it; the windows of the chief rooms are of very fine painted glass. The situation is excessively dirty and melancholy.[1]

15*th*. Lawrence, President of Oliver's Council, and some other of his Court-Lords, came in the afternoon to see my garden and plantations.

7*th June*. My fourth son was born, christened George (after my grandfather); Dr. Jeremy Taylor officiated in the drawing-room.

18*th*. At Greenwich I saw a sort of cat[2] brought from the East Indies, shaped and snouted much like the Egyptian racoon, in the body like a monkey, and so footed; the ears and tail like a cat, only the tail much longer, and the skin variously ringed with black and white; with the tail it wound up its body like a serpent, and so got up into trees, and with it would wrap its whole body round. Its hair was woolly like a lamb; it was exceedingly nimble, gentle, and purred as does the cat.

16*th July*. On Dr. Jeremy Taylor's recommendation, I went to Eltham, to help one Moody, a young man, to that living, by my interest with the patron.

6*th August*. I went to see Colonel Blount, who showed me the application of the way-wiser[3] to a coach, exactly measuring the miles, and showing them by an index as we went on. It had three circles, one pointing to the number or rods, another to the miles, by 10 to 1000, with all the subdivisions of quarters; very pretty and useful.

10*th*. Our vicar, from John xviii. 36, declaimed against the folly of a sort of enthusiasts and desperate zealots, called the *Fifth-Monarchy-Men*, pretending to set up the kingdom of Christ with the sword. To this pass was this age arrived when we had no King in Israel.

21*st*. Fell a most prodigious rain in London, and the year was very sickly in the country.

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[1] It is in the lower part of the parish of Ewhurst in Surrey, adjoining to Rudgwick in Sussex, in a deep clay soil. The residence belonged formerly to Sir Edward Bray, and afterwards to the Earl of Onslow, who carried the painted glass to his seat at Clandon.

[2] This was probably the animal called a Mocock (maucauco), since well known.

[3] Beckmann, in his "History of Inventions," has written an account of the different instruments applied to carriages to measure the distance they pass over. He places the first introduction of the *adometer* in England at about the end of the seventeenth century, instead of about the middle, and states it to have been the invention of an ingenious artist named Butterfield

1st September. I visited Sir Edmund Bowyer, at his melancholy seat at Camberwell. He has a very pretty grove of oaks, and hedges of yew in his garden, and a handsome row of tall elms before his court.

15th. Going to London with some company, we stept in to see a famous rope-dancer, called *the Turk.*[1] I saw even to astonishment the agility with which he performed. He walked barefooted, taking hold by his toes only of a rope almost perpendicular, and without so much as touching it with his hands; he danced blindfold on the high rope, and with a boy of twelve years old tied to one of his feet about twenty feet beneath him, dangling as he danced, yet he moved as nimbly as if it had been but a feather. Lastly, he stood on his head, on the top of a very high mast, danced on a small rope that was very slack, and finally flew down the perpendicular, on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended, with divers other activities.—I saw the hairy woman,[2] twenty years old, whom I had before seen when a child. She was born at Augsburg, in Germany. Her very eye-brows were combed upwards, and all her forehead as thick and even as grows on any woman's head, neatly dressed; a very long lock of hair out of each ear; she had also a most prolix beard, and moustachios, with long locks growing on the middle of her nose, like an Iceland dog exactly, the colour of a bright brown, fine as well-dressed flax. She was now married, and told me she had one child that was not hairy, nor were any of her parents, or relations. She was very well shaped, and played well on the harpsichord.

17th. To see Sir Robert Needham, at Lambeth, a relation of mine; and thence to John Tradescant's museum,[3] in which the chiefest rarities were, in my opinion, the ancient Roman, Indian, and other nations' armour, shields, and weapons; some habits of curiously-coloured and wrought feathers, one from the phœnix wing, as tradition goes. Other innumerable things there were, printed in his catalogue by Mr. Ashmole, to whom after the death of the widow they are bequeathed, and by him designed as a gift to Oxford.[1]

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[1] Evelyn again mentions this tumbler in his Numismata, under the name of the *Funamble Turk.*

[2] Barbara Vanbeck. Two portraits of her, one a line engraving, the other in mezzotinto, are described in Grainger's Biographical Dictionary.

[3] The tombstone of the family in Lambeth church-yard declares, that "Beneath this stone lie John Tradescant, grandsire, father, and son." They were all eminent gardeners, travellers, and collectors of curiosities. The first two came into this country in the reign of James I., and the second and third were employed in the Royal Gardens by Charles I. They had a house at Lambeth, which, being filled with rarities of every description, passed by the name of Tradescant's Ark, and was much resorted to by the lovers of the curious. It formed the foundation of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and

19th October. I went to see divers gardens about London: returning, I saw at Dr. Joyliffe's two Virginian rattle-snakes alive, exceeding a yard in length, small heads, slender tails, but in the middle nearly the size of my leg; when vexed, swiftly vibrating and shaking their tails, as loud as a child's rattle; this, by the collision of certain gristly skins curiously jointed, yet loose, and transparent as parchment, by which they give warning; a providential caution for other creatures to avoid them. The Doctor tried their biting on rats and mice, which they immediately killed: but their vigour must needs be much exhausted here, in another climate, and kept only in a barrel of bran.

22nd. To town, to visit the Holland Ambassador, with whom I had now contracted much friendly correspondence, useful to the intelligence I constantly gave his Majesty abroad.

26th November. I went to London, to a court of the East India Company on its new union, in Merchant-Taylors' Hall, where was much disorder by reason of the Anabaptists, who would have the adventurers obliged only by an engagement, without swearing, that they still might pursue their private trade; but it was carried against them. Wednesday was fixed on for a General Court for election of officers, after a sermon and prayers for good success. The Stock resolved on was 800,000*l.*

27th. I took the oath at the East India House, subscribing 500*l.*

2nd December. Dr. Raynolds (since Bishop of Norwich) preached before the company at St. Andrew Under-shaft, on Nehemiah xiii. 31, showing, by the example of Nehe-

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a catalogue of its contents was printed by the youngest John Tradescant, in 1656, with the title of "Museum Tradescantianum." The elder died in 1652. See *post*, vol. ii. p. 124.

[1] Where they now are: in the Ashmolean Museum. See *post*, vol. ii. p. 124.

miah, all the perfections of a trusty person in public affairs, with many good precepts apposite to the occasion, ending with a prayer for God's blessing on the company and the undertaking.

3rd December. Mr. Gunning preached on John iii. 3, against the Anabaptists, showing the effect and necessity of the sacrament of baptism. This sect was now wonderfully spread.

25th. I went to London with my wife, to celebrate Christmas-day, Mr. Gunning preaching in Exeter chapel, on Micah vii. 2. Sermon ended, as he was giving us the Holy Sacrament, the chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confined to a room in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, the Countess of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon, came Colonel Whalley, Goffe, and others, from Whitehall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to the Marshal, some to prison. When I came before them, they took my name and abode, examined me why, contrary to the ordinance made, that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteemed by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but the mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart; for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Charles Stuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied, in so doing we prayed for the King of Spain, too, who was their enemy and a Papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions, and much threatening; and, finding no colour to detain me, they dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar; but yet suffering us to finish the office of Communion, as perhaps not having instructions what to do, in case they found us in that action. So I got home late the next day; blessed be God!

1657–8: *27th January.* After six fits of a quartan ague, with which it pleased God to visit him, died my dear son, Richard, to our inexpressible grief and affliction, five years and three days old only, but at that tender age a prodigy for wit and understanding; for beauty of body, a very angel; for endowment of mind, of incredible and rare hopes. To give only a little taste of them, and thereby glory to God, who "out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises," he had learned all his catechism; at two years and a half old, he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had, before the fifth year, or in that year, not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of the irregular; learned out "Puerilis," got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, and *vice versâ*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's *Janua;* began himself to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remembered of the parts of plays, which he would also act; and, when seeing a Plautus in one's hand, he asked what book it was, and, being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals; for he had read Æsop; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God; he had learned all his Catechism early, and understood the historical part of the Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how Christ came to redeem mankind, and how, comprehending these necessaries himself, his godfathers were discharged of their promise.

These and the like illuminations, far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettiness of his address and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how many days a

Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no wonder; for Christ had said that man should not live by bread alone, but by the Word of God. He would of himself select the most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of Job, to read to his maid during his sickness, telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaimed against the vanities of the world, before he had seen any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a year before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition! how soon be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continually cheerful! He would give grave advice to his brother, John, bear with his impertinences, and say he was but a child. If he heard of or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books, to be expounded. He had learned by heart divers sentences in Latin and Greek, which, on occasion, he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettiness, far from morose, sullen, or childish in anything he said or did. The last time he had been at church (which was at Greenwich), I asked him, according to custom, what he remembered of the sermon; two good things, Father said he, *bonum gratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ,* with a just account of what the preacher said.

The day before he died, he called to me: and, in a more serious manner than usual, told me that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother Jack, he should have none of them; and, the next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keep his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands unjoined; and a little after, whilst in great agony, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations uttered of himself: "Sweet Jesus, save me, deliver me, pardon my sins, let thine angels receive me!" So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God, having dressed up a saint fit for himself, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the future fruits of this incomparable hopeful blossom. Such a Child I never saw: for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus that Lamb of God in a white robe, whithersoever he goes; even so, Lord Jesus, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gaves him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be the name of the Lord! That I had anything acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, seeing from me he had nothing but sin, but that Thou hast pardoned! blessed be my God for ever, Amen.

In my opinion, he was suffocated by the women and maids that attended him, and covered him too hot with blankets as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive hot fire in a close room. I suffered him to be opened, when they found that he was what is vulgarly called liver-grown. I caused his body to be coffined in lead, and deposited on the 30th at eight o'clock that night in the church at Deptford, accompanied with divers of my relations and neighbours, among whom I distributed rings with this motto: *Dominus abstulit;* intending, God willing, to have him transported with my own body to be interred in our dormitory in Wotton Church, in my dear native county of Surrey, and to lay my bones and mingle my dust with my fathers, if God be gracious to me, and make me as fit for Him as this blessed child was. The Lord Jesus sanctify this and all other my afflictions, Amen.[1]

Here ends the joy of my life, and for which I go even mourning to the grave.

15*th February*. The afflicting hand of God being still upon us, it pleased Him also to take away from us this morning my youngest Son, George, now seven weeks languishing at nurse, breeding teeth, and ending in a dropsy. God's holy will be done! He was buried in Deptford church, the 17th following.

25*th*. Came Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and my brothers, with other friends, to visit and condole with us.

7*th March*. To London, to hear Dr. Taylor in a private house on Luke xiii. 23, 24. After the sermon, followed the blessed Communion, of which I participated. In the afternoon, Dr. Gunning, at Exeter House, expounding part of the Creed.

This had been the severest winter that any man alive had known in England. The crows' feet were frozen to their prey. Islands of ice inclosed both fish and fowl frozen, and some persons in their boats.

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[1] In the Preface to his Translation of the "Golden Book of St. Chrysostom, concerning the Education of Children," is given another very interesting account of this boy, Richard Evelyn. See *post*, 333; and Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," p. 105.

15*th May*, was a public fast, to avert an epidemical sickness, very mortal this spring.

20*th*. I went to see a coach-race in Hyde-Park, and collationed in Spring Garden.

23*rd*. Dr. Manton, the famous Presbyterian, preached at Covent Garden, on Matthew vi. 10, showing what the kingdom of God was, how pray for it, &c.

There was now a collection for persecuted and sequestered Ministers of the Church of England, whereof divers are in prison. A sad day! The Church now in dens and caves of the earth.

31*st*. I went to visit my Lady Peterborough, whose son, Mr. Mordaunt, prisoner in the Tower, was now on his trial, and acquitted but by one voice; but that holy martyr, Dr. Hewer, was condemned to die, without law, jury, or justice, but by a mock Council of State, as they called it. A dangerous, treacherous time!

2*nd June*. An extraordinary storm of hail and rain, the season as cold as winter, the wind northerly near six months.

3*rd*. A large whale was taken betwixt my land abutting on the Thames and Greenwich, which drew an infinite concourse to see it, by water, horse, coach, and on foot, from London, and all parts. It appeared first below Greenwich at low water, for at high water it would have destroyed all the boats, but lying now in shallow water encompassed with boats, after a long conflict, it was killed with a harping iron, struck in the head, out of which spouted blood and water by two tunnels; and, after a horrid groan, it ran quite on shore, and died. Its length was fifty-eight feet, height sixteen; black-skinned, like coach-leather; very small eyes, great tail, only two small fins, a peaked snout, and a mouth so wide, that divers men might have stood upright in it; no teeth, but sucked the slime only as through a grate of that bone which we call whale-bone; the throat yet so narrow, as would not have admitted the least of fishes. The extremes of the cetaceous bones hang downwards from the upper jaw, and are hairy towards the ends and bottom within side: all of it prodigious; but in nothing more wonderful than that an animal of so great a bulk should be nourished only by slime through those grates.

8th June. That excellent preacher and holy man, Dr. Hewer,[1] was martyred for having intelligence with his Majesty, through the Lord Marquis of Ormond.

9th. I went to see the Earl of Northumberland's[2] pictures, wherof that of the Venetian Senators[3] was one of the best of Titian's, and another of Andrea del Sarto, viz. a Madonna, Christ, St. John, and an Old Woman; a St. Catherine of Da Vinci, with divers portraits of Vandyck; a Nativity of Georgioni; the last of our blessed Kings (Charles I.), and the Duke of York, by Lely, a Rosary by the famous Jesuits of Brussels, and several more. This was in Suffolk House: the new front towards the gardens is tolerable, were it not drowned by a too massy and clumsy pair of stairs of stone, without any neat invention.

10th. I went to see the Medical Garden, at Westminster, well stored with plants, under Morgan, a very skilful botanist.

26th. To Eltham, to visit honest Mr. Owen.

3rd July. To London, and dined with Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Dorell, and Mr. Ashmole, founder of the Oxford repository of rarities, with divers doctors of physic and virtuosos.

15th. Came to see my Lord Kilmurry and Lady, Sir Robert Needham, Mr. Offley, and two daughters of my Lord Willoughby, of Parham.

3rd August. Went to Sir John Evelyn at Godstone. The place is excellent, but might be improved by turning some offices of the house, and removing the garden. The house being a noble fabric, though not comparable to what was first built by my uncle, who was master of all the powder-mills.

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[1] Minister of St. Gregory's, London: he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

[2] Algernon, tenth Earl. He was a Knight of the Garter; and though conspicuously opposed to Charles I. during the Civil Wars, promoted the Restoration. He was one of our first collectors of pictures, and his gallery at Suffolk, since Northumberland, House, was greatly admired, not only by Evelyn, but by all connoisseurs. He died Oct. 13, 1668.

[3] The Cornaro family, still one of the grand ornaments of Northumberland-House. There is a print of it engraved by Baron.

5th. We went to Squirries[1] to visit my Cousin Leech, daughter to Sir John; a pretty, finely wooded, well watered seat, the stables good, the house old, but convenient.

6th. Returned to Wotton.

10th. I dined at Mr. Carew Raleigh's, at Horsley, son to the famous Sir Walter.

14th. We went to Durdans [at Epsom] to a challenged match at bowls for 10*l.*, which we won.

18th. To Sir Ambrose Browne, at Betchworth Castle, in that tempestuous wind which threw down my greatest trees at Sayes Court, and did so much mischief all over England. It continued the whole night; and, till three in the afternoon of the next day, in the south-west, and destroyed all our winter fruit.

3rd September. Died that arch-rebel, Oliver Cromwell, called Protector.

16th. Was published my Translation of St. Chrysostom on Education of Children, which I dedicated to both my brothers, to comfort them on the loss of their children.

21st. My Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, invited me to dinner.

26th. Mr. King preached at Ashted, on Proverbs xv. 24; a Quaker would have disputed with him. In the afternoon, we heard Dr. Hacket (since Bishop of Litchfield) at Cheam, where the family of the Lumleys lie buried.

27th. To Beddington, that ancient seat of the Carews, a fine old hall, but a scambling house, famous for the first orange-garden in England, being now overgrown trees, planted in the ground, and secured in winter with a wooden tabernacle and stoves. This seat is rarely watered, lying low, and environed with good pastures. The pomegranates bear here. To the house is also added a fine park. Thence, to Carshalton, excellently watered, and capable of being made a most delicious seat, being on the sweet downs, and a champain about it full planted with walnut and cherry trees, which afford a considerable rent.

Riding over these downs, and discoursing with the shepherds, I found that digging about the bottom near Sir Christopher Buckle's,[2] near Banstead, divers medals have been found, both copper and silver, with foundations of houses, urns, &c. Here, indeed, anciently stood a city of the Romans.—See Antonine's Itinerary.

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[1] At Westerham, in Kent.

[2] Not far from the course of the Roman Road from Chichester through Sussex, passing through Ockley, and Dorking church-yard.

29th September. I returned home, after ten weeks' absence.

2nd October. I went to London, to receive the Holy Sacrament.

On the 3rd, Dr. Wild preached in a private place on Isaiah i. 4, showing the parallel betwixt the sins of Israel and those of England. In the afternoon, Mr. Hall (son to Joseph, Bishop of Norwich) on 1 Cor. vi. 2, of the dignity of the Saints; a most excellent discourse.

4th. I dined with the Holland Ambassador, at Derby House: returning, I diverted to see a very *white raven,* bred in Cumberland; also a porcupine, of that kind that shoots its quills, of which see Claudian; it was headed like a rat, the fore feet like a badger, the hind feet like a bear.

19th. I was summoned to London, by the Commissioners for new buildings; afterwards, to the Commission of Sewers; but because there was an oath to be taken of fidelity to the Government as now constituted without a King, I got to be excused, and returned home.

22nd. Saw the superb funeral of the Protector. He was carried from Somerset-House in a velvet bed of state, drawn by six horses, housed with the same; the pall held by his new Lords; Oliver lying in effigy, in royal robes, and crowned with a crown, sceptre, and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements, &c. by the heralds in their coats; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour, armed cap-a-pié, and, after all, his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage, they proceeded to Westminster: but it was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw; for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.

I returned not home till the 17th November.

I was summoned again to London by the Commissioners for new foundations to be erected within such a distance of London.

Considerable remains of a Roman building have since been found on Walton-heath, south of this house.

6th December. Now was published my *French Gardener*,[1] the first and best of the kind that introduced the use of the Olitory garden to any purpose.

23rd. I went with my wife to keep Christmas at my cousin, George Tuke's, at Cressing Temple, in Essex. Lay that night at Brentwood.

25th. Here was no public service, but what we privately used. I blessed God for His mercies the year past; and, 1st January, begged a continuance of them. Thus, for three Sundays, by reason of the incumbent's death, here was neither praying nor preaching, though there was a chapel in the house.

1658–9. *17th January.* Our old vicar preached, taking leave of the parish in a pathetical speech, to go to a living in the City.

24th March. I went to London, to speak to the patron, Alderman Cuttler, about presenting a fit pastor for our destitute parish-church.

5th April. Came the Earl of Northampton and the famous painter, Mr. Wright,[2] to visit me.

10th. One Mr. Littler, being now presented to the living of our parish, preached on John vi. 55, a sermon preparatory to the Holy Sacrament.

25th. A wonderful and sudden change in the face of the public; the new Protector, Richard, slighted; several pretenders and parties strive for the government: all anarchy and confusion; Lord have mercy on us!

5th May. I went to visit my brother in London; and, next day, to see a new opera,[3] after the Italian way, in recitative music and scenes, much inferior to the Italian composure and magnificence; but it was prodigious that in a time of such public consternation such a vanity should be kept up, or permitted. I, being engaged with company, could not decently resist the going to see it, though my heart smote me for it.

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[1] The "Epistle Dedicatory to the French Gardener" is reprinted in the "Miscellaneous Writings," p. 97.

[2] Mr. Michael Wright, who painted the twelve Judges in Guildhall, after the great fire. A long account of him is given in *Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.* See more of him, *post*, p. 376.

[3] Probably that by Sir William Davenant, in which the cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru was exhibited with all the adjuncts of instrumental and vocal music, and elaborate scenery.

7th May. Came the Ambassador of Holland and his Lady to visit me, and staid the whole afternoon.

12th. I returned the visit, discoursing much of the revolutions, &c.

19th. Came to dine with me my Lord Galloway and his son, a Scotch Lord and learned: also my brother and his Lady, Lord Berkeley and his Lady, Mrs. Shirley, and the famous singer, Mrs. Knight,[1] and other friends.

23rd. I went to Rookwood,[2] and dined with Sir William Hicks, where was a great feast and much company. It is a melancholy old house, environed with trees and rooks.

26th. Came to see me my Lord George Berkeley, Sir William Ducie, and Sir George Pott's son of Norfolk.

29th. The nation was now in extreme confusion and unsettled, between the Armies and the Sectaries, the poor Church of England breathing as it were her last; so sad a face of things had overspread us.

7th June. To London, to take leave of my brother, and see the foundations now laying for a long street and buildings in Hatton-Garden, designed for a little town, lately an ample garden.

1st September. I communicated to Mr. Robert Boyle, son to the Earl of Cork, my proposal for erecting a philosophic and mathematic college.

15th. Came to see me Mr. Brereton,[3] a very learned gentleman, son to my Lord Brereton, with his and divers other ladies. Also, Henry Howard of Norfolk, since Duke of Norfolk.

30th. I went to visit Sir William Ducie and Colonel

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[1] Afterwards one of Charles the Second's mistresses.

[2] A house in Layton, in Essex, better known by the name of Rockholt, or Ruckholt, built by Mr. Parvish, a former owner of the estate; but a new house was afterwards erected near the site of the former by the family of Hicks, of whom William was created a baronet in 1619. Charles II. was entertained here one day when he was hunting, on which occasion he knighted William, the son of the Baronet. Morant, in his *History of Essex*, printed in 1768, speaks of the new house as then for several years pulled down. For some time previously, it had been a place of public entertainment in a morning, at which visitors were regaled with tea and music.

[3] William, afterwards third Lord Brereton; an accomplished and able man, who assisted Evelyn in establishing the Royal Society. He died in 1679.

Blount, where I met Sir Henry Blount, the famous traveller and water-drinker.[1]

10*th October.* I came with my wife and family to London; took lodgings at the Three Feathers, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, for the winter, my son being very unwell.

11*th.* Came to visit me Mr. William Coventry (since Secretary to the Duke), son to the Lord Keeper, a wise and witty gentleman.

The Army now turned out the Parliament. We had now no government in the nation; all in confusion; no magistrate either owned or pretended, but the soldiers, and they not agreed. God Almighty have mercy on, and settle us!

17*th.* I visited Mr. Howard, at Arundel-house, who gave me a fair onyx set in gold, and showed me his design of a palace there.

21*st.* A private fast was kept by the Church of England Protestants in town, to beg of God the removal of His judgments, with devout prayers for His mercy to our calamitous Church.

7*th November.* Was published my bold *Apology for the King*[2] in this time of danger, when it was capital to speak or write in favour of him. It was twice printed; so universally it took.

9*th.* We observed our solemn Fast for the calamity of our Church.

[1] The second son of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, of Tittenhanger, in Hertfordfordshire, born December 15, 1602. After entering himself a member of the Society of Gray's Inn, he started in 1634 on a tour in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, which lasted four years, and on his return published the results under the title of "A Voyage to the Levant, with Observations concerning the Modern Condition of the Turks," which passed through many editions. In 1638 he succeeded to the family estate, Blount's Hall, Staffordshire, and the next year received the honour of knighthood. On the breaking out of the troubles, Sir Henry Blount became a cavalier officer, and fought under the royal banner at Edgehill. He afterwards changed sides, was employed by Cromwell as a commissioner for reforming the criminal code, and was engaged in trying the brother of the Portuguese ambassador for murder. On the death of his brother in 1654, Sir Henry succeeded to another estate at Tittenhanger, and became High Sheriff of Hertfordshire in 1661. On the return of Charles II. he found no difficulty in making his peace, and entertained his subsequent leisure with the composition of comedies and other fugitive productions.

[2] Reprinted in Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," pp. 169–192.

12th. I went to see the several drugs for the confection of treacle, dioscordium, and other electuaries, which an ingenious apothecary had not only prepared and ranged on a large and very long table, but covered every ingredient with a sheet of paper, on which was very lively painted the thing in miniature, well to the life, were it plant, flower, animal, or other exotic drug.

15th. Dined with the Dutch Ambassador. He did in a manner acknowledge that his nation mind only their own profit, do nothing out of gratitude, but collaterally as it relates to their gain, or security; and therefore the English were to look for nothing of assistance to the banished King. This was to me no very grateful discourse, though an ingenuous confession.

18th. Mr. Gunning celebrated the wonted Fast, and preached on Phil. ii. 12, 13.

24th. Sir John Evelyn [of Godstone] invited us to the forty-first wedding-day feast, where was much company of friends.

26th. I was introduced into the acquaintance of divers learned and worthy persons, Sir John Marsham, Mr. Dugdale, Mr. Stanley, and others.

9th December. I supped with Mr. Gunning, it being our fast-day, Dr. Fearne, Mr. Thrisco, Mr. Chamberlain, Dr. Henchman, Dr. Wild,[1] and other devout and learned divines, firm confessors, and excellent persons. Note: Most of them since made bishops.

10th. I treated privately with Colonel Morley,[2] then Lieutenant of the Tower, and in great trust and power, concerning delivering it to the King, and the bringing of him in, to the great hazard of my life, but the Colonel had been my school-fellow, and I knew would not betray me.

12th. I spent in public concerns for his Majesty, pursuing the point to bring over Colonel Morley, and his brother-in-law, Fay, Governor of Portsmouth.

18th. Preached that famous divine, Dr. Sanderson

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[1] *Ante*, p. 320. He was of St. John's College, Oxford, Chaplain to Archbishop Laud, and Vicar of St. Giles's, Reading. Adhering to the King, he preached before the Parliament, at Oxford. After the Restoration, he was made Bishop of Londonderry. He had kept up a religious meeting for the Royalists in Fleet Street.

[2] *Ante*, p. 279.

(since Bishop of Lincoln), now eighty years old, on Jer. xxx. 13, concerning the evil of forsaking God.

29th. Came my Lord Count Arundel, of Wardour, to visit me. I went also to see my Lord Viscount Montague.[1]

31st. Settling my domestic affairs in order, blessed God for his infinite mercies and preservations the past year.

ANNUS MIRABILIS, 1659–60. *January* 1. Begging God's blessings for the following year, I went to Exeter Chapel, when Mr. Gunning began the year on Galatians iv. 3–7, showing the love of Christ in shedding his blood so early for us.

12th. Wrote to Colonel Morley again to declare for his Majesty.

22nd. I went this afternoon to visit Colonel Morley. After dinner I discoursed with him; but he was very jealous, and would not believe that Monk came in to do the King any service; I told him that he might do it without him, and have all the honour. He was still doubtful, and would resolve on nothing yet, so I took leave.

3rd February. Kept the Fast. General Monk came now to London out of Scotland; but no man knew what he would do, or declare, yet he was met on his way by the gentlemen of all the counties which he passed, with petitions that he would recall the old long-interrupted Parliament, and settle the nation in some order, being at this time in most prodigious confusion, and under no government, everybody expecting what would be next, and what he would do.

10th. Now were the gates of the city broken down by General Monk; which exceedingly exasperated the city, the soldiers marching up and down as triumphing over it, and all the old army of the fanatics put out of their posts, and sent out of town.

11th. A signal day. Monk, perceiving how infamous and wretched a pack of knaves would have still usurped the supreme power, and having intelligence that they intended to take away his commission, repenting of what he had done to the city, and where he and his forces were quartered, marches to Whitehall, dissipates that nest of robbers, and convenes the old Parliament, the Rump Parliament (so called as retaining some few rotten members of the other) being dissolved; and for joy whereof were many thousands of rumps roasted publicly in the streets at the bonfires this night,[1] with ringing of bells, and universal jubilee. This was the first good omen.

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[1] Francis Brown, third Viscount, a zealous Royalist. He died November 2, 1682.

From 17th February to 5th April, I was detained in bed with a kind of double tertian, the cruel effects of the spleen and other distempers, in that extremity that my physicians, Drs. Wetherborn, Needham, and Claude, were in great doubt of my recovery; but it pleased God to deliver me out of this affliction, for which I render him hearty thanks: going to church the 8th, and receiving the blessed Eucharist.

During this sickness, came divers of my relations and friends to visit me, and it retarded my going into the country longer than I intended; however, I writ and printed a letter, in defence of his Majesty,[2] against a wicked forged Paper, pretended to be sent from Brussels to defame his Majesty's person and virtues, and render him odious, now when everybody was in hope and expectation of the General and Parliament recalling him, and establishing the Government on its ancient and right basis. The doing this towards the decline of my sickness, and sitting up long in my bed, had caused a small relapse, out of which it yet pleased God also to free me, so as by the 14th I was able to go into the country, which I did to my sweet and native air at Wotton.

3rd May. Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, General, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgment, after a most bloody and unreasonable rebellion of near twenty years. Praised be for ever the Lord of Heaven, who only doeth wondrous things, because His mercy endureth for ever.

8th. This day was his Majesty proclaimed in London, &c.

9th. I was desired and designed to accompany my Lord Berkeley with the public address of the Parliament, General, &c., to the King, and invite him to come over and assume his Kingly Government, he being now at Breda; but I was yet so weak, I could not make that journey by sea, which was not a little to my detriment, so I went to London to excuse myself, returning the 10th, having yet received a gracious message from his Majesty by Major Scot and Colonel Tuke.

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[1] Pamphlets with cuts representing this special turn of the popular heats were printed at the time.

[2] With the title of "The late News, or Message from Brussels, unmasked." This, and the pamphlet which gave rise to it, are reprinted in Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," pp. 193–204.

24th. Came to me Colonel Morley, about procuring his pardon, now too late seeing his error and neglect of the counsel I gave him, by which, if he had taken it, he had certainly done the great work with the same ease that Monk did it, who was then in Scotland, and Morley in a post to have done what he pleased, but his jealousy and fear kept him from that blessing and honour. I addressed him to Lord Mordaunt, then in great favour, for his pardon, which he obtained at the cost of 1000*l.*, as I heard. O the sottish omission of this gentleman! what did I not undergo of danger in this negociation, to have brought him over to his Majesty's interest, when it was entirely in his hands!

29th. This day, his Majesty, Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen years. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords, and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry. fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies, in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles, clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies, all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him: but it was the Lord's doing, for such a restoration was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity; nor so joyful a day and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

4th June. I received letters of Sir Richard Browne's landing at Dover, and also letters from the Queen, which I was to deliver at Whitehall, not as yet presenting myself to his Majesty, by reason of the infinite concourse of people. The eagerness of men, women, and children, to see his Majesty, and kiss his hands, was so great, that he had scarce leisure to eat for some days, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the King being as willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free access to all sorts of people.

Addressing myself to the Duke, I was carried to his Majesty, when very few noblemen were with him, and kissed his hands, being very graciously received. I then returned home, to meet Sir Richard Browne, who came not till the 8th, after nineteen years exile, during all which time he kept up in his chapel the liturgy and offices of the Church of England, to his no small honour, and in a time when it was so low, and as many thought utterly lost, that in various controversies both with Papists and Sectaries, our divines used to argue for the visibility of the Church, from his chapel and congregation.

I was all this week to and fro at Court about business.

16*th*. The French, Italian, and Dutch Ministers came to make their address to his Majesty, one Monsieur Stoope pronouncing the harangue with great eloquence.

18*th*. I proposed the embassy to Constantinople for Mr. Henshaw; but my Lord Winchelsea struck in.[1]

Goods that had been pillaged from Whitehall during the Rebellion, were now daily brought in, and restored upon proclamation; as plate, hangings, pictures, &c.

22*nd*. The Warwickshire gentlemen (as did all the shires and chief towns in all the three nations) presented their congratulatory Address. It was carried by my Lord Northampton.

30*th*. The Sussex gentlemen presented their Address, to which was my hand. I went with it, and kissed his Majesty's hand, who was pleased to own me more particularly by calling me his old acquaintance, and speaking very graciously to me.

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[1] It was on his return from this embassy that Lord Winchelsea, visiting Sicily, was an eye-witness of the dreadful eruption of Mount Etna in 1669, a short account of which was afterwards published in a small pamphlet, with a cut by Hollar of the mountain, &c.

3rd July. I went to Hyde-Park, where was his Majesty, and abundance of gallantry.

4th. I heard Sir Samuel Tuke harangue to the house of Lords, in behalf of the Roman Catholics, and his account of the transaction at Colchester in murdering Lord Capel, and the rest of those brave men, that suffered in cold blood, after articles of rendition.

5th. I saw his Majesty go with as much pomp and splendour as any earthly prince could do to the great City feast, the first they had invited him to since his return; but the exceeding rain which fell all that day much eclipsed its lustres. This was at Guildhall, and there was also all the Parliament-men, both Lords and Commons. The streets were adorned with pageants, at immense cost.

6th. His Majesty began first to *touch for the evil!* according to custom, thus: his Majesty sitting under his state in the Banqueting-house, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought, or led, up to the throne, where they kneeling, the king strokes their faces, or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, "He put his hands upon them, and he healed them." This is said to every one in particular. When they have been all touched, they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain kneeling, and having angel gold[1] strung on white ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, "That is the true light who came into the world." Then follows, an epistle (as at first a Gospel) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration; lastly the blessing; and then the Lord Chamberlain and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer and towel, for his Majesty to wash.

The king received a congratulatory address from the city of Cologne, in Germany, where he had been some time in his exile; his Majesty saying they were the best people in the world, the most kind and worthy to him that he ever met with.

I recommended Monsieur Messary to be Judge Advocate in Jersey, by the Vice-Chamberlain's mediation with the Earl of St. Albans; and saluted my excellent and worthy noble friend, my Lord Ossory, son to the Marquis of Ormond, after many years' absence returned home.

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[1] Pieces of money, so called from the figure of an angel on them.

8th July. Mr. Henchman preached on Ephes. v. 5, concerning Christian circumspection. From henceforth, was the Liturgy publicly used in our churches, whence it had been for so many years banished.

15*th.* Came Sir George Carteret and Lady to visit us: he was now Treasurer of the Navy.

28*th.* I heard his Majesty's speech in the Lords' House, on passing the Bills of Tonnage and Poundage; restoration of my Lord Ormond to his estate in Ireland; concerning the Commission of Sewers, and continuance of the Excise.—In the afternoon, I saluted my old friend, the Archbishop of Armagh, formerly of Londonderry (Dr. Bramhall).[1] He presented several Irish divines to be promoted as Bishops in that kingdom, most of the Bishops in the three kingdoms being now almost worn out, and the sees vacant.

31*st.* I went to visit Sir Philip Warwick, now Secretary to the Lord Treasurer, at his house in North Cray.[2]

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[1] John Bramhall, born in 1593, at Pontefract, in Yorkshire. Studying for the Church, he obtained his Doctor's degree in 1638, and became chaplain to Archbishop Matthews; then prebendary of York; and subsequently of Ripon. He went to Ireland on the invitation of Lord Wentworth, and was made Bishop of Derry; but in 1641 his conduct laid him open to charges of high treason, and he found it necessary to quit the country, till the return of Charles II., when he was created Archbishop of Armagh. He died in 1677, in which year there was a publication of his works, in one volume, folio. Evelyn subsequently refers (see the *Diary*, vol. ii., p. 255) to a curious letter of his on the Irish Catholics, which caused the suppression of the book in which it appeared.

[2] He was born at Westminster, went to school at Eton, and afterwards proceeded to Geneva. On his return to England, he attached himself to the Court, and obtained a seat in Parliament, where he opposed Strafford's impeachment, and subsequently went to Oxford with the King, who employed him in 1646 as one of his commissioners to treat with the Parliament, and afterwards retained him as his secretary at the Isle of Wight. He was returned for Middlesex at the Restoration, and obtained the office of Secretary to the Lord Treasurer, which brought him into frequent communication with Evelyn. His death occurred in 1682. He had found time to write "A Discourse on Government," and "Memoirs of King Charles," the last containing some curious anecdotes, and the most graphic existing account of Cromwell's first speech in the House of Commons. See "Correspondence," iii. 169–171.

19*th August.* Our Vicar read the Thirty-nine Articles to the congregation, the national assemblies beginning now to settle, and wanting instruction.

23*rd.* Came Duke Hamilton, Lord Lothian, and several Scottish Lords, to see my garden.

25*th.* Colonel Spencer, Colonel of a regiment of horse in our county of Kent, sent to me, and entreated that I would take a commission for a troop of horse, and that I would nominate my Lieutenant and Ensigns; I thanked him for the honour intended me; but would by no means undertake the trouble.

4*th September.* I was invited to an ordination by the Bishop of Bangor, in Henry VII.'s chapel, Westminster, and afterwards saw the audience of an Envoyée from the Duke of Anjou, sent to compliment his Majesty's return.

5*th.* Came to visit and dine with me the Envoyée of the King of Poland, and Resident of the King of Denmark, &c.

7th. I went to Chelsea to visit Mr. Boyle, and see his pneumatic engine perform divers experiments. Thence, to Kensington, to visit Mr. Henshaw, returning home that evening.

13*th.* I saw in Southwark, at St. Margaret's fair, monkeys and apes dance, and do other feats of activity, on the high rope; they were gallantly clad *à la monde*, went upright, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hats, they saluted one another with as good a grace, as if instructed by a dancing-master; they turned heels over head with a basket having eggs in it, without breaking any; also, with lighted candles in their hands, and on their heads, without extinguishing them, and with vessels of water without spilling a drop. I also saw an Italian wench dance, and perform all the tricks on the high rope, to admiration; all the court went to see her. Likewise, here was a man who took up a piece of iron cannon of about 400lb. weight with the hair of his head only.

17*th.* Went to London, to see the splendid entry of the Prince de Ligne, Ambassador extraordinary from Spain; he was General of the Spanish King's horse in Flanders, and was accompanied with divers great persons from thence, and an innumerable retinue. His train consisted of seventeen coaches, with six horses of his own, besides a great number of English, &c. Greater bravery had I never seen. He was received in the Banqueting House, in exceeding state, all the great officers of Court attending.

23rd. In the midst of all this joy and jubilee, the Duke of Gloucester died of the small-pox, in the prime of youth, and a prince of extraordinary hopes.

27th. The King received the merchant's addresses in his closet, giving them assurances of his persisting to keep Jamaica, choosing Sir Edward Massey, Governor. In the afternoon, the Danish Ambassador's condolences were presented, on the death of the Duke of Gloucester. This evening, I saw the Princess Royal, mother to the Prince of Orange, now come out of Holland in a fatal period.

6th October. I paid the great tax of poll-money, levied for disbanding the army, till now kept up. I paid as an Esquire 10*l.*, and one shilling for every servant in my house.

7th. There dined with me a French Count, with Sir George Tuke, who came to take leave of me, being sent over to the Queen-Mother, to break the marriage of the Duke with the daughter of Chancellor Hyde. The Queen would fain have undone it; but it seems matters were reconciled, on great offers of the Chancellor's to befriend the Queen, who was much in debt, and was now to have the settlement of her affairs go through his hands.

11th. The regicides who sat on the life of our late King were brought to trial in the Old Bailey, before a commission of Oyer and Terminer.

14th. Axtall, Carew, Clement, Hacker, Hewson, and Peters, were executed.

17th. Scot, Scroop, Cook, and Jones, suffered for reward of their iniquities at Charing Cross, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural prince, and in the presence of the King his son, whom they also sought to kill. I saw not their execution, but met their quarters, mangled, and cut, and reeking, as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle. Oh, the miraculous providence of God!

28th. His Majesty went to meet the Queen-Mother.

29th. Going to London, my Lord Mayor's show stopped me in Cheapside; one of the pageants represented a great wood, with the royal oak, and history of his Majesty's miraculous escape at Boscobel.

31st. Arrived now to my fortieth year, I rendered to Almighty God my due and hearty thanks.

1st November. I went with some of my relations to Court, to show them his Majesty's cabinet and closet of rarities; the rare miniatures of Peter Oliver, after Raphael, Titian, and other masters, which I infinitely esteem; also, that large piece of the Duchess of Lennox, done in enamel, by Petitot, and a vast number of agates, onyxes, and intaglios, especially a medallion of Cæsar, as broad as my hand; likewise, rare cabinets of pietra-commessa, a landscape of needle-work, formerly presented by the Dutch to King Charles the First. Here I saw a vast book of maps, in a volume near four yards large; a curious ship model; and, amongst the clocks, one that showed the rising and setting of the sun in the zodiac; the sun represented by a face and rays of gold, upon an azure sky, observing the diurnal and annual motion, rising and setting behind a landscape of hills, the work of our famous Fromantil; and several other rarities.

3rd. Arrived the Queen-Mother in England, whence she had been banished for almost twenty years; together with her illustrious daughter, the Princess Henrietta, divers Princes and Noblemen, accompanying them.

15th. I kissed the Queen-Mother's hand.

20th. I dined at the Clerk Comptroller's of the Green Cloth, being the first day of the re-establishment of the Court diet, and settling of his Majesty's household.

23rd. Being this day in the bedchamber of the Princess Henrietta, where were many great beauties and noblemen, I saluted divers of my old friends and acquaintances abroad; his Majesty carrying my Wife to salute the Queen and Princess, and then led her into his closet, and with his own hands showed her divers curiosities.

25th. Dr. Rainbow preached before the King, on Luke ii. 14, of the glory to be given God for all his mercies, especially for restoring the Church and government; now the service was performed with music, voices, &c., as formerly.

27th. Came down the Clerk Comptroller [of the Green Cloth] by the Lord Steward's appointment, to survey the land at Sayes Court, on which I had pretence, and to make his report.[1]

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[1] Up to this time it was still the usage to supply the King's House-

6th December. I waited on my Brother and Sister Evelyn to Court. Now were presented to his Majesty those two rare pieces of drollery, or rather a Dutch Kitchen, painted by Dowe, so finely as hardly to be distinguished from enamel. I was also showed divers rich jewels and crystal vases; the rare head of Jo. Bellino, Titian's master; Christ in the Garden, by Hannibal Caracci; two incomparable heads, by Holbein; the Queen-Mother in a miniature, almost as big as the life; an exquisite piece of carving; two unicorn's horns, &c. This in the closet.

13th. I presented my Son, John, to the Queen-Mother, who kissed him, talked with and made extraordinary much of him.

14th. I visited my Lady Chancellor, the Marchioness of Ormond, and Countess of Guildford,[1] all of whom we had known abroad in exile.

18th. I carried Mr. Spellman, a most ingenious gentleman, grandchild to the learned Sir Henry, to my Lord Mordaunt, to whom I had recommended him as Secretary.

21st. This day died the Princess of Orange, of the small-pox, which entirely altered the face and gallantry of the whole Court.

22nd. The marriage of the Chancellor's daughter being now newly owned, I went to see her, she being Sir Richard Browne's intimate acquaintance when she waited on the Princess of Orange; she was now at her father's, at Worcester-House, in the Strand. We all kissed her hand, as did also my Lord Chamberlain (Manchester) and Countess of Northumberland. This was a strange change—can it succeed well?—I spent the evening at St. James's, whither the Princess Henrietta was retired during the fatal sickness of her sister, the Princess of Orange, now come over to salute the King her brother. The Princess gave my Wife an extraordinary compliment and gracious acceptance, for

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hold with corn and cattle from the different counties; and upon oxen being sent up, pasture-grounds of the King, near town, were allotted for them; among these were lands at Deptford, and Tottenham-Court, which were under the direction of the Lord Steward and Board of Green Cloth. Sir Richard Browne had the keeping of the lands at Deptford.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of William, first Earl of Denbigh, married to Lewis, Viscount Boyle, who fell at the Battle of Liscarrol, in 1642. She was advanced to the Peerage for life, on the 14th July, 1660, as Countess of Guildford, and died in 1673.

the "Character"[1] she had presented her the day before, and which was afterwads printed.

25th December. Preached at the Abbey, Dr. Earle, Clerk of his Majesty's Closet, and my dear friend, now Dean of Westminster, on Luke ii. 13, 14, condoling the breach made in the public joy by the lamented death of the Princess.

30th. I dined at Court with Mr. Crane, Clerk of the Green Cloth.

31st. I gave God thanks for his many signal mercies to myself, church, and nation, this wonderful year.

1660–1. *2nd January.* The Queen-Mother, with the Princess Henrietta, began her journey to Portsmouth, in order to her return into France.

5th. I visited my Lord Chancellor Clarendon, with whom I had been well acquainted abroad.

6th. Dr. Allestree preached at the Abbey, after which four Bishops were consecrated, Hereford, Norwich, ...

This night was suppressed a bloody insurrection of some *Fifth-Monarchy enthusiasts.* Some of them were examined at the Council the next day, but could say nothing to extenuate their madness and unwarrantable zeal.

I was now chosen (and nominated by his Majesty for one of the Council), by suffrage of the rest of the Members, a Fellow of the Philosophic Society now meeting at Gresham College, where was an assembly of divers learned gentlemen. This being the first meeting since the King's return; but it had been begun some years before at Oxford, and was continued with interruption here in London during the Rebellion.

There was another rising of the fanatics, in which some were slain.

16th. I went to the Philosophic Club, where was examined the Torricellian experiment. I presented my Circle of Mechanical Trades, and had recommended to me the publishing what I had written of Chalcography.[2]

25th. After divers years since I had seen any play, I went to see acted *The Scornful Lady*, at a new theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

30th. Was the first solemn fast and day of humiliation to deplore the sins which had so long provoked God against this afflicted church and people, ordered by Parliament to be annually celebrated to expiate the guilt of the execrable murder of the late King.

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[1] "A Character of England," reprinted in Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," pp. 141–167.

[2] See *post*, p. 372.

This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcases of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshawe (the judge who condemned his Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law to the Usurper), dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back at October 22, 1658,[1] and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!

6th February. To London, to our Society, where I gave notice of the visit of the Danish Ambassador-Extraordinary, and was ordered to return him their acceptance of that honour, and to invite him the next meeting day.

10*th.* Dr. Baldero preached at Ely-house, on Matthew vi. 33, of seeking early the kingdom of God; after sermon, the Bishop (Dr. Wren) gave us the blessing, very pontifically.

13*th.* I conducted the Danish Ambassador to our meeting at Gresham College, where were showed him various experiments *in vacuo*, and other curiosities.

21*st.* Prince Rupert first showed me how to grave in *mezzo tinto.*

26*th.* I went to Lord Mordaunt's, at Parson's Green.[2]

27*th.* Ash-Wednesday. Preached before the King the Bishop of London (Dr. Sheldon) on Matthew xviii. 25, concerning charity and forgiveness.

8th March. I went to my Lord Chancellor's, and delivered to him the state of my concernment at Sayes Court.

9*th.* I went with that excellent person and philosopher,

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[1] *Ante*, p. 334: the entry in the Diary describing the Protector's funeral.

[2] This house remained in the family until during the 18th century, when Lord Peterborough sold it to Mr. Heaviside, who a few years after sold it to Mr. Merrick, an army agent. The old house was then pulled down, to make way for that now standing there.

Sir Robert Murray, to visit Mr. Boyle at Chelsea, and saw divers effects of the eolipile for weighing air.

13*th*. I went to Lambeth, with Sir R. Browne's pretence to the Wardenship of Merton College, Oxford, to which, as having been about forty years before a student of that House, he was elected by the votes of every Fellow except one: but the statutes of the House being so that, unless every Fellow agree, the election devolves to the Visitor, who is the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Juxon), his Grace gave his nomination to Sir T. Clayton, resident there, and the Physic Professor; for which I was not at all displeased, because, though Sir Richard missed it by much ingratitude and wrong of the Archbishop (Clayton being no Fellow), yet it would have hindered Sir Richard from attending at Court to settle his greater concerns, and so have prejudiced me, though he was much inclined to have passed his time in a collegiate life, very unfit for him at that time, for many reasons. So I took leave of his Grace, who was formerly Lord Treasurer in the reign of Charles I.

This afternoon, Prince Rupert showed me, with his own hands, the new way of graving, called *mezzo tinto*, which afterwards, by his permission, I published in my *History of Chalcography*;[1] this set so many artists on work, that they soon arrived to the perfection it is since come to, emulating the tenderest miniatures.

Our Society now gave in my relation of the Peak of Teneriffe, in the Great Canaries, to be added to more queries concerning divers natural things reported of that island.

I returned home with my Cousin, Tuke, now going for France, as sent by his Majesty to condole the death of that great Minister and politician, Count Mazarine.

29*th*. Dr. Heylin (author of the Geography) preached at the Abbey, on Cant. v. 25, concerning friendship and charity; he was, I think, at this time quite dark, and so had been for some years.

31*st*. This night, his Majesty promised to make my Wife Lady of the Jewels (a very honourable charge) to the future Queen (but which he never performed).

1*st April*. I dined with that great mathematician and virtuoso, Monsieur Zulichem,[2] inventor of the pendule clock, and discoverer of the phenomenon of Saturn's annulus: he was elected into our Society.

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[1] See *post*, p. 372.

[2] See hereafter, under July, 1664.

19*th*. To London, and saw the bath-ing and rest of the ceremonies of the Knights of the Bath, preparatory to the coronation; it was in the Painted Chamber, Westminster. I might have received this honour; but declined it. The rest of the ceremony was in the chapel at Whitehall, when their swords being laid on the altar, the Bishop delivered them.

22*nd*. Was the splendid cavalcade of his Majesty from the Tower of London to Whitehall, when I saw him in the Banqueting House create six Earls, and as many Barons, viz.

Edward Lord Hyde,[1] Lord Chancellor, Earl of Clarendon; supported by the Earls of Northumberland and Sussex; the Earl of Bedford carried the cap and coronet, the Earl of Warwick, the sword, the Earl of Newport, the mantle.

Next, was Capel, created Earl of Essex.
Brudenell, . . . Cardigan;
Valentia, . . . Anglesea;
Greenvill . . . Bath; and
Howard, Earl of Carlisle.[2]

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[1] "In 1656, or 1657, attempts were made to remove the Chancellor (Hyde), by accusing him of betraying his Majesty's Counsels, and holding correspondence with Cromwell; but these allegations were so trivial and frivolous, that they manifestly appeared to be nothing but the effects of malice against him, and therefore produced the contrary effects to those which some desired, and strengthened the King's kindness to him; as giving him just occasion to believe that these suggestions against him proceeded all from one and the same cause, namely, from the ambition which some people had to enter in his room to the first trust of his Majesty's affairs, if once they could remove him from his station."—*Life of King James II.* from his own papers, 1816, vol. i. p. 274.

[2] The first of these was the son of the celebrated Royalist general, Sir Bevill Grenville, by whose side he had fought in several battles with great gallantry, though a mere youth. During the Protectorate he had acted as Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II., for whom he conducted negotiations with Monk. He died in 1701.—The new Earl of Carlisle was Charles, created Baron Dacre, Viscount and Earl of Carlisle, who held several important offices. He was Ambassador to the Czar of Muscovy, and was afterwards sent with the Order of the Garter to Charles XII., King of Sweden. He was also Governor of Jamaica. He died February 24th, 1684.—Denzil Holles was second son of John, first Earl of Clare, and at the commencement of his career vigorously opposed in Parliament the arbitrary measures

The Barons were: Denzille Holles; Cornwallis; Booth; Townsend; Cooper; Crew; who were led up by several Peers, with Garter and officers of arms before them; when, after obedience on their several approaches to the throne, their patents were presented by Garter King-at-Arms, which being received by the Lord Chamberlain, and delivered to his Majesty, and by him to the Secretary of State, were read, and then again delivered to his Majesty, and by him to the several Lords created; they were then robed, their coronets and collars put on by his Majesty, and they were placed in rank on both sides the state and throne; but the Barons put off their caps and circles, and held them in their hands, the Earls keeping on their coronets, as cousins to the King.

I spent the rest of the evening in seeing the several arch-triumphals built in the streets at several eminent places through which his Majesty was next day to pass, some of which, though temporary, and to stand but one year, were of good invention and architecture, with inscriptions.

23rd April. Was the Coronation of his Majesty Charles the Second in the Abbey-Church of Westminster; at all which ceremony I was present. The King and his Nobility went to the Tower, I accompanying my Lord Viscount Mordaunt part of the way; this was on Sunday, the 22nd; but indeed his Majesty went not till early this morning, and proceeded from thence to Westminster, in this order.[1]

First, went the Duke of York's Horse Guards. Messengers of the Chamber. 136 Esquires to the Knights of the Bath, each of whom had two, most richly habited. The Knight Harbinger. Serjeant Porter. Sewers of the Chamber. Quarter Waiters. Six Clerks of Chancery. Clerk of the Signet. Clerk of the Privy Seal. Clerks of the Council, of the Parliament, and of the Crown. Chap-

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of Charles I.; but during the Commonwealth he sought to restore the monarchy, for which, as we now see, he was created Baron Holles. He was employed as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, and Plenipotentiary at the Treaty of Breda. Nevertheless, he subsequently was held to have gone round to his old opinions, and was again under disfavour as a patriot in the latter days of his life, which terminated on the 17th February, 1679–80. Cornwallis was Sir Frederick Cornwallis, Bart., here, for his services to Charles I. and Charles II., created Baron Cornwallis, of Eye. He died in 1662.

[1] A full account of this ceremony, with elaborate engravings, appeared in a folio volume published by John Ogilby, 1662.

lains in ordinary having dignities, 10. King's Advocates and Remembrancer. Council at Law. Masters of the Chancery. Puisne Serjeants. King's Attorney and Solicitor. King's eldest Serjeant. Secretaries of the French and Latin tongue. Gentlemen Ushers. Daily waiters, Sewers, Carvers, and Cupbearers in ordinary. Esquires of the body, 4. Masters of standing officers, being no Counsellors, viz., of the Tents, Revels, Ceremonies, Armoury, Wardrobe, Ordnance, Requests. Chamberlain of the Exchequer. Barons of the Exchequer. Judges. Lord Chief-Baron. Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. Master of the Rolls. Lord Chief-Justice of England. Trumpets. Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. Knights of the Bath, 68, in crimson robes, exceeding rich, and the noblest show of the whole cavalcade, his Majesty excepted. Knight Marshal. Treasurer of the Chamber. Master of the Jewels. Lords of the Privy Council. Comptroller of the Household. Treasurer of the Household. Trumpets. Serjeant Trumpet. Two Pursuivants at Arms. Barons. Two Pursuivants at Arms. Viscounts. Two Heralds. Earls. Lord Chamberlain of the Household. Two Heralds. Marquises. Dukes. Heralds Clarencieux and Norroy. Lord Chancellor. Lord High Steward of England. Two persons representing the Dukes of Normandy and Acquitaine, viz., Sir Richard Fanshawe and Sir Herbert Price, in fantastic habits of the time. Gentlemen Ushers. Garter. Lord Mayor of London. The Duke of York alone (the rest by two's). Lord High Constable of England. Lord Great Chamberlain of England. The sword borne by the Earl Marshal of England. The KING, in royal robes and equipage. Afterwards, followed equerries, footmen, gentlemen pensioners. Master of the Horse, leading a horse richly caparisoned. Vice-Chamberlain. Captain of the Pensioners. Captain of the Guard. The Guard. The Horse-Guard. The troop of Volunteers, with many other officers and gentlemen.

This magnificent train on horseback, as rich as embroidery, velvet, cloth of gold and silver, and jewels, could make them and their prancing horses, proceeded through the streets strewed with flowers, houses hung with rich tapestry, windows and balconies full of ladies; the London militia lining the ways, and the several companies, with their banners and loud music, ranked in their orders; the fountains running wine, bells ringing, with speeches made at the several triumphal arches; at that of the Temple Bar (near which I stood) the Lord Mayor was received by the Bailiff of Westminster, who, in a scarlet robe, made a speech. Thence, with joyful acclamations, his Majesty passed to Whitehall. Bonfires at night.

The next day, being St. George's, he went by water to Westminster Abbey. When his Majesty was entered, the Dean and Prebendaries brought all the regalia, and delivered them to several noblemen to bear before the King, who met them at the west door of the church, singing an anthem, to the choir. Then, came the peers, in their robes, and coronets in their hands, till his Majesty was placed on a throne elevated before the altar. Afterwards, the Bishop of London (the Archbishop of Canterbury being sick) went to every side of the throne to present the King to the People, asking if they would have him for their King, and do him homage; at this, they shouted four times "God save King Charles the Second!" Then, an anthem was sung. His Majesty, attended by three Bishops, went up to the altar, and he offered a pall and a pound of gold. Afterwards, he sate down in another chair during the sermon, which was preached by Dr. Morley, Bishop of Worcester.

After sermon, the King took his oath before the altar to maintain the religion, Magna Charta, and laws of the land. The hymn *Véni S. Sp.* followed, and then the Litany by two Bishops. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, present but much indisposed and weak, said "Lift up your hearts;" at which, the King rose up, and put off his robes and upper garments, and was in a waistcoat so opened in divers places, that the Archbishop might commodiously anoint him, first in the palms of his hands, when an anthem was sung, and a prayer read; then, his breast and betwixt the shoulders, bending of both arms; and, lastly, on the crown of the head, with apposite hymns and prayers at each anointing; this done, the Dean closed and buttoned up the waistcoat. After which, was a coif put on, and the cobbium, sindon or dalmatic, and over this a super-tunic of cloth of gold, with buskins and sandals of the same, spurs, and the sword: a prayer being first said over it by the Archbishop on the altar, before it was girt on by the Lord Chamberlain. Then, the armill, mantle, &c. Then, the Archbishop placed the crown-imperial on the altar, prayed over it, and set it on his Majesty's head, at which all the Peers put on their coronets. Anthems, and rare music, with lutes, viols, trumpets, organs, and voices, were then heard, and the Archbishop put a ring on his Majesty's finger. The King next offered his sword on the altar, which being redeemed, was drawn, and borne before him. Then, the Archbishop delivered him the sceptre, with the dove in one hand, and, in the other, the sceptre with the globe. The King kneeling, the Archbishop pronounced the blessing. His Majesty then ascending again his royal throne, whilst *Te Deum* was singing, all the Peers did their homage, by every one touching his crown. The Archbishop, and the rest of the Bishops, first kissing the King; who received the Holy Sacrament, and so disrobed, yet with the crown-imperial on his head, and accompanied with all the nobility in the former order, he went on foot upon blue cloth, which was spread and reached from the west door of the Abbey to Westminster stairs, when he took water in a triumphal barge to Whitehall, where was extraordinary feasting.

24th April. I presented his Majesty with his "Panegyric"[1] in the Privy Chamber, which he was pleased to accept most graciously; I gave copies to the Lord Chancellor, and most of the noblemen who came to me for it. I dined at the Marquis of Ormond's, where was a magnificent feast, and many great persons.

1st May. I went to Hyde Park to take the air, where was his Majesty, and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now a time of universal festivity and joy.

2nd. I had audience of my Lord Chancellor about my title to Sayes Court.

3rd. I went to see the wonderful engine for weaving silk stockings, said to have been the invention of an Oxford scholar forty years since; and I returned by Fromantil's, the famous clock-maker, to see some pendules, Monsieur Zulichem being with us.

This evening, I was with my Lord Brouncker,[2] Sir

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[1] A poem which Evelyn had composed on his Majesty's Coronation the 23rd of April, 1661; being St. George's day. For his Majesty's not unnatural alarm respecting it, see "Correspondence," iii. 132.

[2] Sir William, the second Viscount Brounker, was the first President of the Royal Society; and several mathematical papers written

Robert Murray, Sir Patrick Neill, Monsieur Zulichem, and Bull (all of them of our Society, and excellent mathematicians), to show his Majesty, who was present, Saturn's annulus, as some thought, but as Zulichem affirmed with his balteus (as that learned gentleman had published), very near eclipsed by the moon, near the Mons Porphyritis; also, Jupiter and satellites, through his Majesty's great telescope, drawing thirty-five feet; on which were divers discourses.

8th. His Majesty rode in state, with his imperial crown on, and all the peers in their robes, in great pomp to the parliament now newly chosen (the old one being dissolved); and, that evening, declared in council his intention to marry the Infanta of Portugal.

9th. At Sir Robert Murray's, where I met Dr. Wallis,[1] Professor of Geometry in Oxford, where was discourse of several mathematical subjects.

11th. My Wife presented to his Majesty the Madonna she had copied in miniature from P. Oliver's painting, after Raphael, which she wrought with extraordinary pains and judgment. The King was infinitely pleased with it, and caused it to be placed in his cabinet amongst his best paintings.

13th. I heard and saw such exercises at the election of scholars at Westminster School to be sent to the University in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, in themes and extemporary verses, as wonderfully astonished me in such youths, with such readiness and wit, some of them not above twelve, or thirteen years of age. Pity it is, that what they attain here so ripely, they either do not retain, or do

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by him are to be found in their transactions. He died April 5th, 1684. He was also Chancellor to Queen Catharine of Braganza, a Commissioner of the Admiralty, and Master of St. Katherine's Hospital.

[1] John Wallis, born in 1616, at Ashford, in Kent, of which place his father was minister. Adopting the same profession, he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, became chaplain to a Yorkshire baronet in 1641, and obtained the living of St. Gabriel, Fenchurch-street, London, in 1643. As we learn from Evelyn, he was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, to the transactions of which he contributed many valuable papers, and wrote several mathematical and theological works. He was appointed chaplain to Charles II., and had been employed in decyphering intercepted correspondence, in which he was considered remarkably clever. He died October, 1703, at Oxford, where his works had previously been published in three volumes, folio.

not improve more considerably when they come to be men, though many of them do; and no less is to be blamed their odd pronouncing of Latin, so that out of England none were able to understand, or endure it. The examinants, or posers, were, Dr. Duport, Greek Professor at Cambridge; Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ-Church, Oxford;[1] Dr. Pierson, Dr. Allestree, Dean of Westminster, and any that would.

14*th*. His Majesty was pleased to discourse with me concerning several particulars relating to our Society, and the planet Saturn, &c., as he sate at supper in the withdrawing-room to his bed-chamber.

16*th*. I dined with Mr. Garmus, the resident from Hamburgh, who continued his feast near nine whole hours, according to the custom of his country, though there was no great excess of drinking, no man being obliged to take more than he liked.

22*nd*. The Scotch Covenant was burnt by the common hangman in divers places in London. Oh, prodigious change!

29*th*. This was the first anniversary appointed by Act of Parliament to be observed as a day of General Thanksgiving for the miraculous restoration of his Majesty: our vicar preaching on Psalm cxviii. 24, requiring us to be thankful and rejoice, as indeed we had cause.

4*th June*. Came Sir Charles Harbord, his Majesty's surveyor, to take an account of what grounds I challenged at Sayes Court.

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[1] James Duport was the son of the Master of Jesus' College, Cambridge, where he was born in the year 1606. He finished his education at Trinity, and was appointed Regius Professor of Greek in 1632, but was deprived in 1656 for refusing the engagement. He was Prebendary of Lincoln and Archdeacon of Stow in 1641, and in 1660 chaplain to Charles II., when he was restored to his Greek Professorship, created Doctor of Divinity, made Dean of Peterborough, and, in 1668, elected Master of Magdalen College. He was a good classical scholar.—John Fell, born June 23rd, 1625, at Longworth, in Berkshire, was son of the Dean of Christchurch. He was removed from the grammar-school at Thame, when only eleven years of age, to become a student at Christchurch, Oxford, his father being at the time Vice-Chancellor of the University. Of this appointment the elder Fell was deprived by the Parliament, and his son expelled from his College, for having been in arms for the King. The father died upon hearing of the execution of Charles, but the son was not overlooked at the Restoration, receiving a stall at Chichester, and afterwards a more valuable one at Christchurch. He served the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1666, and, in 1676, was made Bishop of Oxford. Bishop Fell was a voluminous author. He died in 1686.

27th. I saw the Portugal Ambassador at dinner with his Majesty in state, where was excellent music.

2nd July. I went to see the New Spring-Garden, at Lambeth, a pretty contrived plantation.[1]

19th. We tried our Diving-Bell, or engine, in the water-dock at Deptford, in which our curator continued half an hour under water; it was made of cast lead, let down with a strong cable.

3rd August. Came my Lord Hatton, Comptroller of his Majesty's household, to visit me.

9th. I tried several experiments on the sensitive plant and humilis, which contracted with the least touch of the sun through a burning-glass, though it rises and opens only when it shines on it.

I first saw the famous Queen Pine[2] brought from Barbadoes, and presented to his Majesty; but the first that were ever seen in England were those sent to Cromwell four years since.

I dined at Mr. Palmer's in Gray's Inn, whose curiosity excelled in clocks and pendules, especially one that had innumerable motions, and played nine or ten tunes on the bells very finely, some of them set in parts; which was very harmonious. It was wound up but once in a quarter. He had also good telescopes and mathematical instruments, choice pictures, and other curiosities. Thence, we went to that famous mountebank, Jo. Punteus.

Sir Kenelm Digby presented every one of us his Discourse of the Vegetation of Plants; and Mr. Henshaw, his History of Salt-Petre and Gunpowder. I assisted him to procure his place of French Secretary to the King, which he purchased of Sir Henry De Vic.

I went to that famous physician, Sir Fr. Prujean, who showed me his laboratory, his work-house for turning, and other mechanics; also many excellent pictures, especially the Magdalen of Caracci; and some incomparable *paysages* done in distemper; he played to me likewise on the *polythore*, an instrument having something of the harp, lute, and theorbo; by none known in England, nor described by any author, nor used, but by this skilful and learned Doctor.

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[1] Since better known as the Vauxhall Gardens.

[2] A print in the line manner, 13 inches by 12, was engraved in 1823 by Robert Grave, from the picture at Strawberry-Hill, of King Charles II. receiving this species of fruit from Rose his gardener, who is presenting it on his knees at Dawney Court, Buckinghamshire, the seat of the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland. See *post*, vol. ii. p. 37.

15th August. I went to Tunbridge-Wells, my wife being there for the benefit of her health. Walking about the solitudes, I greatly admired the extravagant turnings, insinuations, and growth of certain birch-trees among the rocks.

13th September. I presented my *Fumifugium*[1] dedicated to his Majesty, who was pleased that I should publish it by his special commands, being much gratified with it.

18th. This day was read our petition to his Majesty for his royal grant, authorizing our Society to meet as a corporation, with several privileges.

An exceeding sickly, wet autumn.

1st October. I sailed this morning with his Majesty in one of his yachts (or pleasure-boats), vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the King; being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other new pleasure-boat, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager 100*l.*; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The King lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his Majesty sometime steering himself. His barge and kitchen boat attended. I brake fast this morning with the King at return in his smaller vessel, he being pleased to take me and only four more, who were noblemen, with him; but dined in his yacht, where we all eat together with his Majesty. In this passage he was pleased to discourse to me about my book inveighing against the nuisance of the smoke of London, and proposing expedients how, by removing those particulars I mentioned,[2] it might be reformed; commanding me to prepare a Bill against the next session of Parliament, being, as he said, resolved to have something done in it. Then he discoursed to me of the improvement of gardens and buildings, now very rare in England comparatively to other countries. He then commanded me to draw up the matter of fact happening at the bloody encounter which then had newly happened between the French and Spanish Ambassadors near the Tower, contending for precedency, at the reception of the Swedish Ambassador; giving me order to consult Sir William Compton, Master of the Ordnance, to inform me of what he knew of it, and with his favourite, Sir Charles Berkeley,[1] captain of the Duke's life-guard, then present with his troop and three foot-companies; with some other reflections and instructions, to be prepared with a declaration to take off the reports which went about of his Majesty's partiality in the affairs, and of his officers' and spectators' rudeness whilst the conflict lasted. So I came home that night, and went next morning to London, where from the officers of the Tower, Sir William Compton, Sir Charles Berkeley, and others who were attending at this meeting of the Ambassadors three days before, having collected what I could, I drew up a Narrative in vindication of his Majesty, and the carriage of his officers and standers-by.

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[1] This pamphlet having become scarce, was in 1772 reprinted in 4to, and is now incorporated in Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings."

[2] In the *Fumifugium*, before mentioned.

On Thursday, his Majesty sent one of the pages of the back stairs for me to wait on him with my papers, in his cabinet, where was present only Sir Henry Bennett[2] (Privy-Purse), when beginning to read to his Majesty what I had drawn up, by the time I had read half a page, came in Mr. Secretary Morice with a large paper, desiring to speak with his Majesty, who told him he was now very busy, and therefore ordered him to come again some other time; the Secretary replied that what he had in his hand was of extraordinary importance. So the King rose up, and, commanding me to stay, went aside to a corner of the room with the Secretary; after a while, the Secretary being despatched, his Majesty returning to me at the table, a letter was brought him from Madame out of France;[3] this he read and then bid me proceed from where I left off. This I did till I had ended all the narrative, to his Majesty's great satisfaction; and, after I had inserted one or two more clauses, in which his Majesty instructed me, commanded that it should that night be sent to the Post-house, directed to the Lord Ambassador at Paris (the Earl of St. Alban's), and then at leisure to prepare him a copy, which he would publish. This I did, and immediately sent my papers to the Secretary of State, with his Majesty's express command of despatching them that night for France. Before I went out of the King's closet, he called me back to show me some ivory statues, and other curiosities that I had not seen before.

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[1] Subsequently that Earl of Falmouth who was killed by the side of the Duke of York in the first Dutch war.

[2] Afterwards Secretary of State, Earl of Arlington, and Lord Chamberlain.

[3] Henrietta Maria.

3rd October. Next evening, being in the withdrawing-room adjoining the bedchamber, his Majesty espying me came to me from a great crowd of noblemen standing near the fire, and asked me if I had done; and told me he feared it might be a little too sharp, on second thoughts; for he had that morning spoken with the French Ambassador, who it seems had palliated the matter, and was very tame; and therefore directed me where I should soften a period or two, before it was published (as afterwards it was). This night also he spake to me to give him a sight of what was sent, and to bring it to him in his bedchamber; which I did, and received it again from him at dinner, next day. By Saturday, having finished it with all his Majesty's notes, the King being gone abroad, I sent the papers to Sir Henry Bennett (Privy-Purse and a great favourite), and slipped home, being myself much indisposed and harassed with going about, and sitting up to write.

19*th.* I went to London to visit my Lord of Bristol,[1] having been with Sir John Denham (his Majesty's surveyor) to consult with him about the placing of his palace at Greenwich, which I would have had built between the river and the Queen's house, so as a large square cut should have let in the Thames like a bay; but Sir John was for setting it on piles at the very brink of the water, which I did not assent to; and so came away, knowing Sir John to be a better poet than architect, though he had Mr. Webb (Inigo Jones's man) to assist him.

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[1] George Digby, second Earl, had suffered much for Royalty, but was made Knight of the Garter, and might have held important employments, had he not, when abroad, become a Catholic. He died in 1676. Horace Walpole thus smartly sums up his character: "He wrote against Popery, and embraced it. He was a zealous opposer of the Court, and a sacrifice for it: was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts he always hurt himself and his friends. With romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act, though a Roman Catholic; and addicted himself to astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy." (*Royal and Noble Authors*, Vol. II., p. 25.) Grammont mentions him, but in terms far from respectful: nor does "my lord of Bristol" appear to more advantage in the annals of Bussy, or in the continuation of his life by Clarendon.

29th. I saw the Lord Mayor[1] pass in his water triumph to Westminster, being the first solemnity of this nature after twenty years.

2nd November. Came Sir Henry Bennett, since Lord Arlington, to visit me, and to acquaint me that his Majesty would do me the honour to come and see my garden; but, it being then late, it was deferred.

3rd. One Mr. Breton preached his probation-sermon at our parish-church, and indeed made a most excellent discourse on the John i. 29, of God's free grace to penitents, so that I could not but recommend him to the patron.[2]

10th. In the afternoon, preached at the Abbey Dr. Basire, that great traveller, or rather French Apostle,[3] who had been planting the Church of England in divers parts of the Levant and Asia. He showed that the Church of England was, for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under Heaven; that England was the very land of Goshen.

11th. I was so idle as to go to see a play called *Love and Honour.*[4]—Dined at Arundel House; and that evening discoursed with his Majesty about shipping, in which he was exceeding skilful.

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[1] Sir John Frederick. The pageant for this day was called "London's Triumph, at the Charges of the Grocers' Company. By John Tatham." See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, XCIV. ii. 517.

[2] He obtained the living.

[3] See *post*, p. 377, and "Correspondence," vol. iii. p. 3, and p. 218. Isaac Basire, born in the Island of Jersey, in 1607; was educated for the Church; for some time officiated as Master of the Free School at Guernsey, and then as chaplain to Morton, Bishop of Durham, who presented him with a rectory and a vicarage. Preferments and honours promised to flow rapidly upon him, when the disturbed state of the country induced him to quit England, and he travelled in the Morea, to the Holy Land, and to Constantinople. On his return, Charles II. appointed Dr. Basire his Chaplain in Ordinary. He died in 1676. His sermons obtained a deserved celebrity. He wrote also a History of the English and Scottish Presbytery.

[4] A Tragi-Comedy, by Sir William Davenant; the performance took place in the morning.

15*th*. I dined with the Duke of Ormond, who told me there were no moles in Ireland, nor any rats till of late, and that but in one county; but it was a mistake that spiders would not live there, only they were not poisonous. Also, that they frequently took salmon with dogs.

16*th*. I presented my translation of *Naudæus concerning Libraries* to my Lord Chancellor; but it was miserably false printed.

17*th*. Dr. Greighton,[1] a Scot, author of the "Florentine Council," and a most eloquent man and admirable Grecian, preached on Cant. vi. 13, celebrating the return and restoration of the Church and King.

20*th*. At the Royal Society, Sir William Petty proposed divers things for the improvement of Shipping; a versatile keel that should be on hinges, and concerning sheathing ships with thin lead.[2]

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[1] Afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. His son, Dr. Robert Creighton, while attending Charles II. in his exile, studied music, in which he became such a proficient that his anthem, "I will arise and go to my Father," and a service in the key of E, still maintain a high reputation with the lovers of sacred music. He died at Wells in the year 1736.

[2] Of which more will be related hereafter. Sir William Petty, one of the celebrities of the seventeenth century, was born at Ramsey, in Hampshire, in 1623. He was the son of a clothier, who sent him to the grammar-school of his native town; but at the age of fifteen he was removed to the University of Caen, in Normandy. On his return to England, he accepted an appointment in the navy; but with the object only of raising enough money to enable him to travel, and complete his education his own way. He proceeded to one of the Dutch Universities in 1643; thence to Paris, studying anatomy and medicine; and was again in England in 1646. In 1647, he took out a patent for a copying-machine, which attracted towards the inventor the notice of many men of science. Then he practised as a physician, and resided at Oxford, where he was appointed assistant professor, and afterwards Professor of Anatomy. He was a Fellow of Brasenose, created M.D. in 1649, and admitted into the College of Physicians in the following year. He was, at about the same period, Professor of Music in Gresham College; Physician to the Army in Ireland, and to the Lord Deputy Commissioner for the division of the lands forfeited by the Rebels; Secretary to the Lord Deputy; and Clerk of the Council. But having been elected for East Loo in the Parliament of 1658, he was impeached for high crimes and misdemeanours in his Irish commission a few months afterwards, and this ended in a deprivation of all his employments. At the Restoration, however, he again appeared upon the scene as prominently as ever. He was Com-

24th. This night his Majesty fell into discourse with me concerning bees, &c.

26th. I saw *Hamlet Prince of Denmark* played; but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad.

28th. I dined at Chiffinch's house-warming, in St. James's Park; he was his Majesty's closet-keeper, and had his new house full of good pictures, &c. There dined with us Russell, Popish Bishop of Cape Verd, who was sent out to negotiate his Majesty's match with the Infanta of Portugal, after the Ambassador was returned.

29th. I dined at the Countess of Peterborough's, and went that evening to Parson's Green with my Lord Mordaunt, with whom I stayed that night.

1st December. I took leave of my Lord Peterborough, going now to Tangier, which was to be delivered to the English on the match with Portugal.

3rd. By universal suffrage of our philosophic assembly, an order was made and registered, that I should receive their public thanks for the honourable mention I made of them by the name of Royal Society, in my Epistle dedicatory to the Lord Chancellor, before my Traduction of Naudæus. Too great an honour for a trifle.

4th. I had much discourse with the Duke of York, concerning strange cures he affirmed of a woman who swallowed a whole ear of barley, which worked out at her side. I told him of the *knife swallowed* [1] and the pins.

I took leave of the Bishop of Cape Verd, now going in the fleet to bring over our new Queen.

7th. I dined at Arundel House, the day when the great contest in Parliament was concerning the restoring the Duke of Norfolk; however, it was carried for him.

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missioner of the Court of Claims; physician, philosopher, author, and projector; opened lead mines, established pilchard fisheries, and assisted in the councils of the Royal Society; invented the double-bottomed ship to go against wind and tide, mentioned by Evelyn; wrote a method for equalising taxation, and acted as president of a philosophical society established in Dublin. So numerous is the list of things he did, and the books he wrote, that it is impossible to notice half of them. But the best and most amusing character of him is to be found in the text. He died December 16th, 1687.

[1] This refers to the Dutchman *ante*, p. 28, and to an extraordinary case contained in a "Miraculous cure of the Prussian Swallow Knife, &c., by Dan. Lakin, P.C.," quarto, London, 1642, with a woodcut representing the object of the cure, and the size of the knife.

I also presented my little trifle of Sumptuary Laws, entitled *Tyrannus* [or *The Mode*].

14*th*. I saw otter-hunting with the King, and killed one.

16*th*. I saw a French Comedy acted at Whitehall.

20*th*. The Bishop of Gloucester[1] preached at the Abbey, at the funeral of the Bishop of Hereford, brother to the Duke of Abermarle. It was a decent solemnity. There was a silver mitre, with episcopal robes, borne by the herald before the hearse, which was followed by the Duke his brother, and all the Bishops, with divers noblemen.

23*rd*. I heard an Italian play and sing to the guitar with extraordinary skill before the Duke.

1661–2. 1*st January*. I went to London, invited to the solemn foolery of the Prince de la Grange, at Lincoln's Inn, where came the King, Duke, &c. It began with a grand masque, and a formal pleading before the mock Princes, Grandees, Nobles, and Knights of the Sun. He had his Lord Chancellor, Chamberlain, Treasurer, and other Royal Officers, gloriously clad and attended. It ended in a magnificent banquet. One Mr. Lort was the young spark who maintained the pageantry.

6*th*. This evening, according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy-chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his 100*l*. (The year before he won 1500*l*.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about 1000*l*., and left them still at passage, cards, &c. At other tables, both there and at the Groom-porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a Court, which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the Kingdom.

9*th*. I saw acted *The Third Part of the Siege of Rhodes*. In this acted the fair and famous comedian called Roxalana from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *Miss* (as at this time they began to call lewd women). It was in recitative music.

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[1] Dr. William Nicholson.

10*th*. Being called into his Majesty's closet when Mr. Cooper, the rare limner,[1] was crayoning of the King's face and head, to make the stamps for the new milled money now contriving, I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candlelight for the better finding out the shadows. During this, his Majesty discoursed with me on several things relating to painting and graving.

11*th*. I dined at Arundel House, where I heard excellent music performed by the ablest masters, both French and English, on theorbos, viols, organs, and voices, as an exercise against the coming of the Queen, purposely composed for her chapel. Afterwards, my Lord Aubigny (her Majesty's Almoner to be) showed us his elegant lodging, and his wheel-chair for ease and motion, with divers other curiosities; especially a kind of artificial glass, or porcelain, adorned with relievos of paste, hard and beautiful. Lord Aubigny (brother to the Duke of Lennox) was a person of good sense, but wholly abandoned to ease and effeminacy.

I received of Sir Peter Ball, the Queen's Attorney, a draught of an Act against the nuisance of the smoke of London, to be reformed by removing several trades which are the cause of it, and endanger the health of the King and his people. It was to have been offered to the Parliament, as his Majesty commanded.

12*th*. At St. James's chapel preached, or rather harangued, the famous orator, Monsieur Morus,[2] in French. There were present the King, Duke, French Ambassador, Lord Aubigny, Earl of Bristol, and a world of Roman Catholics, drawn thither to hear this eloquent Protestant.

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[1] There were two artists of this name, brothers, Alexander and Samuel Cooper. The former painted landscapes and portraits, resided at Amsterdam, and entered into the service of Queen Christina of Sweden: the other was a fashionable portrait painter, well known by his characteristic likeness of Cromwell, and obtained in France and Holland, where he lived for several years, not less reputation than he had acquired in England. His head is engraved in Walpole's Anecdotes, where there is a notice of him. He was born in 1604, and died in 1672. The scene commemorated in the passage of Evelyn's Diary above-referred to has formed the subject of a cabinet picture by Mr. Maclise, R.A.

[2] Probably Alexander Morus (the antagonist of Milton), who was here in 1662.

15th. There was a general fast through the whol nation, and now celebrated in London, to avert God' heavy judgments on this land. Great rain had fallen without any frost, or seasonable cold, not only in England, bu in Sweden, and the most northern parts, being here nea as warm as at Midsummer in some years.

This solemn fast was held for the House of Commons a St. Margaret's. Dr. Reeves, Dean of Windsor, preache on Joshua, vii. 12, showing how the neglect of exacting justice on offenders (by which he insinuated such of the old King's murderers as were yet reprieved and in the Tower) was a main cause of God's punishing a land. He brought in that of the Gibeonites, as well as Achan an others, concluding with an eulogy of the Parliament for their loyalty in restoring the Bishops and Clergy, and vindicating the Church from sacrilege.

16th. Having notice of the Duke of York's intention to visit my poor habitation and garden this day, I returned, when he was pleased to do me that honour of his own accord, and to stay some time viewing such things as I had to entertain his curiosity. Afterwards, he caused me to dine with him at the Treasurer of the Navy's house, and to sit with him covered at the same table. There were his Highness, the Duke of Ormond, and several Lords. Then they viewed some of my grounds about a project for a receptacle for ships to be moored in, which was laid aside as a fancy of Sir Nicholas Crisp. After this, I accompanied the Duke to an East India vessel that lay at Blackwall, where we had entertainment of several curiosities. Amongst other spirituous drinks, as punch, &c., they gave us Canary that had been carried to and brought from the Indies, which was indeed incomparably good. I returned to London with his Highness. This night was acted before his Majesty *The Widow*, a lewd play.

18th. I came home to be private a little, not at all affecting the life and hurry of Court.

24th. His Majesty entertained me with his intentions of building his Palace of Greenwich, and quite demolishing the old one; on which I declared my thoughts.

25th. I dined with the Trinity-Company at their house, that Corporation being by charter fixed at Deptford.

3rd February. I went to Chelsea, to see Sir Arthur Gorges' house.

11th. I saw a comedy acted before the Duchess of York at the Cockpit. The King was not at it.

17th. I went with my Lord of Bristol to see his house at Wimbledon,[1] newly bought of the Queen-Mother, to help contrive the garden after the modern. It is a delicious place for prospect and the thickets, but the soil cold and weeping clay. Returned that evening with Sir Henry Bennett.

This night was buried in Westminster-Abbey the Queen of Bohemia,[2] after all her sorrows and afflictions being come to die in the arms of her nephew, the King: also this night and the next day fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as never was seen the like in any man's memory, especially the tempest of wind, being south-west, which subverted, besides huge trees, many houses, innumerable chimneys (amongst others that of my parlour at Sayes Court), and made such havoc at land and sea, that several perished on both. Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time; so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation and Court.

20th. I returned home to repair my house, miserably shattered by the late tempest.

24th March. I returned home with my whole family, which had been most part of the winter, since October, at London, in lodgings near the Abbey of Westminster.

6th April. Being of the Vestry, in the afternoon we ordered that the communion-table should be set (as usual) altar-wise, with a decent rail in front, as before the Rebellion.

17th. The young Marquis of Argyle,[3] whose turbulent father was executed in Scotland, came to see my garden. He seemed a man of parts.

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[1] It devolved afterwards to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who built a new house there, burnt down many years since. The property afterwards passed to the Spencer family, by whom a smaller house was built. There are two scarce and curious views of the old house, engraved by Winstanley.

[2] Elizabeth, Electress Palatine, daughter of James I., many of whose letters will be found among the Correspondence of Evelyn. And see *ante*, p. 19.

[3] Archibald, ninth Earl, who, notwithstanding his father's attainder, which forfeited the marquisate, was permitted to inherit the ancient Earldom of his family. Evelyn seems at once to have discovered him in this interview to be "a man of parts," and he greatly deplored his subsequent fate. This has been too strikingly and beautifully told by Lord Macaulay in his recent history (vol. ii. pp. 537–565) to require

7th May. I waited on Prince Rupert to our Assembly, where we tried several experiments in Mr. Boyle's *vacuum*. A man thrusting in his arm, upon exhaustion of the air, had his flesh immediately swelled so as the blood was near bursting the veins: he drawing it out, we found it all speckled.

14th. To London, being chosen one of the Commissioners for reforming the buildings, ways, streets, and incumbrances, and regulating the hackney coaches in the City of London, taking my oath before my Lord Chancellor, and then went to his Majesty's Surveyor's Office, in Scotland-Yard, about naming and establishing officers, adjourning till the 16th, when I went to view how St. Martin's Lane might be made more passable into the Strand. There were divers gentlemen of quality in this commission.

25th. I went this evening to London, in order to our journey to Hampton Court, to see the new Queen, who, having landed at Portsmouth, had been married to the King a week before by the Bishop of London.

30th. The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales, or guard-infantes, their complexions olivader[1] and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her fore-top long and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest, lovely enough.

31st. I saw the Queen at dinner; the judges came to compliment her arrival, and, after them, the Duke of Ormond brought me to kiss her hand.

2nd June. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen made their addresses to the Queen, presenting her 1000*l.* in gold. Now saw I her Portuguese ladies, and the Guarda-damas, or

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further allusion here. The reader may be also referred to Lord Lindsay's entertaining *Lives of the Lindsays*, vol. ii. pp. 146–155.

[1] Of a dark olive complexion. It has been noticed in other accounts that Catharine of Braganza's Portuguese Ladies of Honour, who came over with her, were uncommonly ill-favoured, and disagreeable in their appearance. See Faithorne's curious print of the Queen in the costume here described.

Mother of her Maids,[1] and the old knight, a lock of whose hair quite covered the rest of his bald pate, bound on by a thread, very oddly. I saw the rich gondola sent to his Majesty from the State of Venice; but it was not comparable for swiftness to our common wherries, though managed by Venetians.

4*th*. Went to visit the Earl of Bristol, at Wimbledon.

8*th*. I saw her Majesty at supper privately in her bedchamber.

9*th*. I heard the Queen's Portugal music, consisting of pipes, harps, and very ill voices.

Hampton Court is as noble and uniform a pile, and as capacious as any Gothic architecture can have made it. There is an incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold; also many rare pictures, especially the Cæsarean Triumphs of Andrea Mantegna, formerly the Duke of Mantua's; of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, &c. The Queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost 8000*l*., being a present made by the States of Holland when his Majesty returned, and had formerly been given by them to our King's sister, the Princess of Orange, and, being bought of her again, was now presented to the King. The great looking-glass and toilet, of beaten and massive gold, was given by the Queen-Mother. The Queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here. The great hall is a most magnificent room. The chapel-roof excellently fretted and gilt. I was also curious to visit the wardrobe and tents, and other furniture of state. The park, formerly a flat and naked piece of ground, now planted with sweet rows of lime trees; and the canal for water now near perfected; also the air-park. In the garden is a rich and noble fountain, with Sirens, statues, &c., cast in copper, by Fanelli; but no plenty of water. The cradle-work of horn beam in the garden is, for the perplexed twining of the trees, very observable. There is a parterre which they call Paradise, in which is a pretty banqueting house set over a cave, or cellar. All thes gardens might be exceedingly improved, as being to narrow for such a palace.

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[1] The Maids of Honour had a Mother at least as early as the reign of Elizabeth. The office is suppose to have been abolished about the period of the Revolution of 1688.

10th. I returned to London, and presented my *History of Chalcography* (dedicated to Mr. Boyle) to ou Society.[1]

19th. I went to Albury, to visit Mr. Henry Howard soon after he had procured the Dukedom to be restored. This gentleman had now compounded a debt of 200,000*l.*. contracted by his grandfather. I was much obliged to tha great virtuoso, and to this young gentleman, with whom stayed a fortnight.

2nd July. We hunted and killed a buck in the park: Mr. Howard inviting most of the gentlemen of the country near him.

3rd. My wife met me at Woodcot, whither Mr. Howard accompanied me to see my son John, who had been much brought up amongst Mr. Howard's children at Arundel House, till, for fear of their perverting him in the Catholic religion, I was forced to take him home.

8*th.* To London, to take leave of the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, going then into Ireland with an extraordinary retinue.

13*th.* Spent some time with the Lord Chancellor, where I had discourse with my Lord Willoughby, Governor of Barbadoes, concerning divers particulars of that colony.

28*th.* His Majesty going to sea to meet the Queen-Mother, now coming again for England, met with such ill weather as greatly endangered him. I went to Greenwich, to wait on the Queen, now landed.

30*th.* To London, where was a meeting about Charitable Uses, and particularly to inquire how the City had disposed of the revenues of Gresham College, and why the salaries of the professors there were no better improved. I was on this commission, with divers Bishops and Lords of the Council; but little was the progress we could make.

31*st.* I sat with the Commissioners about reforming buildings and streets of London, and we ordered the paving of the way from St. James's North, which was a quagmire and also of the Haymarket about Piqudillo [Piccadilly], and agreed upon instructions to be printed and published for the better keeping the streets clean.

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[1] See Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," 4to. p. 243.

1st *August.* Mr. H. Howard, his brothers Charles, Edward, Bernard, Philip,[1] now the Queen's Almoner (all brothers of the Duke of Norfolk, still in Italy), came with a great train, and dined with me; Mr. H. Howard leaving with me his eldest and youngest sons, Henry and Thomas, for three or four days, my son, John, having been sometime bred up in their father's house.

4*th.* Come to see me the old Countess of Devonshire,[2] with that excellent and worthy person, my Lord her son, from Roehampton.

5*th.* To London, and next day to Hampton Court, about my purchase, and took leave of Sir R. Fanshawe,[3] now going Ambassador to Portugal.

13*th.* Our Charter being now passed under the broad Seal, constituting us a corporation under the name of the Royal Society for the improvement of natural knowledge by experiment, was this day read, and was all that was done this afternoon, being very large.

14*th.* I sat on the commission for Charitable Uses, the Lord Mayor and others of the Mercers' Company being summoned, to answer some complaints of the Professors, grounded on a clause in the will of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder.

This afternoon, the Queen-Mother, with the Earl of St. Alban's and many great ladies and persons, was pleased to honour my poor villa with her presence, and to accept of a collation. She was exceedingly pleased, and staid till very late in the evening.

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[1] Since Cardinal at Rome. *Evelyn's Note.*

[2] Christian, Countess of Devonshire. Of considerable celebrity for her devotion, her hospitality, and her great care in the management of her son's affairs; she was esteemed also as a patroness of the wits of the age, who frequently met at her house; and her loyalty and exertions to promote the Restoration, obtained her additional repute. Charles II. frequently visited her at this place with the Queen-Mother and the Royal Family. There is a life of her, written by Mr. Pomfret.

[3] Sir Richard Fanshawe, equally eminent at this period as a diplomatist and as a poet. In the former position he acted as ambassador to the courts of Spain and Portugal; in the latter translated the Pastor Fido of Guarini, and the Lusiad of Camoens. Born 1608; died 1666. His wife was Anne, eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, of Balls, Hertfordshire.

15th. Came my Lord Chancellor (the Earl of Clarendon and his lady, his purse and mace borne before him, to visi me. They were likewise collationed with us, and were very merry. They had all been our old acquaintance in exile and indeed this great person had ever been my friend. His son, Lord Cornbury, was here, too.

17th. Being the Sunday when the Common Prayer Book, reformed and ordered to be used for the future was appointed to be read, and the solemn League and Covenant to be abjured by all the incumbents of England under penalty of losing their livings; our vicar read it this morning.

20th. There were strong guards in the city this day apprehending some tumults, many of the Presbyterian ministers not conforming. I dined with the Vice-Chamberlain, and then went to see the Queen-Mother, who was pleased to give me many thanks for the entertainment she received at my house, when she recounted to me many observable stories of the sagacity of some dogs she formerly had.

21st. I was admitted and then sworn one of the Council of the Royal Society, being nominated in his Majesty's original grant to be of this Council for the regulation of the Society, and making laws and statutes conducible to its establishment and progress, for which we now set apart every Wednesday morning till they were all finished. Lord Viscount Brouncker (that excellent mathematician) was also by his Majesty, our founder, nominated our first President. The King gave us the arms of England to be borne in a canton in our arms, and sent us a mace of silver gilt, of the same fashion and bigness as those carried before his Majesty, to be borne before our president on meeting days. It was brought by Sir Gilbert Talbot, Master of his Majesty's Jewel-house.

22nd. I dined with my Lord Brouncker and Sir Robert Murray, and then went to consult about a new-modelled ship at Lambeth, the intention being to reduce that art to as certain a method as any other part of architecture.

23rd. I was spectator of the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames,[1] considering the innumerable boats and vessels, dressed and adorned with all imaginable pomp, but, above all, the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the Lord Mayor and Companies, with various inventions, music and peals of ordnance both from the vessels and the shore, going to meet and conduct the new Queen from Hampton Court to Whitehall, at the first time of her coming to town. In my opinion, it far exceeded all the Venetian Bucentoras, &c., on the Ascension, when they go to espouse the Adriatic. His Majesty and the Queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a state, or canopy, of cloth of gold, made in form of a cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons and garlands. I was in our new-built vessel, sailing amongst them.

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[1] An account of this solemnity was published in "*Aqua Triumphalis;* being a true relation of the honourable City of London entertaining their sacred Majesties upon the River of Thames, and welcom-

29*th*. The Council and Fellows of the Royal Society went in a body to Whitehall, to acknowledge his Majesty's royal grace in granting our Charter, and vouchsafing to be himself our Founder; when the President made an eloquent speech, to which his Majesty gave a gracious reply, and we all kissed his hand. Next day, we went in like manner with our address to my Lord Chancellor, who had much promoted our patent: he received us with extraordinary favour. In the evening, I went to the Queen-Mother's Court, and had much discourse with her.

1*st September*. Being invited by Lord Berkeley, I went to Durdans,[1] where dined his Majesty, the Queen, Duke, Duchess, Prince Rupert, Prince Edward, and abundance of noblemen. I went, after dinner, to visit my brother of Woodcot, my sister having been delivered of a son a little before, but who had now been two days dead.

4*th*. Commission for Charitable Uses, my Lord Mayor and Aldermen being again summoned, and the improvements of Sir Thomas Gresham's estate examined. There were present the Bishop of London, the Lord Chief Justice, and the King's Attorney.

6*th*. Dined with me Sir Edward Walker, Garter King-at-Arms, Mr. Slingsby, Master of the Mint, and several others.

17*th*. We now resolved that the Arms of the Society

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ing them from Hampton Court to Whitehall, &c. Engraved by John Tathan," folio, 1662. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xciv. ii. 516.

[1] At Epsom.

should be a field Argent, with a canton of the arms of England; the supporters two talbots Argent: crest, an eagle Or holding a shield with the like arms of England, viz., three lions. The words *Nullius in verbâ.* It was presented to his Majesty for his approbation, and orders given to Garter King-at-Arms to pass the diploma of their office for it.

20th. I presented a petition to his Majesty about my own concerns, and afterwards accompanied him to Monsieur Febure, his chymist (and who had formerly been my master in Paris), to see his accurate preparation for the composing Sir Walter Raleigh's rare cordial: he made a learned discourse before his Majesty in French on each ingredient.

27th. Came to visit me Sir George Saville,[1] grandson to the learned Sir Henry Saville, who published St. Chrysostom. Sir George was a witty gentleman, if not a little too prompt and daring.

3rd October. I was invited to the College of Physicians, where Dr. Meret,[2] a learned man and library-keeper, showed me the library, theatre for anatomy, and divers natural curiosities; the statue and epigram under it of that renowned physician, Dr. Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood. There I saw Dr. Gilbert, Sir William Paddy's and other pictures of men famous in their faculty.

Visited Mr. Wright,[3] a Scotchman, who had lived long at Rome, and was esteemed a good painter. The pictures of the Judges at Guildhall are of his hand, and so are some pieces in Whitehall, as the roof in his Majesty's old bedchamber, being Astræa, the St. Catherine, and a chimney-piece in the Queen's privy chamber; but his best, in my opinion, is Lacy, the famous Roscius or comedian, whom he has painted in three dresses, as a gallant, a Presbyterian minister, and a Scotch highlander in his plaid.[4] It is in his Majesty's dining-room at Windsor. He had at his house an excellent collection, especially that small piece of Correggio, Scotus of de la Marca, a design of Paulo; and, above all, those ruins of Polydore, with some good agates and medals, especially a Scipio, and a Cæsar's head of gold.

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[1] Afterwards the celebrated Marquis of Halifax.

[2] Christopher Merret, a celebrated physician and naturalist, and fellow of the Royal Society.

[3] *Ante*, p. 335.

[4] A private etching from this picture was made in 1825 by William Hopkins, one of the Court pages. Mr. John Lacy is represented in his three principal characters, namely, Teague, in the Committee; Scruple, in the Cheats; and Galliard, in the Variety.

15*th.* I this day delivered my *Discourse concerning Forest-Trees* to the Society, upon occasion of certain queries sent to us by the Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy, being the first book that was printed by order of the Society, and by their printer, since it was a Corporation.

16*th.* I saw *Volpone* acted at Court before their Majesties.

21*st.* To the Queen-Mother's Court, where her Majesty related to us divers passages of her escapes during the Rebellion and wars in England.

28*th.* To Court in the evening, where the Queen-Mother, the Queen-Consort, and his Majesty, being advertised of some disturbance, forbore to go to the Lord Mayor's show and feast appointed next day, the new Queen not having yet seen that triumph.

29*th.* Was my Lord Mayor's Show,[1] with a number of sumptuous pageants, speeches, and verses. I was standing in a house in Cheapside against the place prepared for their Majesties. The Prince and heir of Denmark was there, but not our King. There were also the maids of honour. I went to Court this evening, and had much discourse with Dr. Basiers,[2] one of his Majesty's chaplains, the great traveller, who showed me the syngraphs and original subscriptions of divers eastern patriarchs and Asian churches to our confession.

4*th November.* I was invited to the wedding of the daughter of Sir George Carteret, (the Treasurer of the Navy and King's Vice-Chamberlain), married to Sir Nicholas Slaning, Knight of the Bath, by the Bishop of London, in the Savoy chapel; after which was an extraordinary feast.

5*th.* The Council of the Royal Society met to amend the Statutes, and dined together: afterwards meeting at Gresham College, where was a discourse suggested by me, concerning planting his Majesty's Forest of Dean with oak, now so much exhausted of the choicest ship-timber in the world.

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[1] Sir John Robinson, Knt. and Bart. Clothworker. The pageant on this occasion, which was the same as in the preceding year (see note, *ante*, p. 363), was at the Charge of the Clothworkers' Company.

[2] Isaac Basire. See *ante*, p. 363.

20th. Dined with the Comptroller, Sir Hugh Pollard afterwards, saw "The Young Admiral"[1] acted before the King.

21st. Spent the evening at Court, Sir Kenelm Digby giving me great thanks for my *Sylva.*[2]

27th. Went to London to see the entrance of the Russian Ambassador, whom his Majesty ordered to be received with much state, the Emperor not only having been kind to his Majesty in his distress, but banishing all commerce with our nation during the Rebellion.

First, the City Companies and Trained Bands were all in their stations: his Majesty's Army and Guards in great order. His Excellency came in a very rich coach, with some of his chief attendants; many of the rest on horseback, clad in their vests, after the Eastern manner, rich furs, caps, and carrying the presents, some carrying hawks, furs, teeth, bows, &c. It was a very magnificent show.

I dined with the Master of the Mint,[3] where was old Sir Ralph Freeman;[4] passing my evening at the Queen-Mother's Court; at night, saw acted *The Committee*, a ridiculous play of Sir R. Howard, where the mimic, Lacy, acted the Irish footman to admiration.

30th. St. Andrew's day. Invited by the Dean of Westminster[5] to his consecration-dinner and ceremony, on his being made Bishop of Worcester. Dr. Bolton preached in the Abbey Church; then followed the consecration by the Bishops of London, Chichester, Winchester, Salisbury, &c. After this, was one of the most plentiful and magnificent dinners that in my life I ever saw; it cost near 600*l.* as I was informed. Here were the Judges, nobility, clergy, and gentlemen innumerable, this Bishop being universally beloved for his sweet and gentle disposition. He was author of those Characters which go under the name of Blount.[6] He translated his late Majesty's Icon into Latin, was Clerk of his Closet, Chaplain, Dean of Westminster, and yet a most humble, meek, and cheerful man, an excellent scholar, and rare preacher. I had the honour to be loved by him. He married me at Paris, during his Majesty's and the Church's exile. When I took leave of him, he brought me to the cloisters in his episcopal habit. I then went to prayers at Whitehall, where I passed that evening.

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[1] A Tragi-Comedy by James Shirley.

[2] *Discourse on Forest-Trees.* See preceding page.

[3] Mr. Slingsby.

[4] Of Betchworth, in Surrey.

[5] Dr. John Earle. Translated afterwards to Salisbury.

[6] Several times printed, and still read with some interest.

1st December. Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park, performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with skates, after the manner of the Hollanders, with what swiftness they pass, how suddenly they stop in full career upon the ice; I went home by water, but not without exceeding difficulty, the Thames being frozen, great flakes of ice encompassing our boat.

17th. I saw acted before the King *The Law against Lovers.*[1]

21st. One of his Majesty's chaplains preached; after which, instead of the ancient, grave, and solemn wind music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern, or playhouse, than a church. This was the first time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ; that instrument quite left off in which the English were so skilful. I dined at Mr. Povey's, where I talked with Cromer, a great musician.

23rd. I went with Sir George Tuke, to hear the comedians con and repeat his new comedy, *The Adventures of Five Hours*, a play whose plot was taken out of the famous Spanish poet, Calderon.

27th. I visited Sir Theophilus Biddulph.

29th. Saw the audience of the Muscovy Ambassador, which was with extraordinary state, his retinue being numerous, all clad in vests of several colours, with buskins, after the Eastern manner! their caps of fur; tunics, richly embroidered with gold and pearls, made a glorious show. The King being seated under a canopy in the Banqueting-house, the Secretary of the Embassy went before the Ambassador in a grave march, holding up his master's letters of credence in a crimson taffeta scarf before his forehead. The Ambassador then delivered it with a profound reverence to the King, who gave it to our Secretary of State: it was written in a long and lofty style. Then came in the presents, borne by 165 of his retinue, consisting of mantles and other large pieces lined with sable, black fox, and ermine; Persian carpets, the ground cloth of gold and velvet; hawks, such as they said never came the like; horses said to be Persian; bows and arrows, &c. These borne by so long a train rendered it very extraordinary. Wind music played all the while in the galleries above. This finished, the Ambassador was conveyed by the master of the ceremonies to York-House, where he was treated with a banquet which cost 200*l*. as I was assured.[1]

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[1] By Sir William Davenant, a hoth-potch out of *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing.*

1662–3. *7th January*. At night, I saw the ball, in which his Majesty danced with several great ladies.

8th. I went to see my kinsman, Sir George Tuke's comedy acted at the Duke's theatre, which took so universally, that it was acted for some weeks every day, and it was believed it would be worth to the comedians 400*l*. or 500*l*. The plot was incomparable; but the language stiff and formal.

10th. I saw a ball again at Court, danced by the King, the Duke, and ladies, in great pomp.

21st. Dined at Mr. Treasurer's of the Household, Sir Charles Berkeley's, where were the Earl of Oxford,[2] Lord Bellassis, Lord Gerard, Sir Andrew Scrope, Sir William Coventry, Dr. Fraser, Mr. Windham, and others.

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[1] "The Czar of Muscovy sent an Ambassador to compliment King Charles II. on his Restoration. The King sent the Earl of Carlisle as his Ambassador to Moscow, to desire the re-establishment of the ancient privileges of the English merchants at Archangel, which had been taken away by the Czar, who, abhorring the murder of the King's father, accused them as favourers of it. But, by the means of the Czar's ministers, his Lordship was very ill received, and met with what he deemed affronts, and had no success as to his demands, so that at coming away he refused the presents sent him by the Czar. The Czar sent an Ambassador to England to complain of Lord Carlisle's conduct; but his Lordship vindicated himself so well, that the King told the Ambassador he saw no reason to condemn his Lordship's conduct." Relation of the Embassy by G. M., authenticated by Lord Carlisle, printed 1669.

[2] Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl. He had served as a military officer, both at home and abroad; and his services were rewarded at the Restoration by a seat at the Privy Council, the dignity of Knight of the Garter, and the appointment of Lord-Lieutenant of Essex. He died in 1702, leaving an only daughter, married to the Duke of St. Alban's.

5th February. I saw *The Wild Gallant*, a comedy;[1] and was at the great ball at Court, where his Majesty, the Queen, &c., danced.

6th. Dined at my Lord Mayor's, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower.

15th. This night some villains brake into my house and study below, and robbed me to the value of 60*l.* in plate, money, and goods;—this being the third time I have been thus plundered.

26th March. I sat at the Commission of Sewers, where was a great case pleaded by his Majesty's counsel; he having built a wall over a water-course, denied the jurisdiction of the Court. The verdict went for the plaintiff.[2]

30th April. Came his Majesty to honour my poor villa with his presence, viewing the gardens and even every room of the house, and was pleased to take a small refreshment. There were with him the Duke of Richmond, Earl of St. Alban's, Lord Lauderdale, and several persons of quality.

14th May. Dined with my Lord Mordaunt, and thence went to Barnes, to visit my excellent and ingenious friend, Abraham Cowley.

17th. I saluted the old Bishop of Durham, Dr. Cosin, to whom I had been kind, and assisted in his exile; but which he little remembered in his greatness.

29th. Dr. Creighton preached his extravagant sermon at St. Margaret's, before the House of Commons.

30th. This morning was passed my lease of Sayes Court from the Crown, for the finishing of which I had been obliged to make such frequent journeyings to London. I returned this evening, having seen the Russian Ambassador take leave of their Majesties with great solemnity.

2nd July. I saw the great Masque at Court, and lay that night at Arundel-house.

4th. I saw his Majesty's Guards, being of horse and foot 4000, led by the General, the Duke of Albemarle, in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran soldiers, excellently clad, mounted, and ordered, drawn up in battalia before their Majesties in Hyde Park, where the old Earl of Cleveland trailed a pike, and led the right-hand file in a foot company, commanded by the Lord Wentworth, his son; a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant soldiers. This was to show the French Ambassador, Monsieur Comminges; there being a great assembly of coaches, &c., in the park.

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[1] By Dryden. It was unsuccessful on the first representation, but was subsequently altered to the form in which it now appears.

[2] That is, against the King.

7th. Dined at the Comptroller's; after dinner, we met at the Commission about the streets, and to regulate hackney-coaches, also to make up our accounts to pass the Exchequer.

16*th.* A most extraordinary wet and cold season.

Sir George Carteret, Treasurer of the Navy, had now married his daughter, Caroline, to Sir Thomas Scott, of Scott's-hall, in Kent.[1] This gentleman was thought to be the son of Prince Rupert.

2nd August. This evening, I accompanied Mr. Treasurer and Vice-Chamberlain Carteret to his lately-married son-in-law's, Sir Thomas Scott, to Scott's-hall. We took barge as far as Gravesend, and thence by post to Rochester, whence in coach and six horses to Scott's-hall; a right noble seat, uniformly built, with a handsome gallery. It stands in a park well stored, the land fat and good. We were exceedingly feasted by the young knight, and in his pretty chapel heard an excellent sermon by his chaplain. In the afternoon, preached the learned Sir Norton Knatchbull,[2] (who has a noble seat hard by, and a plantation of stately fir-trees.) In the church-yard of the parish church I measured an over-grown yew-tree, that was eighteen of my paces in compass, out of some branches of which, torn off by the winds, were sawed divers goodly planks.

10*th.* We returned by Sir Norton's, whose house is likewise in a park. This gentleman is a worthy person, and learned critic, especially in Greek and Hebrew. Passing by Chatham, we saw his Majesty's Royal Navy, and dined at Commissioner Pett's,[3] master-builder there, who showed me his study and models, with other curiosities belonging to his art. He is esteemed for the most skilful shipbuilder in the world. He hath a pretty garden and banqueting-house, pots, statues, cypresses, resembling some villas about Rome. After a great feast we rode post to Gravesend, and, sending the coach to London, came by barge home that night.

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[1] See Hasted's account of Kent, iii. p. 293.

[2] *Ibid*, ii. p. 444.

[3] A monument to him in Deptford church bears a most pompous inscription: "Qui fuit patriæ decus, patriæ suæ magnum munimentum;" to the effect that he not only restored our naval affairs, but he invented that excellent and new ornament of the Navy which we call Frigate, formidable to our enemies, to us most useful and safe: he was to be esteemed, indeed, by this invention, the Noah of his age,

18*th.* To London, to see my Lord Chancellor, where I had discourse with my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester, who enjoined me to write to Dr. Pierce, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, about a letter sent him by Dr. Goff, a Romish Oratorian, concerning an answer to Dean Cressy's late book.[1]

20*th.* I dined at the Comptroller's [of the Household] with the Earl of Oxford and Mr. Ashburnham; it was said it should be the last of the public diets, or tables, at Court, it being determined to put down the old hospitality, at which was great murmuring, considering his Majesty's vast revenue and the plenty of the nation. Hence, I went to sit in a Committee, to consider about the regulation of the Mint at the Tower; in which some small progress was made.

27*th.* Dined at Sir Philip Warwick's, Secretary to my Lord Treasurer, who showed me the accounts and other private matters relating to the revenue. Thence, to the Commissioners of the Mint, particularly about coinage, and bringing his Majesty's rate from fifteen to ten shillings for every pound weight of gold.

31*st.* I was invited to the translation of Dr. Sheldon, Bishop of London, from that see to Canterbury, the ceremony performed at Lambeth. First, went his Grace's mace-bearer, steward, treasurer, comptroller, all in their

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which, like another Ark, had snatched from shipwreck our rights and our dominion of the seas.

[1] Of Dr. Pierce, who was also Dean of Salisbury, Wood speaks very unfavourably in his *Fasti.* He was engaged in many disputes both in his College and at Salisbury. Dean Cressy was bred in the Church of England, and appointed Canon of Windsor and Dean of Leighlin in Ireland, in the time of King Charles I., but the troubles of that time interposed to prevent his receiving benefit from either; he afterwards became a Roman Catholic. The book here referred to is *Exomologetis*, on the motives of his conversion. See "Correspondence," ii. 139.

gowns, and with white staves; next, the Bishops in their habits, eight in number; Dr. Sweate, Dean of the Arches, Dr. Exton, Judge of the Admiralty, Sir William Merick, Judge of the Prerogative Court, with divers advocates in scarlet. After divine service in the chapel, performed with music extraordinary, Dr. French and Dr. Stradling (his Grace's chaplains) said prayers. The Archbishop in a private room looking into the chapel, the Bishops who were Commissioners went up to a table placed before the altar, and sat round it in chairs. Then, Dr. Chaworth presented the commission under the broad seal to the Bishop of Winchester, and it was read by Dr. Sweate. After which, the Vicar-General went to the vestry, and brought his Grace into the chapel, his other officers marching before. He being presented to the Commissioners, was seated in a great arm-chair at one end of the table, when the definitive sentence was read by the Bishop of Winchester, and subscribed by all the Bishops, and proclamation was three times made at the chapel door, which was then set open for any to enter, and give their exceptions; if any they had. This done, we all went to dinner in the great hall to a mighty feast. There were present all the nobility in town, the Lord Mayor of London, Sheriffs, Duke of Albemarle, &c. My Lord Archbishop did in particular most civilly welcome me. So going to visit my Lady Needham, who lived at Lambeth, I went over to London.

10*th September.* I dined with Mr. Treasurer of the Navy, where, sitting by Mr. Secretary Morice, we had much discourse about books and authors, he being a learned man, and had a good collection.

24*th October.* Mr. Edward Phillips came to be my son's preceptor: this gentleman was nephew to Milton, who wrote against Salmasius's *Defensio;* but was not at all infected with his principles, though brought up by him.[1]

5*th November.* Dr. South, my Lord Chancellor's chaplain, preached at Westminster Abbey an excellent discourse concerning obedience to magistrates, against the pontificians and sectaries. I afterwards dined at Sir Philip Warwick's, where was much company.

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[1] The lives of Edward and John Phillips, nephews and pupils of the poet, were published in 1815, by William Godwin.

6th. To Court, to get Sir John Evelyn of Godstone off from being Sheriff of Surrey.[1]

30th. Was the first anniversary of our Society for the choice of new officers, according to the tenour of our patent and institution. It being St. Andrew's day, who was our patron, each fellow wore a St. Andrew's cross of ribbon on the crown of his hat. After the election, we dined together, his Majesty sending us venison.

16th December. To our Society, where Mr. P. Balle, our Treasurer at the late election, presented the Society with an iron chest, having three locks, and in it 100*l.* as a gift.

18th. Dined with the gentlemen of his Majesty's bedchamber at Whitehall.

1663–4, *2nd January.* To Barn Elms, to see Abraham Cowley after his sickness; and returned that evening to London.

4th February. Dined at Sir Philip Warwick's; thence, to Court, where I had discourse with the King about an invention of glass-grenades, and several other subjects.

5th. I saw *The Indian Queen* acted, a tragedy well written,[2] so beautiful with rich scenes as the like had never been seen here, or haply (except rarely) elsewhere on a mercenary theatre.

16th. I presented my *Sylva* to the Society; and next day to his Majesty, to whom it was dedicated; also to the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Chancellor.

24th. My Lord George Berkeley, of Durdans, and Sir Samuel Tuke, came to visit me. We went on board Sir William Petty's double-bottomed vessel, and so to London.

26th. Dined with my Lord Chancellor; and thence to Court, where I had great thanks for my *Sylva*, and long discourse with the King of divers particulars.

2nd March. Went to London to distribute some of my books amongst friends.

4th. Came to dine with me the Earl of Lauderdale, his Majesty's great favourite, and Secretary of Scotland; the Earl of Teviot; my Lord Viscount Brouncker, President of the Royal Society; Dr. Wilkins, Dean of Ripon; Sir Robert Murray, and Mr. Hooke, Curator to the Society.[3]

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[1] In which he succeeded.

[2] By Sir Robert Howard and Dryden.

[3] Robert Hooke, born in 1635. He pursued his studies in the

This spring, I planted the Home-field and West-field about Sayes Court with elms, being the same year that the elms were planted by his Majesty in Greenwich Park.

9th. I went to the Tower, to sit in commission about regulating the Mint; and now it was that the fine new-milled coin, both of white money and guineas, was established.

26th. It pleased God to take away my son, Richard, now a month old, yet without any sickness of danger perceivably, being to all appearance a most likely child; we suspected much the nurse had over-lain him; to our extreme sorrow, being now again reduced to one: but God's will be done.

29th. After evening prayers, was my child buried near the rest of his brothers—my very dear children.

27th April. Saw a facetious comedy, called *Love in a Tub;* and supped at Mr. Secretary Bennett's.

3rd May. Came the Earl of Kent, my kinsman, and his lady, to visit us.

5th. Went with some company a journey of pleasure on the water, in a barge, with music, and at Mortlake had a great banquet, returning late. The occasion was, Sir Robert Carr now courting Mrs. Bennett, sister to the Secretary of State.

6th. Went to see Mr. Wright the painter's collection of rare shells, &c.

8th June. To our Society, to which his Majesty had sent that wonderful horn of the fish which struck a dangerous hole in the keel of a ship in the India sea, which, being broken off with the violence of the fish, and left in the timber, preserved it from foundering.

9th. Sir Samuel Tuke[1] being this morning married to a lady, kinswoman to my Lord Arundel of Wardour, by the Queen's Lord Almoner, L. Aubigny in St. James's chapel, solemnized his wedding-night at my house with much company.

22nd. One Tomson, a Jesuit, showed me such a collec-

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abstract sciences with singular success, obtaining a great reputation among his most learned contemporaries. He was professor of Geometry in Gresham College, wrote several treatises on different branches of philosophy, and entered into controversies with Hevelius, and on Newton's Theology of Light and Colours. Created M.D. in 1691, and died in March, 1702–3.

[1] A Roman Catholic.

tion of rarities, sent from the Jesuits of Japan and China to their Order at Paris, as a present to be reserved in their repository, but brought to London by the East India ships for them, as in my life I had not seen. The chief things were, rhinoceros's horns; glorious vests, wrought and embroidered on cloth of gold, but with such lively colours, that for splendour and vividness we have nothing in Europe that approaches it; a girdle studded with agates and rubies of great value and size; knives, of so keen an edge as one could not touch them, nor was the metal of our colour, but more pale and livid; fans, like those our ladies use, but much larger, and with long handles curiously carved and filled with Chinese characters: a sort of paper very broad, thin, and fine, like abortive parchment, and exquisitely polished, of an amber yellow, exceeding glorious and pretty to look on, and seeming to be like that which my Lord Verulam describes in his *Nova Atlantis;* several other sorts of paper, some written, others printed; prints of landscapes, their idols, saints, pagods, of most ugly serpentine monstrous and hideous shapes, to which they paid devotion; pictures of men and countries, rarely painted on a sort of gummed calico, transparent as glass; flowers, trees, beasts, birds, &c., excellently wrought in a kind of sleeve silk, very natural; divers drugs that our druggists and physicians could make nothing of, especially one which the Jesuit called *Lac Tigridis:* it looked like a fungus, but was weighty like metal, yet was a concretion, or coagulation, of some other matter; several book MSS.; a grammar of the language written in Spanish; with innumerable other rarities.

1st July. Went to see Mr. Povey's[1] elegant house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where the perspective in his court, painted by Streeter, is indeed excellent, with the vases in imitation of porphyry, and fountains; the inlaying of his closet; above all, his pretty cellar and ranging of his wine-bottles.

7th. To Court, where I subscribed to Sir Arthur Slingsby's lottery, a desperate debt owing me long since in Paris.

14th. I went to take leave of the two Mr. Howards, now going to Paris, and brought them as far as Bromley; thence, to Eltham, to see Sir John Shaw's new house, now building; the place is pleasant, if not too wet, but the house not well contrived; especially the roof and rooms too low pitched, and the kitchen where the cellars should be; the orangery and aviary handsome, and a very large plantation about it.

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[1] *Post*, vol. ii. p. 108. Doubtless, this was the same Mr. Povey, one of the Masters of Requests, "a nice contriver of all elegancies, and exceedingly formal."

19*th*. To London, to see the event of the lottery which his Majesty had permitted Sir Arthur Slingsby to set up for one day in the Banqueting-House, at Whitehall; I gaining only a trifle, as well as did the King, Queen-Consort, and Queen-Mother, for near thirty lots; which was thought to be contrived very unhandsomely by the master of it, who was, in truth, a mere shark.

21*st*. I dined with my Lord Treasurer at Southampton-House, where his Lordship used me with singular humanity. I went in the afternoon to Chelsea, to wait on the Duke of Ormond, and returned to London.

28*th*. Came to see me Monsieur Zuylichem, Secretary to the Prince of Orange, an excellent Latin poet, a rare lutinist, with Monsieur Oudart.

3*rd August*. To London; a concert of excellent musicians, especially one Mr. Berkenshaw, that rare artist, who invented a mathematical way of composure very extraordinary, true as to the exact rules of art, but without much harmony.[1]

8*th*. Came the sad and unexpected news of the death of Lady Cotton, wife to my brother George, a most excellent lady.

9*th*. Went with my brother Richard to Wotton, to visit and comfort my disconsolate brother; and on the 13th, saw my friend, Mr. Charles Howard, at Dipden, near Dorking.

16*th*. I went to see Sir William Ducie's house at Charlton, which he purchased of my excellent friend, Sir Henry Newton, now nobly furnished.

22*nd*. I went from London to Wotton, to assist at the funeral of my sister-in-law, the Lady Cotton, buried in our dormitory there, she being put up in lead. Dr. Owen made a profitable and pathetic discourse, concluding with an eulogy of that virtuous, pious, and deserving lady. It was a very solemn funeral, with about fifty mourners. I came back next day with my wife to London.

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[1] Berkenshaw was music master to Pepys, who informs us that he gave him five pounds for five weeks' lessons.

2nd September. Came Constantine Huygens, Signor de Zuylichem, Sir Robert Morris, Mr. Oudart, Mr. Carew, and other friends, to spend the day with us.

5th October. To our Society. There was brought a new-invented instrument of music, being a harpsichord with gut-strings, sounding like a concert of viols with an organ, made vocal by a wheel, and a zone of parchment that rubbed horizontally against the strings.

6th. I heard the anniversary oration in praise of Dr. Harvey, in the Anatomy Theatre in the College of Physicians; after which I was invited by Dr. Alston, the President, to a magnificent feast.

7th. I dined at Sir Nicholas Strood's, one of the Masters of Chancery, in Great St. Bartholomew's; passing the evening at Whitehall, with the Queen, &c.

8th. Sir William Curtius, his Majesty's Resident in Germany, came to visit me; he was a wise and learned gentleman, and, as he told me, scholar to Henry Alstedius, the Encyclopedist.

15th. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's, where was the Duke of Ormond, Earl of Cork, and Bishop of Winchester. After dinner, my Lord Chancellor and his lady carried me in their coach to see their palace[1] (for he now lived at Worcester-House in the Strand), building at the upper end of St. James's-street, and to project the garden. In the evening, I presented him with my book on Architecture,[2] as before I had done to his Majesty and the Queen-Mother. His lordship caused me to stay with him in his bedchamber, discoursing of several matters very late, even till he was going into his bed.

17th. I went with my Lord Viscount Cornbury, to Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, to assist him in the planting of the park, and bear him company, with Mr. Belin and Mr. May, in a coach with six horses; dined at Uxbridge, lay at Wycombe.

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[1] A large engraving of it exists. The Chancellor, in the Continuation of his Life, laments his having built it, on account of the great cost, and the unpopularity which its magnificence created. He had little enjoyment of it, as will be seen hereafter.

[2] "Parallel between Ancient and Modern Architecture, originally written in French, by Roland Freart, Sieur de Chambray," and translated by Evelyn. See his "Miscellaneous Writings," pp. 337–348.

18th. At Oxford. Went through Woodstock, where we beheld the destruction of that royal seat and park by the late rebels, and arrived that evening at Cornbury, a house lately built by the Earl of Denbigh, in the middle of a sweet park, walled with a dry wall.[1] The house is of excellent freestone, abounding in that part, (a stone that is fine, but never sweats, or casts any damp); it is of ample dimensions, has goodly cellars, the paving of the hall admirable for its close laying. We designed a handsome chapel that was yet wanting: as Mr. May had the stables, which indeed are very fair, having set out the walks in the park and gardens. The lodge is a pretty solitude, and the ponds very convenient; the park well stored.

20th. Hence, to see the famous wells, natural and artificial grots and fountains, called Bushell's Wells, at Enstone.[2] This Bushell had been Secretary to my Lord Verulam. It is an extraordinary solitude. There he had two mummies; a grot where he lay in a hammock, like an Indian. Hence, we went to Dichley, an ancient seat of the Lees, now Sir Henry Lee's; it is a low ancient timber-house, with a pretty bowling-green. My Lady gave us an extraordinary dinner. This gentleman's mother was Countess of Rochester, who was also there, and Sir Walter St. John. There were some pictures of their ancestors, not ill painted; the great-grandfather had been Knight of the Garter; there was a picture of a Pope, and our Saviour's head. So we returned to Cornbury.

24th. We dined at Sir Timothy Tyrill's at Shotover. This gentleman married the daughter and heir of Dr. James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, that learned prelate. There is here in the grove a fountain of the coldest water I ever felt, and very clear. His plantation of oaks and other timber is very commendable. We went in the evening to Oxford, lay at Dr. Hyde's, principal of Magdalen-Hall, (related to the Lord Chancellor), brother to the Lord Chief-Justice and that Sir Henry Hyde, who lost his head for his loyalty. We were handsomely entertained two days. The Vice-Chancellor, who with Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, the learned Dr. Barlow, Warden of Queen's, and several Heads of houses, came to visit Lord Cornbury (his father being now Chancellor of the University), and next day invited us all to dinner. I went to visit Mr. Boyle (now here), whom I found with Dr. Wallis and Dr. Christopher Wren, in the tower of the schools, with an inverted tube, or telescope, observing the discus of the sun for the passing of Mercury that day before it; but the latitude was so great that nothing appeared; so we went to see the rarities in the Library, where the keepers showed me my name among the benefactors. They have a cabinet of some medals, and pictures of the muscular parts of man's body. Thence, to the new Theatre, now building at an exceeding and royal expense by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury [Sheldon], to keep the Acts in for the future, till now being in St. Mary's Church. The foundation had been newly laid, and the whole designed by that incomparable genius my worthy friend, Dr. Christopher Wren, who showed me the model, not disdaining my advice in some particulars. Thence, to see the picture on the wall over the altar of All Souls, being the largest piece of fresco-painting (or rather in imitation of it, for it is in oil of turpentine) in England, not ill designed by the hand of one Fuller; yet I fear it will not hold long. It seems too full of nakeds for a chapel.

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[1] Some years ago the residence of Francis Almeric, created Baron Churchill, brother of the then Duke of Marlborough.

[2] Bushell published a pamphlet descriptive of his contrivances here; and in Plott's Oxfordshire is an engraving of the rock, fountains, &c. belonging to it. See an account of him in the History of Surrey, vol. iii. p. 523, and Appendix cxlix.

Thence, to New College, and the painting of Magdalen chapel, which is on blue cloth in *chiar oscuro*, by one Greenborow, being a *Cœna Domini*, and a Last Judgment on the wall by Fuller, as is the other, but somewhat varied.

Next to Wadham, and the Physic Garden, where were two large locust-trees, and as many platani (plane-trees), and some rare plants under the culture of old Bobart.[1]

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[1] Jacob Bobart, a German, was appointed the first keeper of the Physic Garden, at Oxford. There is a fine print of him, after Loggan, by Burghers, dated 1675. There exists also a small whole-length of him in the frontispiece to *Vertumnus*, a poem on that Oxford garden. In this he is dressed in a long vest, with a beard. The Bobarts remained resident in Oxford, and one of the family was bred up at college there; but eventually quitted his studies for the profession of the Whip, driving one of the Oxford coaches (his own property) for many years "with great credit." In 1813 he broke his leg by an accident; and in 1814, from the respect he had acquired by his good

26th October. We came back to Beaconsfield; next day to London, where we dined at the Lord Chancellor's, with my Lord Bellasis.

27th. Being casually in the privy gallery at Whitehall, his Majesty gave me thanks before divers lords and noblemen for my book of Architecture, and again for my *Sylva*, saying they were the best designed and useful for the matter and subject, the best printed and designed (meaning the *taille-douces* of the Parallel of Architecture) that he had seen. He then caused me to follow him alone to one of the windows, and asked me if I had any paper about me unwritten, and a crayon; I presented him with both, and then laying it on the window-stool, he with his own hands designed to me the plot for the future building of Whitehall, together with the rooms of state, and other particulars. After this, he talked with me of several matters, asking my advice, in which I find his Majesty had an extraordinary talent becoming a magnificent prince.

The same day at Council, there being Commissioners to be made to take care of such sick and wounded and prisoners of war, as might be expected upon occasion of a succeeding war and action at sea, war being already declared against the Hollanders, his Majesty was pleased to nominate me to be one, with three other gentlemen, parliament-men, viz. Sir William Doily, Knt. and Bart., Sir Thomas Clifford,[1] and Bullein Rheymes, Esq.; with a salary of 1200*l.* a year amongst us, besides extraordinaries for our care and attention in time of station, each of us being appointed to a particular district, mine falling out to be Kent and Sussex, with power to constitute officers, physicians, chirurgeons, provost-marshals, and to dispose of half of the hospitals through England. After the council, we kissed his Majesty's hand. At this council, I heard Mr. Solicitor Finch[2] plead most elegantly for the merchants trading to the Canaries, praying for a new Charter.

29th. Was the most magnificent triumph by water and land of the Lord Mayor.[3] I dined at Guildhall at

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conduct, he was appointed by the University to the place of one of the Esquire Bedels.

[1] Afterwards Lord Treasurer.

[2] Afterwards Earl of Nottingham, Lord Chancellor.

[3] Sir John Lawrence. The pageant for the day was at the cost of the Haberdashers' Company.

the upper table, placed next to Sir H. Bennett, Secretary of State, opposite to my Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Buckingham, who sate between Monsieur Comminges, the French Ambassador, Lord Treasurer, the Dukes of Ormond and Albemarle, Earl of Manchester, Lord Chamberlain, and the rest of the great officers of state. My Lord Mayor came twice up to us, first drinking in the golden goblet his Majesty's health, then the French King's as a compliment to the Ambassador; we returned my Lord Mayor's health, the trumpets and drums sounding. The cheer was not to be imagined for the plenty and rarity, with an infinite number of persons at the tables in that ample hall. The feast was said to cost 1000*l.* I slipped away in the crowd, and came home late.

31*st.* I was this day 44 years of age; for which I returned thanks to Almighty God, begging His merciful protection for the year to come.

2*nd November.* Her Majesty, the Queen-Mother, came across the gallery in Whitehall to give me thanks for my book of Architecture, which I had presented to her, with a compliment that I did by no means deserve.

16*th.* We chose our treasurer, clerks, and messengers, and appointed our seal, which I ordered should be the good Samaritan, with this motto, *Fac similiter.* Painters' Hall was lent us to meet in. In the great room were divers pictures, some reasonably good, that had been given to the Company by several of the wardens and masters of the Company.

23*rd.* Our statutes now finished, were read before a full assembly of the Royal Society.

24*th.* His Majesty was pleased to tell me what the conference was with the Holland Ambassador, which, as after I found, was the heads of the speech he made at the re-convention of the Parliament, which now began.

2*nd December.* We delivered the Privy Council's letters to the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, in Southwark, that a moiety of the house should be reserved for such sick and wounded as should from time to time be sent from the fleet during the war. This being delivered at their Court, the President and several Aldermen, Governors of that Hospital, invited us to a great feast in Fishmongers' Hall.

20*th.* To London, our last sitting, taking order for our personal visiting our several districts. I dined at Captain

Cocke's (our Treasurer), with that most ingenious gentleman, Matthew Wren, son to the Bishop of Ely, and Mr. Joseph Williamson, since Secretary of State.[1]

22nd. I went to the launching of a new ship of two bottoms, invented by Sir William Petty, on which were various opinions; his Majesty being present, gave her the name of the Experiment: so I returned home, where I found Sir Humphry Winch, who spent the day with me.

This year I planted the lower grove next the pond at Sayes Court. It was now exceeding cold, and a hard long frosty season, and the comet was very visible.

28th. Some of my poor neighbours dined with me, and others of my tenants, according to my annual custom.

31st. Set my affairs in order, gave God praise for His mercies the past year, and prepared for the reception of the Holy Sacrament, which I partook of the next day, after hearing our minister on the 4th of Galatians, verses 4, 5, of the mystery of our Blessed Saviour's Incarnation.

1664-5. *2nd January.* This day was published by me that part of *The Mystery of Jesuitism*[2] translated and collected by me, though without my name, containing the Imaginary Heresy, with four letters and other pieces.

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[1] Sir Joseph Williamson, P.R.S. became distinguished for his ability and services in the House of Commons. He represented Thetford and Rochester in several parliaments. A considerable part of his wealth was expended in useful charities, or in promoting learning; and the places for which he had been member received much of his bounty. At his death he left 6000*l.* to Queen's College, Oxford, where he was educated, and at Rochester he founded a mathematical school, in which Garrick was one of the pupils placed under the first master, Mr. John Colson, afterwards mathematical professor at Cambridge. A whole-length portrait of Williamson still hangs in the Town-hall, at Rochester.

[2] In a letter to Lord Cornbury, 2 Jan. 1664, Evelyn says, "I came to present your Lordship with your own book [in the margin is written, 'The other part of the Mystery of Jesuitism translated and published by me']: I left it with my Lord your father, because I would not suffer it to be public till he had first seen it, who, on your Lordship's score, has so just a title to it. The particulars, which you will find added after the 4th letter, are extracted out of several curious papers and passages lying by me, which for being very apposite to the controversy, I thought fit to annex, in danger otherwise to have never been produced."—In another letter to Lord Cornbury, 9th Feb. 1664, Evelyn says he undertook the translation by command of his Lordship, and of his father the Lord Chancellor.

The authors of the *Biographia Britannica* speak of *The Mystery of Jesuitism* as one volume; but in the library at Wotton there are three, in duodecimo, with the subjoined titles and contents. The second in order is that translated by Evelyn.

4th January. I went in a coach, it being excessive sharp frost and snow, towards Dover and other parts of Kent, to settle physicians, chirurgeons, agents, marshals, and other officers in all the sea-ports, to take care of such as should be set on shore, wounded, sick, or prisoners, in pursuance of our commission reaching from the North Foreland, in Kent, to Portsmouth, in Hampshire. The rest of the ports in England were allotted to the other Commissioners. That evening, I came to Rochester, where I delivered the Privy Council's letter to the Mayor to receive orders from me.

5*th.* I arrived at Canterbury, and went to the cathedral, exceedingly well repaired since his Majesty's return.

6*th.* To Dover, where Colonel Stroode, Lieutenant of the Castle, having received the letter I brought him from the Duke of Albemarle, made me lodge in it, and I was splendidly treated, assisting me from place to place. Here

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1. Les Provinciales, or, the Mystery of Jesuitism, discovered in certain letters written upon occasion of the present difference at Sorbonne between the Jansenists and the Molinists, displaying the pernicious Maxims of the late Casuists. The second edition corrected with large additionals. *Sicut Serpentes.* London : Printed for Richard Royston, and are to be sold by Robert Clave at the Stag's Head near St. Gregorie's church in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1658.—pp. 360. Additionals, pp. 147. At the end are the names of some of the most eminent Casuists.

2. *Μυστήριον τῆς Ἀνομίας.* That is, Another Part of the Mystery of Jesuitism ; or the new Heresy of the Jesuits, publicly maintained at Paris, in the College of Clermont, the xii of December MDCLXI. declared to all the Bishops of France. According to the copy printed at Paris. Together with the Imaginary Heresy, in three Letters, with divers other particulars relating to the abominable Mystery. Never before published in English. London : Printed by James Flesher for Richard Royston, bookseller to his most sacred Majesty, 1664—3 letters, pp. 206. Copy of a Letter from the Reverend Father Valerian, a Capuchin, to Pope Alexander 7th, pp. 207–239. The sense of the French Church, pp. 240–254.

3. The Moral Practice of the Jesuits demonstrated by many remarkable histories of their actions in all parts of the world. Collected either from books of the greatest authority, or most certain and unquestionable records and memorials. By the Doctors of the Sorbonne. Faithfully translated into English (by Dr. Tongue ; see hereafter, under 1678, Oct. 1). London : Printed for Simon Miller, at the Star at the west end of St. Paul's, 1670. See Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," p. 499.

I settled my first Deputy. The Mayor and officers of the Customs were very civil to me.

9th. To Deal.—*10th.* To Sandwich, a pretty town, about two miles from the sea. The Mayor and officers of the Customs were very diligent to serve me. I visited the forts in the way, and returned that night to Canterbury.

11th. To Rochester, when I took order to settle officers at Chatham.

12th. To Gravesend, and returned home. A cold, busy, but not unpleasant journey.

25th. This night being at Whitehall, his Majesty came to me standing in the withdrawing-room, and gave me thanks for publishing *The Mysteries of Jesuitism*, which he said he had carried two days in his pocket, read it, and encouraged me; at which I did not a little wonder: I suppose Sir Robert Murray had given it to him.

27th. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's, who caused me after dinner to sit two or three hours alone with him in his bedchamber.

2nd February. I saw a Masque performed at Court, by six gentlemen and six ladies, surprising his Majesty, it being Candlemas-day.

8th. Ash Wednesday. I visited our prisoners at Chelsea College, and to examine how the marshal and sutlers behaved. These were prisoners taken in the war; they only complained that their bread was too fine. I dined at Sir Henry Herbert's, Master of the Revels.

9th. Dined at my Lord Treasurer's, the Earl of Southampton, in Bloomsbury, where he was building a noble square, or piazza,[1] a little town; his own house stands too low, some noble rooms, a pretty cedar chapel, a naked garden to the north, but good air.[2] I had much discourse with his Lordship, whom I found to be a person of extraordinary parts, but a *valetudinarian.*—I went to St. James's Park, where I saw various animals, and examined the throat of the *Onocrotylus*, or pelican, a fowl between a stork and a swan; a melancholy water-fowl, brought from

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[1] The Italians mean simply a square by their *piazzas.*

[2] Afterwards called Bedford-House, the town residence for many years of the Russell family. It was pulled down in 1800; and on the site and the adjoining fields were erected Russell Square, Bedford Place, Russell Place, &c.

Astracan by the Russian Ambassador; it was diverting to see how he would toss up and turn a flat fish, plaice, or flounder, to get it right into his gullet at its lower beak, which, being filmy, stretches to a prodigious wideness when it devours a great fish. Here was also a small water-fowl, not bigger than a moorhen, that went almost quite erect, like the penguin of America; it would eat as much fish as its whole body weighed; I never saw so unsatiable a devourer, yet the body did not appear to swell the bigger. The Solan geese here are also great devourers, and are said soon to exhaust all the fish in a pond. Here was a curious sort of poultry not much exceeding the size of a tame pigeon, with legs so short as their crops seemed to touch the earth; a milk-white raven; a stork, which was a rarity at this season, seeing he was loose, and could fly loftily; two Balearian cranes, one of which having had one of his legs broken and cut off above the knee, had a wooden or boxen leg and thigh, with a joint so accurately made that the creature could walk and use it as well as if it had been natural; it was made by a soldier. The park was at this time stored with numerous flocks of several sorts of ordinary and extraordinary wild fowl, breeding about the Decoy, which for being near so great a city, and among such a concourse of soldiers and people, is a singular and diverting thing. There were also deer of several countries, white; spotted like leopards; antelopes, an elk, red deer, roebucks, stags, Guinea goats, Arabian sheep, &c. There were withy-pots, or nests, for the wild fowl to lay their eggs in, a little above the surface of the water.

23rd February. I was invited to a great feast at Mr. Rich's (a relation of my Wife's, now Reader at Lincoln's Inn); where was the Duke of Monmouth, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishops of London and Winchester, the Speaker of the House of Commons, divers of the Judges, and several other great men.

24th. Dr. Fell, Canon of Christ Church, preached before the King, on 15 ch. Romans, v. 2, a very formal discourse, and in blank verse, according to his manner; however, he is a good man.—Mr. Philips, preceptor to my son, went to be with the Earl of Pembroke's son, my Lord Herbert.

2nd March. I went with his Majesty into the lobby behind the House of Lords, where I saw the King and the rest of the Lords robe themselves, and got into the House of Lords in a corner near the woolsack, on which the Lord Chancellor sits next below the throne: the King sate in all the regalia, the crown-imperial on his head, the sceptre and globe, &c. The Duke of Albemarle bare the sword, the Duke of Ormond, the cap of dignity. The rest of the Lords robed in their places:—a most splendid and august convention. Then came the Speaker and the House of Commons, and at the bar made a speech, and afterwards presented several bills, a nod only passing them, the clerk saying, *Le Roy le veult*, as to public bills; as to private, *Soit faite comme il est desiré*. Then, his Majesty made a handsome but short speech, commanding my Lord Privy Seal to prorogue the Parliament, which he did, the Chancellor being ill and absent. I had not before seen this ceremony.

9th March. I went to receive the poor creatures that were saved out of the London frigate, blown up by accident, with above 200 men.

29th. Went to Goring House,[1] now Mr. Secretary Bennett's, ill built, but the place capable of being made a pretty villa. His Majesty was now finishing the Decoy in the Park.

2nd April. Took order about some prisoners sent from Captain Allen's ship, taken in the Solomon, viz., the brave men who defended her so gallantly.

5th. Was a day of public humiliation and for success of this terrible war, begun doubtless at secret instigation of the French to weaken the States and Protestant interest. Prodigious preparations on both sides.

6th. In the afternoon, I saw acted *Mustapha*, a tragedy written by the Earl of Orrery.

11th. To London, being now left the only Commissioner to take all necessary orders how to exchange, remove, and keep prisoners, dispose of hospitals, &c.; the rest of the Commissioners being gone to their several districts, in expectation of a sudden engagement.

19th. Invited to a great dinner at the Trinity House, where I had business with the Commissioners of the Navy, and to receive the second 5000*l.* impressed for the service of the sick and wounded prisoners.

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[1] Buckingham Palace is now built on the site. There is a small print of Goring House, as it then stood.

20th. To Whitehall, to the King, who called me into his bed-chamber as he was dressing, to whom I showed the letter written to me from the Duke of York from the fleet, giving me notice of young Evertzen, and some considerable commanders newly taken in fight with the Dartmouth and Diamond frigates,[1] whom he had sent me as prisoners at war; I went to know of his Majesty how he would have me treat them, when he commanded me to bring the young captain to him, and to take the word of the Dutch Ambassador (who yet remained here) for the other, that he should render himself to me whenever I called on him, and not stir without leave. Upon which I desired more guards, the prison being Chelsea House. I went also to Lord Arlington (the Secretary Bennett lately made a Lord) about other business. Dined at my Lord Chancellor's; none with him but Sir Sackville Crowe, formerly Ambassador at Constantinople; we were very cheerful and merry.

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[1] In the Life of King James II. from his own papers (printed 1816), after describing the engagement with the Dutch fleet in 1665, it is added, "Soon after this, three Dutch-men-of-war, which had been seen for some time to the windward of us, and were looking out for their own fleet, bore down in order to join it. One of them was a great ship of above 80 guns, which for want of some repairs had been left by Cornelius Evertzen to his son, with orders to follow; the other two were not of the same force. These being to windward, endeavoured to join the head of their fleet, and young Evertzen, being a mettled man, and having a mind to distinguish himself, resolved to run on board of the Plymouth, hoping to bear her down; but Sir Thomas Allen, perceiving by Evertzen's working what his design was, brought his ship to at once, so that Evertzen missed his aim, though he came so near it that the yard-arms of both ships touched, and they gave each other a severe broadside in passing; after which, Evertzen and the other two made a shift to join their own fleet, and Sir Thomas Allen continued leading as before, till finding himself extremely disabled, he was forced to lie by." P. 410.—"After this engagement was over, and the Dutch had retired to their own ports, the Duke of York had brought back the English fleet to the Nore, he took care to have his scouts abroad, two of which, the Diamond, Captain Golding, and the Yarmouth, Captain Ayliffe, being sent to observe the motions of the Dutch, they happened to meet with two of the direction-ships (as the Dutch call them) of 40 odd guns each; the biggest was commanded by one Masters, the other by young Cornelius Evertzen, who, though ours were of somewhat better force, did not avoid engaging. At the first broadside, Golding was slain; but his Lieutenant, Davis, managed the fight so well, as did the Captain of the Yarmouth, that after some hours' dispute, both the Dutch ships were taken, though bravely defended, for they lost many men, and were very much disabled, before they struck. The Duke gave young Evertzen his liberty, in consideration of his father, Cornelius, who had performed several services for the King before his Restoration; and his R. H. freed also the other captain for having defended himself so well, and made Lieutenant Davis captain of one of those prizes." P. 419. In the remark that the Duke gave young Evertzen his liberty, he must mean that he recommended this to the King; for we see by the text, that he was sent to London, and presented to the King by Evelyn.

24th April. I presented young Captain Evertzen (eldest son of Cornelius, Vice-Admiral of Zealand, and nephew of John, now Admiral, a most valiant person) to his Majesty in his bedchamber. The King gave him his hand to kiss, and restored him his liberty; asked many questions concerning the fight (it being the first blood drawn), his Majesty remembering the many civilities he had formerly received from his relations abroad, who had now so much interest in that considerable Province. Then, I was commanded to go with him to the Holland Ambassador, where he was to stay for his passport, and I was to give him fifty pieces in broad gold. Next day I had the Ambassador's parole for the other Captain, taken in Captain Allen's fight before Calais. I gave the King an account of what I had done, and afterwards asked the same favour for another Captain, which his Majesty gave me.

28th. I went to Tunbridge, to see a solemn exercise at the free-school there.[1]

Having taken orders with my marshal about my prisoners, and with the doctor and chirurgeon to attend the wounded enemies, and of our own men, I went to London again, and visited my charge, several with legs and arms off; miserable objects, God knows.

16th May. To London, to consider of the poor orphans and widows made by this bloody beginning, and whose husbands and relations perished in the London frigate, of which there were fifty widows, and forty-five of them with child.

26th. To treat with the Holland Ambassador at Chelsea, for release of divers prisoners of war in Holland on exchange here. After dinner, being called into the Council-Chamber at Whitehall, I gave his Majesty an account of what I had done, informing him of the vast charge upon us, now amounting to no less than 1000*l.* weekly.

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[1] At the annual visitation of the Skinners' Company of London, who are the patrons, at which verses, themes, &c. are spoken before them by the senior scholars. The Rev. Vicesimus Knox (D.D. by an American University), a writer of books that had some popularity half a century ago, was many years master of Tunbridge school; and the office has since been held by better scholars.

29th. I went with my little boy to my district in Kent, to make up accounts with my officers. Visited the Governor at Dover Castle, where were some of my prisoners.

3rd June. In my return went to Gravesend; the fleets being just now engaged, gave special orders for my officers to be ready to receive the wounded and prisoners.

5th. To London, to speak with his Majesty and the Duke of Albemarle for horse and foot guards for the prisoners at war, committed more particularly to my charge by a commission apart.

8th. I went again to his Grace, thence to the Council, and moved for another privy seal for 20,000*l.*, and that I might have the disposal of the Savoy Hospital for the sick and wounded; all which was granted. Hence to the Royal Society, to refresh among the philosophers.

Came news of his highness's victory, which indeed might have been a complete one, and at once ended the war, had it been pursued, but the cowardice of some, or treachery, or both, frustrated that. We had, however, bonfires, bells, and rejoicing in the city. Next day, the 9th, I had instant orders to repair to the Downs, so as I got to Rochester this evening. Next day, I lay at Deal, where I found all in readiness: but, the fleet being hindered by contrary winds, I came away on the 12th, and went to Dover, and returned to Deal; and on the 13th, hearing the fleet was at Solbay, I went homeward, and lay at Chatham, and on the 14th, I got home. On the 15th, came the eldest son of the present Secretary of State to the French King, with much other company, to dine with me. After dinner, I went with him to London, to speak to my Lord General for more guards, and gave his Majesty an account of my journey to the coasts under my inspection. I also waited on his Royal Highness, now come triumphant from the fleet, gotten into repair. See the whole history of this conflict in my *History of the Dutch War.*[1]

20th. To London, and represented the state of the sick and wounded to his Majesty in Council, for want of money;

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[1] See the curious notices also in Pepys's *Diary*, lately edited by Lord Braybrooke with very large additions to the previous text, of which a new edition has recently been published by Mr. Bohn.

he ordered I should apply to my Lord Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer, upon what funds to raise the money promised. We also presented to his Majesty divers expedients for retrenchment of the charge.

This evening making my court to the Duke, I spake to Monsieur Comminges, the French Ambassador, and his Highness granted me six prisoners, Embdeners, who were desirous to go to the Barbadoes with a merchant.

22nd. We waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and got an Order of Council for our money to be paid to the Treasurer of the Navy for our Receivers.

23rd. I dined with Sir Robert Paston, since Earl of Yarmouth, and saw the Duke of Verneuille, base brother to the Queen-Mother, a handsome old man, a great hunter.

The Duke of York told us that, when we were in fight, his dog sought out absolutely the very securest place in all the vessel.—In the afternoon, I saw the pompous reception and audience of El Conde de Molino, the Spanish Ambassador, in the Banqueting-house, both their Majesties sitting together under the canopy of state.

30th. To Chatham; and, 1st July, to the fleet with Lord Sandwich, now Admiral, with whom I went in a pinnace to the Buoy of the Nore, where the whole fleet rode at anchor; went on board the Prince, of ninety brass ordnance, haply the best ship in the world, both for building and sailing; she had 700 men. They made a great huzza, or shout, at our approach, three times. Here we dined with many noblemen, gentlemen, and volunteers, served in plate and excellent meat of all sorts. After dinner, came his Majesty, the Duke, and Prince Rupert. Here I saw the King knight Captain Custance for behaving so bravely in the late fight. It was surprising to behold the good order, decency, and plenty of all things in a vessel so full of men. The ship received a hundred cannon shot in her body. Then I went on board the Charles, to which after a gun was shot off, came all the flag-officers to his Majesty, who there held a General Council, which determined that his Royal Highness should adventure himself no more this summer. I came away late, having seen the most glorious fleet that ever spread sails. We returned in his Majesty's yacht with my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, landing at Chatham on Sunday morning.

5th July. I took order for 150 men, who had been recovered of their wounds, to be carried on board the Clove Tree, Carolus Quintus, and Zealand, ships that had been taken by us in the fight; and so returned home.

7th. To London, to Sir William Coventry; and so to Sion, where his Majesty sat at Council during the contagion: when business was over, I viewed that seat belonging to the Earl of Northumberland, built out of an old nunnery, of stone, and fair enough, but more celebrated for the garden than it deserves: yet there is excellent wall-fruit, and a pretty fountain; nothing else extraordinary.

9th. I went to Hampton-Court, where now the whole Court was, to solicit for money; to carry intercepted letters; confer again with Sir William Coventry, the Duke's secretary; and so home, having dined with Mr. Secretary Morice.

16th. There died of the plague in London this week 1100; and in the week following, above 2000. Two houses were shut up in our parish.

2nd August. A solemn fast through England to deprecate God's displeasure against the land by pestilence and war; our Doctor preaching on 26 Levit. v. 41, 42, that the means to obtain remission of punishment was not to repine at it; but humbly to submit to it.

3rd. Came his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, Lord General of all his Majesty's Forces, to visit me, and carried me to dine with him.

4th. I went to Wotton with my Son and his tutor, Mr. Bohun, Fellow of New College (recommended to me by Dr. Wilkins, and the President of New College, Oxford), for fear of the pestilence, still increasing in London and its environs. On my return, I called at Durdans, where I found Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty, and Mr. Hooke, contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheel for one to run races in, and other mechanical inventions; perhaps three such persons together were not to be found elsewhere in Europe, for parts and ingenuity.

8th. I waited on the Duke of Albemarle, who was resolved to stay at the Cock-pit, in St. James's Park. Died this week in London, 4000.

15th. There perished this week 5000.

28th. The contagion still increasing, and growing now all about us, I sent my wife and whole family (two or three necessary servants excepted) to my brother's at Wotton, being resolved to stay at my house myself, and to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God.

5th September. To Chatham, to inspect my charge, with 900*l.* in my coach.

7th. Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn it might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest-ship, to wait on our infected men, who were not a few.

14th. I went to Wotton; and on 16th September, to visit old Secretary Nicholas, being now at his new purchase of West Horsley, once mortgaged to me by Lord Viscount Montague: a pretty dry seat on the Down. Returned to Wotton.

17th. Receiving a letter from Lord Sandwich of a defeat given to the Dutch, I was forced to travel all Sunday. I was exceedingly perplexed to find that near 3000 prisoners were sent to me to dispose of, being more than I had places fit to receive and guard.

25th. My Lord Admiral being come from the fleet to Greenwich, I went thence with him to the Cock-pit, to consult with the Duke of Albemarle. I was peremptory that, unless we had 10,000*l.* immediately, the prisoners would starve, and it was proposed it should be raised out of the East India prizes now taken by Lord Sandwich. They being but two of the commission, and so not empowered to determine, sent an express to his Majesty and Council, to know what they should do. In the meantime, I had five vessels, with competent guards, to keep the prisoners in for the present, to be placed as I should think best. After dinner (which was at the General's) I went over to visit his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth.

28th. To the General again, to acquaint him of the deplorable state of our men for want of provisions: returned with orders.

29th. To Erith, to quicken the sale of the prizes lying there, with order to the commissioner who lay on board till they should be disposed of, 5000*l.* being proportioned for my quarter. Then I delivered the Dutch

Vice-Admiral, who was my prisoner, to Mr. Lo. . . .[1] of the Marshalsea, he giving me bond in 500*l.* to produce him at my call. I exceedingly pitied this brave unhappy person, who had lost with these prizes 40,000*l.* after 20 years' negotiation [trading] in the East Indies. I dined in one of these vessels, of 1200 tons, full of riches.

1st October. This afternoon, whilst at evening prayers, tidings were brought me of the birth of a Daughter at Wotton, after six Sons, in the same chamber I had first took breath in, and at the first day of that month, as I was on the last, 45 years before.

4th. The monthly fast.

11th. To London, and went through the whole City, having occasion to alight out of the coach in several places about business of money, when I was environed with multitudes of poor pestiferous creatures begging alms : the shops universally shut up, a dreadful prospect! I dined with my Lord General; was to receive 10,000*l.*, and had guards to convey both myself and it, and so returned home, through God's infinite mercy.

17th. I went to Gravesend; next day to Chatham; thence to Maidstone, in order to the march of 500 prisoners to Leeds Castle, which I had hired of Lord Culpeper. I was earnestly desired by the learned Sir Roger Twisden, and Deputy-Lieutenants, to spare Maidstone from quartering any of my sick flock. Here, Sir Edward Brett sent me some horse to bring up the rear. This country, from Rochester to Maidstone and the Downs, is very agreeable for the prospect.

21st. I came from Gravesend, where Sir J. Griffith, the Governor of the Fort, entertained me very handsomely.

31st. I was this day 45 years of age, wonderfully preserved; for which I blessed God for His infinite goodness towards me.

23rd November. Went home, the contagion having now decreased considerably.

27th. The Duke of Albemarle was going to Oxford, where both Court and Parliament had been most part of the summer. There was no small suspicion of my Lord Sandwich having permitted divers commanders, who were at the taking of the East India prizes, to break bulk, and to take to themselves jewels, silks, &c. : though I believe some whom I could name filled their pockets, my Lord Sandwich himself had the least share. However, he underwent the blame, and it created him enemies, and prepossessed the Lord General, for he spake to me of it with much zeal and concern, and I believe laid load enough on Lord Sandwich at Oxford.

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[1] Mr. Lowman.

8th December. To my Lord Albemarle (now returned from Oxford), who was declared General at Sea, to the no small mortification of that excellent person the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Albemarle not only suspected faulty about the prizes, but less valiant; himself imagining how easy a thing it were to confound the Hollanders, as well now as heretofore he fought against them upon a more disloyal interest.

25*th.* Kept Christmas with my hospitable Brother, at Wotton.

30*th.* To Woodcot, where I supped at my Lady Mordaunt's at Ashsted, where was a room hung with *pintado*, full of figures great and small, prettily representing sundry trades and occupations of the Indians, with their habits; here supped also Dr. Duke, a learned and facetious gentleman.

31*st.* Now blessed be God for His extraordinary mercies and preservation of me this year, when thousands, and ten thousands, perished, and were swept away on each side of me, there dying in our parish this year 406 of the pestilence!

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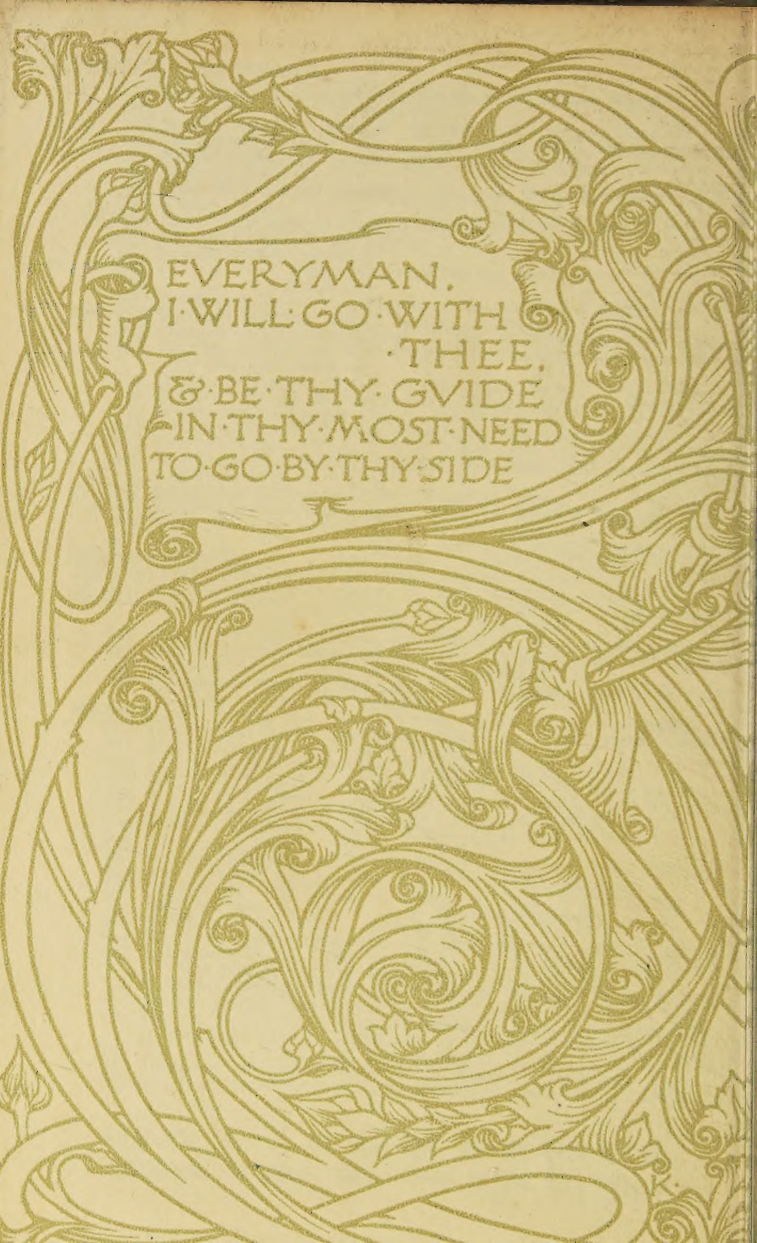

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